



# INS AND OUTS OF L O N D O N:

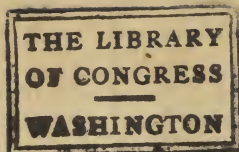
BY  
W. O'DANIEL.

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
    Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping  
    In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
    On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy—  
A huge dun cupola, like a fool's cap crown,  
    On a fool's head—and there is London town!  
\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*  
For Juan stood well, both with Ins and Outs."

BYRON.



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S. D. WYETH, AGT., STEREOTYPED.

209 Pear Street Philada.

TO  
GIDEON T. TODD,

Formerly of Delaware,

Now of Philadelphia,

WHOSE SUGGESTIONS AND ASSISTANCE IN BRINGING THESE SKETCHES BEFORE  
THE PUBLIC HAVE BEEN OF MUCH SERVICE,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

## P R E F A C E.

THE City of London—the great metropolis of Britain, produces more numerous and grander points of attraction than any other city in the world. During a somewhat lengthy residence in that city I collected various statements and prepared extensive notes concerning many of those grand points, not dreaming at that time that these scribblings would ever be presented to the public eye, unless through the unpretending columns of some village Journal. Why they appear in the present form, I am free to confess, I really do not know—although it is said there should be an object in every undertaking.

Books containing descriptions of countries and cities have at all times met with some degree of popular favor, and in fact more so than have works of romance or poetry. A large number

of works on London have appeared within a few years but the theme is not yet exhausted. London, large, dirty, dusky, crowded, and ever-enterprising London will furnish material for the most unpretending pen for centuries to come. Here have lived Shakspeare, Milton, Locke, Bacon, Goldsmith, Newton—and an “innumerable host” of poets, sages, heroes, and statesmen, and here still is the abode of learning, intelligence, industry, and commerce. In the following pages I have not endeavored to produce anything new. The majority of the objects themselves, upon which I have written, are old—and the accounts we have of them are old—but, as I have before stated, the theme is exhaustless. I have principally endeavored to *describe* persons and things as I found them—nothing more. The pleasure of occupying many leisure hours has repaid me for all trouble taken with my notes—and thus, with a clear conscience and without apology, I cast the drop into the fathomless sea of books.

Wm. O'D.

*Wilmington Del.* 1858.



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THAT this is a world of mutation is a fact too well known to require comment. It is equally certain that the mental structure of “Young America” undergoes this mutating operation quite as frequently as does anything else. I might give many reasons for my sudden determination to “brave the dangers of the deep” in the midst of winter and of college studies, but knowing the world, or rather the inhabitants thereof are not slow in judging and attributing

causes for every effect under the sun I will allow said inhabitants to indulge their Yankee propensity for "guessing" at my reasons. The conclusion to go—however—was most certainly arrived at; and here one half the battle was over; preparations for—and the journey, were secondary considerations. A few days passed—I found myself standing on the platform of the cars, about to start for New York, and wafting an affectionate farewell from the folds of a pocket-handkerchief to Rev. —'s "Seminary girls?" My feelings at this moment were of the indescribable kind. Suffice it to say that only the consideration I entertained for the spotless purity of the aforesaid handkerchief prevented its being appropriated in a different manner. The iron horse gave the starting signal, I cast a long-lingering, last look at the College steeple in the distance (which looked unusually beautiful) and away we went "riding on the rail."

After arriving in New York I was not long in coming to satisfactory conclusions concerning how I should embark. At two o'clock one afternoon I was seated in one of the innumerable

skiffs that surround the piers in the East River, sailing out the Harbor towards what the owner called the largest and best clipper ship ever built—by name W—— of Rockland, Maine; under command of Captain W. C——. I soon got comfortably established on board, and made the acquaintance of *all* the passengers—two in number—both Englishmen who had been fortune hunting in the West and having partially succeeded were about to return to “merry Old England” to spend Christmas with their relations. We were soon out of the harbor, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in devising schemes for murdering time during the voyage. After tea we were entertained by the captain with finely spun yarns of his own adventures on the “ocean wave.” At ten o’clock I made a critical investigation into the comforts of my sleeping apartment. Fully satisfied with the result, and the “bunk” looked so inviting I was not long in performing for the first time the “turning in” operation. This, as every one knows who has been at sea, is performed by balancing oneself very



evenly on one side of the bunk and turning over; and woe be to the man that forgets he is not on a four-post bedstead.

November.—Wakened by an unearthly noise on deck, got up, clothed myself in the worst looking “rigging” I could command, and went out. Found the noise to proceed from the sailors who were hoisting more sail and dragging the anchor cable between decks. Satisfied with my discoveries I returned, called my fellow travellers from their slumbers, and soon partook of my first ship-breakfast. The variety and quality of this I defy a French connoisseur to have found fault with. Breakfast over went again on deck and found a pleasant seat aft. It was a beautiful day—warm for so late in the fall, and altogether the proper time, place, and circumstances to indulge in a revery.

The distant shores of my native land were fading like a mist away. Home, relatives, and friends were on that land;—between us nothing but the “deep, dark blue ocean,” and involuntarily the questions arose, When shall I again see them?



What changes may take place! I am about to roam I know not where, or how far I may be driven by that love of travel I cannot restrain!—Land entirely disappeared.

Behind me rolled the sea—ahead the sea—on either side the sea—above, the clear blue sky—below, a thing of planks buoyed upon the waves to save me from an awful plunge.

I was soon joined by my companions, who I found objected very seriously to saying anything either about the past or the land behind, but were faithfully occupied in thoughts of the future, when they should meet with those from whom they had parted long before. On a resolution unanimously agreed upon by all three, that under ordinary circumstances neither of us, in presence of the others, should look, act, or speak seriously for the remainder of the voyage, we adjourned to dinner. In my mind there exists a very intimate relationship between dining and dying. I seldom do the former without thinking a little of the latter. I am hardly able to account for this association of ideas unless it be that we do the first

in order to delay as long as possible the second. Or, perhaps, it may be caused by seeing turkeys, chickens, portions of beef and mutton that "once glowed with the rose tint of health" lying, stript of their glory in the trenchers. Moreover, this eating is a vulgar institution. The idea of a young lady, perhaps one that we almost idolize, the idea of such a one stretching her pretty face into hideous shapes in the act of conveying to her mouth a piece of steaming hot plum pudding, apple dumpling, or "corn, hot on the ear." It is absurd. It spoils all the romance. Dinner on shore, even in a storm, is vastly different from dinner at sea. For instance suppose you take tea for dinner, spend ten minutes in getting it properly sweetened, about to convey it to your lips—ship rolls a little—pour the tea in your bosom—and are perfectly convinced without desiring farther demonstration that "there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip."

A beautiful potato (that is what my English friends call a fine one) claims your attention—it is on the other side of the table—friend hands

you the dish—ship rolls a little as before—stick the fork in your hand—drop the dish—and meditate on the folly of all human expectations.

“In the course of human events” dinner was over—and the day soon followed. In the evening it clouded over, the winds began a concert among the rigging, and the barometer gave every indication of a squally night. No indication of seasickness yet—cannot tell what the remainder may prove. Turned in very early.

November.—I have been sea-sick! It is a peculiar sensation. So peculiar I cannot describe it. It is an awful institution. So awful it cannot be imagined. It is a feeling of perfect worthlessness. The person who would have thrown me overboard I truly believe I could have considered my best friend. What a night it was! I have often heard about waves running mountain high but thought it all poetical imagination. I am now convinced beyond a doubt that there are such things. The wind blew and howled among the rigging; the ship “tossed to and fro like a drunken man” and I was nearly at my “wits

end." From these causes, and I am sure they were sufficient for any one, I was anything but sentimentally sea-sick. Managed to get out on deck, found the storm still raging. There was a great deal of water aboard, and waves continually washing over us. Everything that was not "lashed up" was floating about in wild confusion, and it was almost impossible for the crew to walk about. A man was lost overboard from the main yard sometime in the night but not an effort could be made to save him.—Struck by a wave, carried half way along the deck, brought up in collision with a hatch house—soaked through—and concluded it was about time for a "landsman" to leave for the cabin. The soaking was not very agreeable, and changed my mind about drowning. One of the effects of sea-sickness is that appetite is an unknown quantity or quality which nothing can equal. Breakfast I did not touch. Made my usual memoranda and turned in.

December.—Nothing written in my "log book" for over a week—and for several reasons. The ship overloaded by several tons sat very low



in the water so that the waves completely swept her decks. The ship continued rolling. If these are not excellent reasons for not journalizing, I possess one unanswerable argument in my favor. I have been turned in since Saturday—more than a week have not eaten a mouthful, and have had a bucket somewhere in proximity to my bunk. The steward persisted in coming a dozen times a day to see if I wanted anything, when even to talk about eating made me wonder why the art was invented. I apparently got along very well without it. On complete recovery, however, as is always the case, I could destroy anything mentioned in the vocabulary of cooking from “soft tack” and “salt junk” to a roast turkey. My companions were in the same predicament and the black steward looked thunder-struck at the vengeance wreaked upon his various and sometimes incomprehensible dishes. The day according to the Almanac and observances on land was Sunday. Our voyage being so very stormy the steamer had no Sunday. The same course of work had to be carried on as through

the week. On many ships this is the case in pleasant weather as well as stormy. I have known owners to discharge captains for allowing the crew to observe the Sabbath as far as it was possible at sea. The reason given for this is that a ship at sea demands every moment of daylight in attending to the examination of rigging, stores, and other portions of the ship. At sea a day commences twelve o'clock—noon. Then all hands fore and aft take dinner. The crew is divided evenly in two watches, larboard and starboard. One under command of the first mate, the other under the second mate. Some ships require all hands on duty through the day—our voyage being very rough and laborious—and having a good crew—the watches did duty alternately. A watch is four hours, commencing at noon or eight bells. The dog watches—when observed—are from four to six, and from six to eight o'clock, P. M. In emergency all hands, even to steward and cook, are called and must perform with dexterity any thing commanded. Thus one day passes, and thus another, and apparently “we take no note of time.”



December.—Three days more have passed but who could describe them! In *pauca verba* nothing but a succession of rain and hail squalls, rough seas, waves dashing over the ship and all the other *pleasant* things attendant on ocean travelling in December. Last night capped the climax. It was about twelve o'clock. My friends had just turned in, I had been in for some time and was dozing slightly, when I was completely awakened by finding myself thrown, in a denuded condition, very unceremoniously into the middle of the room. Fortunately I "landed" upon a very largely developed, but unpoetical portion of my "fizzical phraam." I had not long remained in this situation, when a small boat that had been washed off the poop in spite of its firm lashings, broke in the cabin door, followed by a huge body of water, with boards, spars, barrel staves, and pieces of wood of all kinds, shapes, and sizes. By this time all hands headed by the captain were out on deck examining into the amount of damage sustained. A wave unusually large had broken over the after part of the ship, carrying

from the quarter deck, the boats besides a man and a boy who were on watch. The violence of the water stove in two hatch houses, broke down the cabin doors, and broke in several large water casks. The man was found dead, lying under a heavy spar, and the boy escaped injury by having been covered with one of the boats which had fallen keel up. We got a little righted and turned in again. The day broke clear and beautiful. A striking contrast from last night. I can hardly imagine this the same ship—and floating on the same sea. Everything on board looks clean and bright—everything in perfect order—the sea so smooth that not the slightest ripple can be seen—nothing except a great broad lazy roll—and the sails hang loose without the slightest wind to fill them. There is sorrow in the forecastle!—Of it the dead man was the light. The captain respected him—the mates loved him—the crew were as his brothers—and the boys looked upon him as the true pattern of a Yankee tar. At ten o'clock borne by a body of the sailors, and enshrouded in the stars and stripes, the body was

brought upon deck. A more solemn scene I never witnessed. Everything so tranquil, not the straining of a cord to be heard, and the ship seemed to cease moving on the surface of the great deep. The captain with trembling voice read the sublime, and on this occasion, peculiarly touching burial service of the Episcopal Church. At the words "We commit his body to the deep," he was quietly dropped into his watery grave. A plunge—a separation of the waters—he was lost forever to the sight—and the billows of the great Atlantic rolled on as before.

"Lonely, lonely is his bed,  
Never there may flowers be shed,  
Marble reared, or brother's head  
Bow'd to weep."

A sailor on shore and a sailor at sea appear to belong to two different classes of beings. On shore he is out of his element. At sea beneath a rough exterior he seems to have better opportunities for showing forth a heart as warm as ever throbb'd in the bosom of wealth and refinement. A more solemn set than there is on board

this ship I never saw—the slightest desire of the officer seems anticipated by the willing crew—meals have not been touched—every one seems busy with his own thoughts—and heavy hearts will be carried through the tedious watches of this night:

“Ave, sanctissima!  
'Tis nightfall on the sea;  
Ora pro nobis!  
Our souls rise to thee!

“Watch us while shadows lie  
O'er the dim waters spread;  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,  
Thine, too, hath bled!

“Thou, that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near;  
Whisper of heaven to faith;  
Sweet Mother, hear.

“Ora pro nobis!  
The wave must rock our sleep,  
Ora, mater, ora!  
The star of the deep!”

December.—The anxiously looked for chalky cliffs of England are not only in sight but are close at hand. Last evening we passed a short distance from the celebrated Eddystone Light-



house. At a later hour lights on the coast of France, off to the southwest were distinctly seen. To-day we passed the Bill of Portland, and through a glass we could discern the people in the town of Dorchester. We are now at anchor off the Isle of Wight.

December.—Passed the far-famed Goodwin Sands—Beachy Head, and through the straits of Dover. Sailors generally indulge in some superstitious belief. I have sometimes conversed with them concerning some modern idea—and found they rejected it altogether, but at the same time they would cling to an old tale—narrated perhaps when they were but ship boys, many years before. There is no subject upon which they are so generally superstitious as they are concerning the Goodwin Sands. The very name speaks to them of dangers so great, that do what they can they cannot ward them off. There are many romances, poems and plays whose foundations are laid on the Goodwin Sands; and sailors suppose that these are the only things which can be founded thereon. The legend is that formerly the Sands

were good solid earth joined to England, but Earl Godwin having made an unsuccessful attempt to invade the Weald of Kent and being in great danger made a vow that if spared he would erect to the memory of the Virgin a steeple in Tenterden ! and his vow passing away with his danger. Heaven in consequence destroyed his land.

Another is, that he was so greatly engaged in fulfilling his vow that he neglected to make a sea-wall around his land, and during a great storm and earthquake it was destroyed ; and there afterwards remained only the Sands on which nothing could rest a moment without being swallowed up. Its density was supposed to be less than that of water. " One story is good until another is told." Experiments were made on the sands, and it was discovered that its density instead of being less than water, was much greater than that of earth, almost as great as that of hard rock and firmly resisted a pickaxe. To warn sailors of too near an approach a light was erected here. This stood many years without sinking the eighth of an inch. It was run into and knocked down



by a Dutch barque at high water. Many lights have been erected since then, but have not been very successful as a means of saving life. The Sands are so very near the coast that lights only tend to mislead the mariner. The Deal Boatmen are the most beneficial instruments of saving life from accidents in this quarter of the Channel. These boatmen from their disinterested hospitality and their endeavours to save life at the greatest risk of their own have worthily become of great reputation. The Salvage Act of England operates very singularly as regards the Deal Boatmen. They are rewarded very liberally by the Government, for all descriptions of goods which they save; they receive five shillings (one dollar and twenty cents) for every *corpse* they bring on shore, but yet nothing except thanks for *live* humanity, even should they save a hundred. During a storm a few years ago a Norwegian barque was wrecked. The boatmen cared nothing about the goods on board but risked their lives to save the crew and saved it—and received thanks. Another barque was wrecked, the boatmen went out to

save the crew—could find no part of it—saved a few goods and got liberally rewarded. An American ship was wrecked in the vicinity—the boatmen saved a number of lives—the news was sent to the “States”—and each boatman engaged in the transaction received a vote of *thanks*, a *gold medal* and a very liberal *sum* of *money* from the President. (Hon. Franklin Pierce.)

We came to anchor off Gravesend about twenty-six miles from London. From the river this is a dirty looking town—coal smoked and poorly built. A friend says it is much better than it appears. Here, as is always the case, three Custom House Officers came on board and searched all the baggage and stores. In the trunks every article was carefully looked at. Out of about one hundred books that I had with me not one escaped a critical examination of its title page in order to see whether or not it was an American edition of an English book. The duties on these are generally high. Their principal search was for tobacco. The duty on fine manufactured tobacco is tremendous and brings into the

government coffers about fifteen millions of dollars annually. Ladies' baggage, even the unmentionables, is by these officers held in no high degree of estimation and is alike exposed by law to their inquisitiveness.

December.—And finally. On our way to London, with beautiful farms, villas, mansions, and hovels on all sides. Everything looks English, and nearly as I imagined them. We are going to enter Victoria Docks. Came up to the pier—friends anxiously awaiting friends—business men hurrying on board and off again—the crew, as is usual, left the pier—and having bid good bye to all friends, I started for the crowd and confusion, and was not long in finding my way to the boarding house to which I had been recommended. Spent my first night at *home pro tem*. making the acquaintance of the family, which at some future time I may introduce to all who desire to become acquainted.



# The Streets.—Origin of the City.

## CHAPTER I.

“ Houses, churches mix'd together,  
Streets unpleasant in all weather :  
Prisons, palaces contiguous.  
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous ;  
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,  
Showy outsides, insides empty ;  
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,  
Coaches, wheelbarrows and carts ;  
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,  
Lords of laundresses afraid :  
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men ;  
Hangmen, Aldermen, and footmen,  
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,  
Noble, simple, all conditions.”

### IRREGULARITY OF THE STREETS.

THE origin of the British Metropolis, the “Royal Chamber of the British Sovereigns,” is involved in great obscurity. In fact, historians of the olden time, have such a peculiarly interesting manner of contradicting each other and of introducing their own opinions and prejudices, that it is often impossible for the reader to arrive at any very definite conclusion of the truth.



Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that London was founded by Brute, a descendant from Æneas, Son of Venus, daughter of Jupiter, about 1108. B. C. He calls it Troynovant, Trinovant, or New Troy. Tacitus calls it for the first *Londinium*. Marcellinus, 380. A. D. calls it then *Vetustum Oppidum*, an ancient town. King Lud is said to have called it *Caer Lud*, or *Luddin*, the City of Lud. A late writer gives the etymology in several manners, and the present inhabitants of the world, I suppose, are allowed the liberty of believing whichever they think right and proper.

*Lhong* means a ship, *Dinas* a town—hence *Lhongdinas*, *Londin* a city or harbor of ships. A great harbor the city certainly seems to be. From the manner in which towns were formerly built, that is in a wood, I believe that the following is nearer the truth. *Llhwn* a wood, *Dinas* a town. London was commenced in the centre of a wood, on the northern bank of the Thames. From this centre it was increased for a time only in one direction—towards the river, in order to allow the warlike tribes, who inhabited it, time to escape in their barges in case of a sudden attack by their



enemies. The inhabitants at this time were in the same condition as the Indians of North America, and living in, if possible, a more barbarous manner. It must be borne in mind then that London was founded nearly *three thousand years ago*. This vast length of time will become more apparent when we remember that the discovery of America by Columbus was only *three hundred and sixty-six years ago*, and that the greatest city in America has been founded within that time.

The inhabitants of London then in increasing their city increased it only along the Thames. The Thames is the most irregular stream I ever saw. The streets or rather the goat-paths leading from hut to hut were consequently irregular. The inhabitants still increased. More pretending habitations were erected. Horses, carts, wheelbarrows, and other means of conveyance were unknown; and one of the first laws (a model British law) was, that the passages between the houses should be wide enough to allow "one man to pass another with a bundle on his back." Horses next came into use as a mode of conveyance. The passages were made a little

wider. Carts of different kinds made their appearance. The passages were made a little wider and called streets. The inhabitants got tired of widening their streets, and from that time to the present, although more than two thousand years have passed they seem never to have gotten over their fatigue. It is a fact, that although the population is now over *three millions*, and these making pretensions to refinement, architectural taste and knowledge of how things *ought* to be, they are yet to make a very great change before they will have even an improvement upon the streets as laid out by their savage ancestors. There are, it is true, some half dozen (not one more) that have been made within a few years that are wider than the old ones but equally crooked. It is impossible to convince an Englishman that a city could be laid out at right angles, In London there are ten thousand five hundred streets and it would puzzle, as the English say of anything puzzling, "a Philadelphia lawyer" to find ten in this entire number that would form right angles a half dozen times in succession by meeting or crossing other streets. I have frequently started out for a walk and

found myself, unaccountably, in the same place whence I started, three or four times, each time taking an apparently different route. This often happened until I became perfectly familiar with the twists and turnings in a few of the principal streets. There is not a particle of use in attempting to find one's way by the names of streets. There are in a majority of streets different names for every two or three "turnings" (they do not say "squares") Some streets that are passable at the beginning, will become in the eighth of a mile perfect alleys. But they are always crowded—the people live in the streets. There is decidedly more truth than poetry in the remarks of a brawny Scotchman on his first visit "I'se ne'er see'd sic bonnie work in a' mi lief, there's nae walking up the streets wieout bein' knocked doon, and nae walking doon the streets without bein' knocked up."

I am thus lengthy about the streets because I always look particularly at them first. They possess a very peculiar and very expressive physiognomy. I can read from them the nature and ideas generally of the inhabitants. From the streets of London I judged the inhabitants to be



a matter-of-fact-generally, but-never-know-how-to-take-them always set of beings and eventually found I had judged just about right. The streets joined together would extend in a straight line over five thousand miles, or from London to New York and nearly half way back. A few of the main thoroughfares, running the length and breadth of the city are traversed by about six thousand cabs, five thousand five hundred omnibusses, with over sixty thousand horses, in exclusion of all kinds of private teams.

The thickly portion of the city is egg-shaped. In length thirteen miles, in breadth about ten, and in circumference about thirty-five miles.

Goldsmith in his "letters from a citizen of the world" "to his friends in the east" says in one of the letters of Lien Chi Altangi—

"Judge then my disappointment on entering London to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad; wherever I turn I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, streets and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with goldleaf: very differ-

ent are those of London ; in the midst of their pavements a great lazy puddle moves muddily along ; heavy laden machines with wheels of unwieldy thickness crowd up every passage ; so that a stranger instead of finding time for observation is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces."

The side-walks are exceedingly low and very narrow. Oxford, Regent, Cannon and a few other streets are the only exceptions. I have frequently seen brewers' teams and others come within one foot of the store windows, and have been obliged to jump into a store door to escape being struck. To walk two or three abreast in the city is perfectly impossible. In very few streets is there any protection to the curb and consequently the hubs of the wheels, especially when passing other teams, extends several inches over the side-walk.

London has frequently been visited by destructive fires. The greatest occurred in 1666, when acre after acre was laid waste and the entire city seemed doomed. This fire commenced about London Bridge, a magnificent monument described in another chapter, has been erected on

the spot. The great destruction was undoubtedly caused by the narrow streets and their irregularity. Sir Christopher Wren the distinguished designer and architect of the times, and by whom the present Cathedral of St. Paul was designed, prepared plans for the laying out and rebuilding of the burnt district in squares. This would have succeeded but the government could not purchase the ground, and learned men of the law presented the claims of their clients to the property. Their claims could not be opposed, and the consequence is that London of 1859 is exactly the same as London of 1666, or to go farther than that, it is the same now that it was two thousand years ago. And it is a fact, no less surprising than true, that the authorities of the city are contemplating improvements and advantages of civilized life that Rome and the cities of Greece had two thousand years ago, and that every town and village of importance in the United States has had for many years. The only redeeming qualities that the streets of London possess are the beautiful and permanent manner in which they are paved, and the comparative state of cleanliness in which they are kept.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOUSES.—THEIR NUMBER AND VARIETY.— STORES.—AMERICAN STORES IN LONDON.— PATENT-RIGHT LAWS.

“The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture; their chief decorations seems to be a paltry piece of painting hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence and vanity; their vanity in each having one of those pictures exposed to view; and their indigence in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect, the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of these colors are no where to be found, except in the wild imaginations of Europe.”

GOLDSMITH.

THE houses in number are about three hundred thousand. The variety is almost as great as the number, for it is very difficult to find two alike, except in certain portions of the city where “rows,” “terraces,” and “places,” are in fashion. They are built of brick of a bright-yellow color, and in some parts are very handsomely plastered in imitation of stone-work. Bituminous coal is used in London; the houses consequently are always black and appear uncomfortably dirty. There are some very costly houses of stone in the “West End,” but these are not remarkable for

their architecture; at least as far as the modern buildings are concerned. The only remarkable specimens of architecture are those erected many years ago. Indeed it seems as if the taste of modern English architects had degenerated. The houses generally are from three to five stories high, but very narrow, with no attention paid to shape, proportion, or regularity. Every inch of ground is built upon. The shape of the lot consequently determines the shape of the building. I have seen in one block, houses round, square, triangular, octagonal, parrallelogram, and some whose shape geometry does not and could not define. There are seldom any yards to the houses, especially to the business houses and the centre of a lot is generally built up, having alleys for entrances. Many of the churches, theatres, concert halls and other public buildings are thus situated. The vast difference between the city of London, or in fact between all the towns of England that I visited, and those of the United States was simply that in England the houses are built and then the streets laid out so as to accommodate the builders. In the United States the streets are laid out and the builders must conform to the

rules of the street commissioners. Another reason may be given for the general appearance of poverty in building—that is the difficulty of establishing a claim to property. Property in general has passed through so many generations ; now leased, anon mortgaged, then rented, perhaps sold “clear of all encumbrances,” so that it is a very difficult matter to know certainly to whom a portion of property belongs.

About the stores of London, there was one characteristic that struck me as being entirely John Bull ; that was the tremendous windows, and the immense quantity of goods placed therein ; the exceedingly small stores and the emptiness of them. Take for instance the jewelry stores. Ninety-nine in every hundred possess windows from twelve to eighteen feet square, or else twenty feet long by ten deep. These windows are arranged with glass shelves upon which nine-tenths of the entire stock in trade is exposed. The interior of the store is often not more than twice the size of the window, and if not entirely empty contains one or two cases of fancy articles, and seats for customers to rest themselves while the clerk is engaged in removing from the win-

dow one half the stock to get at the required article.

Among other stores those established by Americans seem to claim a great share of attention, and certainly do a large business. Of these, Hobbs's is apparently ahead. John Bull opened his eyes with wonder, when Hobbs picked the greatest locks made in Great Britain, and which had been repeatedly tried by the most notorious burglars, but in vain. John was still more surprised when Hobbs produced his patent lock, called the parantoptic, and offered a thousand dollars to any one who would pick it. The public press called loudly for some public spirited burglar to step forth and redeem the honor of England, his country, by picking Hobbs's locks. The honor of the country has not yet been redeemed.

Next to Hobbs's the American Invention Stores attract great attention. Wooden clocks wooden nutmegs, patent wash-tubs, singing tea-kettles and baby-jumpers, are more than the wildest imaginations of her Majesty's subjects ever dreamed. It is admitted by the English journals that Britain has derived greater advan-



tages from the fertility of Yankee brains in the last twenty years, than it has done from all other sources in almost as many centuries.

One great reason of the success of American inventors is, that British inventors have but little encouragement from their own Government. There are two many difficulties to be encountered by the inventor in securing to himself the benefits that should arise from his work. In cases where there are no disputants to his claim for patent rights, the cost for procuring such rights is about five hundred dollars. Then he must run the risk of Scotch and Irish inventors and copyists. For although these are all under one government, yet in some respects, especially as regards patents, England is as one country, or is rather as the entire government. If the claimant has opponents the cost is greater; and if he loses entirely he has still to pay the five hundred dollars.

There are besides the stores enumerated, a large number of American stores and offices, and they are creditably successful, considering the competition, and the prejudices which the Lon-



doners generally possess in favor of their own stores and rules of business.

In the United States, I have frequently noticed on the store windows in every town and village that could boast a store, sentences similar to the following, "Dry Goods at Philadelphia Prices." "Latest Fashions just from London." "Broadway Bonnets," and many others of like character. In London wherever you turn, you behold emblazoned in letters a foot long, over the doors, down the sides of the windows, and on the glass, "American Shoes at American Prices." "Paris Fashions," "New York Hats," "American Cough Candy," and every thing "American," that Londoners ever heard of, saw, or conceived, whether or not it was ever out of London. Some of the signs of these business places are amusingly inconsistent. For instance, every store has its name,—*"The Lion House."* Here you find a black lion. This is a dry goods store. At the perfumery store, a green bear is the guardian angel of the establishment. Here is a dry goods store, where the Queen's cook's, waiting boy's son, bought a quarter of a yard of cloth to patch his pantaloons, and up goes a sign,

“Patronised by Her Majesty,” and along with it the Royal Coat of Arms, a pink lion and blue unicorn, “fighting for the crown.” Here is the “Emperor Napoleon’s American Confectionary and English Mutton pie-shop.” While next door at the beer-shop, as an inducement to enter, you perceive written on a shingle with red chalk a piece of remarkable intelligence — “The New York Herald,” “A slate bagatelle table and a skittle ground taken in here.” Enter, secondary motive, to take a glass of ale, but primary to have a look at the “Herald,” and find something or somebody else “taken in.” Get a glance at a copy three months old and find “there be some think wrong with the mails, latest number be-int come yet.”

Many an hour that would otherwise have “dragged its weary length along,” have I spent in observing the various tastes of London painters, and then agreed with Goldsmith, that the majority of their representations have no existence “except in the wild imaginations of the people of Europe.”

### CHAPTER III.

THE INHABITANTS.— QUEEN VICTORIA.—  
PRINCE ALBERT AND THE “FAMILY.”—  
“COURT CIRCULAR.”—EVERY-DAY LIFE  
OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

WE learn from Genesis that in the Garden of Eden the Serpent helped Eve to the fruit of the Tree of Life without saying anything concerning it to Eve's lord and spouse, the unsuspecting Adam. The Serpent thus set an example which all the civilized portion of mankind has seen proper to follow. Ladies are universally first in everything. Following this universal law of female priority, instead of commencing this chapter with the lords of the English creation, allow me kind reader to introduce to your notice her Majesty Queen Victoria. Alexandrina Victoria — Queen of the United Kingdoms of Great Britian and Ireland — was the only daughter of Edward Duke of Kent, and was born May 24, 1819.

On the death of her uncle William IV.

she succeeded to the throne. This was June 20, 1837.

It is needless, of course, to inform my reader that Queens and other specimens of royalty were babies. And consequently between May 24, 1819, and June 20, 1837, Alexandrina Victoria passed through three periods of Shakspeare's Seven Ages.

“ At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
And then the whining school GIRL with her satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school : And then the lover !  
Sighing like furnace. with a woeful ballad  
Made to “ her cousin Albert's moustache in embryo.”

During the days between the infant and the school girl several awful anecdotes of the going-to-be-Queen's perpetration were recorded and deemed sufficiently important to be chronicled among the remarkable occurrences of the times. Strolling through the gardens of Wentworth House, the gardener cautioned her against walking in a certain place where he said “ the ground was damp and slape.” “ Slape ! slape ! ” enquired she, “ what is slape ? ” The gardener replied “ very slippery.” Victoria ran on, thought she knew about as much as the gardener, went just where he told her not to



go, and tumbled down. Jumping up she exclaimed "Now I know what slape means." Now the majority of mothers would have whipped her for being disobedient and soiling her clothes, but she saved herself by committing said anecdote. She commenced taking lessons on the piano when very young and growing tired of it was informed that unless she persevered she could not become mistress of the instrument. "Oh!" said she "I am to be mistress of my piano am I?" "Undoubtedly!" was the reply. She was then informed that there was no royal road to music. She said she knew of a royal road, and how to become mistress at the same time. She then shut up and locked the piano, and placing the key in her pocket said, "That is the way to become mistress, and the royal road is never to take a lesson until I am in the humor." These anecdotes of a royal child might by the generally slow Londoners be considered awfully startling, but I have heard fast American babies blunder smarter things than these and not be half so obstinate.

Under the domestic, yet unsurpassingly refined guardianship of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, Victoria really developed a naturally



strong mind and amiable disposition. Although "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" yet "bright skies have continuously over-arched" her reign. Many great undertakings have been "begun, continued and ended" successfully under the management of Victoria. She is very domestic and thinks more of attending to her own family than she does of all England and its possessions. She was married to Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe Cobourg and Gotha. He was her cousin. The marriage took place in Feb. 1840. At this time from a statue in wax at Madame Tussand's, described more at length in another place, I should say she was exceedingly handsome. She now however reminds one of a Dutch doll; about as high when lying down as when standing up and is besides considerably wrinkled and faded. That she is really a good woman there can be no doubt. She is now the happy mother of nine children. The oldest the Princess Royal is about to be married and that in style surpassing all the fairy tales of ancient times. For instance a part of the bridal dress, (the skirticoat,) is to be entirely of lace. The number

of these is to be almost infinite, for the Princess, as all are creditably informed, is not going to wear hoops but is nevertheless to expand herself to modern fashionable dimensions. Roses, shamrocks and thistles, the emblems of England, Ireland and Scotland are to be worked in these skirticoats. All the girls in a large village in France are engaged in the mammoth undertaking.

The Prince of Wales, the heir apparent, is next. Then comes the remaining seven whose names I do not give, because like all royal names a half dozen of them would fill a small sized book.

The annual salary of the Queen, including those of her children (she gets annually so much for every child) amounts to something over eight hundred thousand dollars. Her duties consist in letting parliament know exactly what she would like ; in being present at all the great grand balls, parties, concerts and *dejeuners* that take place in the kingdom : and once a year or at every session of parliament in writing a kind of school girl composition and sending it to parliament where it is read by the Lord Chancellor. The last " Queen's Speech " and Mr. Buchanan's inaugural made their appearance in the English journals

about the same time. The editors almost universally declared the Queen's speech a nullity, consigned it to blazes, and complimented the United States on the manner in which state affairs are made public and on their condition and prospects. Another duty of the Queen is to do something every day of which an account will appear the next day in every paper in the Kingdom under the caption "Court Circular." Court Circular reads somehow like the following: "Her Majesty yesterday afternoon, accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and their Royal Highnesses the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales took a ride in an open barouch and four in the Park." "Her Serene Highness" perfectly-incomprehensible-and-not-to-be-pronounced-name "from Germany, and the Right Honorable, the very Reverend Dean of Windsor, had the distinguished honor of dining with her majesty."

"In the evening their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses Helena Augusta Victoria," (aged 10) "and Louisa Carolina Alberta," (aged 8) "honored Her Majesty's Theatre with their royal presence, accompanied by His Royal Highness Arthur Patrick William Albert," (aged 7).

Occasionally a short but rather exciting notice comes in the Court Circular. Another prince or princess is born, to render its parents happy and cause the people to look blue at the additional taxes. All the church bells are set to ringing, and the great guns at the Tower are fired, to remind the people of the necessity of practising economy in their domestic affairs.

Prince Albert is next in importance. He is a tall proportionally stout man; not at all bad looking, and in heart a good man, although his head occasionally leads him into places and circumstances where the Queen and others say it should not. He holds several very important offices under the government. His principal duty is to protect, love, accompany at all times, honor and *obey* his better half. His salary amounts nearly to a quarter of a million of dollars. Notwithstanding the large amount received by the royal pair, the royal family is poor! much poorer than the majority of the nobility of Great Britain. This is caused by the tremendous household which the family is obliged to keep constantly around it.

The children, of whom I have seen seven



are not at all remarkable either for looks, manners or dress. They are brought up by the Queen in the same plain manner in which she lives. I mean, of course, plain for royalty, and in comparison with the major part of the nobility of the country. Many anecdotes are recorded of the Queen's plainness of dress. At the opening of the Crystal Palace she was admiring a piece of machinery and requested the man in attendance, to explain a certain portion of it. The man, who had been talking and operating all day, exclaimed, "Oh! I can't be talking this over all the time to every one that comes along." "I am sorry," replied the Queen, "that I asked you, never mind if it is any trouble," and away she glided down the avenue. A gentleman stepped up to the machinist, and asked him if he knew who the person was to whom he had spoken so sharply, "No," replied he. "Well," said the gentleman, "that was her Majesty Queen Victoria!" It is said that the machinist was not seen in the palace the remainder of the day.

I know of nothing that affords more interesting amusement, and of nothing that tends more to disgust sensible humanity with man, than



watching the every-day life of the London Aristocracy. To go to bed when dawn is breaking, and when the laws of nature say that man should rise; to rise when the day is half gone; to be seen in their coaches at a certain hour, wending their way to some fashionable ride where is the point of attraction for greetings from *friends*, (aristocratic friends and acquaintances,) from a shake of the hand affectedly warm, the haughty bend, the familiar nod of arrogance, or the prolonged smile of contempt to the exceedingly humble bow of servility; to dine when others are at supper; to spend the night in attendance at the opera, the Ball Masque, or the Soiree; this constitutes the every-day life variegated only by Sunday. Here persons with titles and without money assume the consequential air of dignity that pertains to the truly independent. Here the truly independent think, speak and sometimes act like men that would be measured by their souls, but even these are few. Here every thing seen or heard speaks of opulence when but a slight examination would prove undeniably that "all is not gold that glitters." Few of this class live in themselves—and many out of self—en-

deavoring to be what they are not — bending in servility to the opinions of some they desire to imitate, but without their samplers, means or minds. But if this is their butterfly state of existence, it may be asked on what flowers they feed ?

Ask the laborer, the man of family who rises with the lark and toils hard and late. He will tell a story of the tax he paid on salt for his potatoes; of the extra price of bread; he will point to the windows and counting the panes of glass will tell of the tax on each; he keeps a donkey with which to haul coal or goods for the neighbors between times a tax on that, and a tax to pay for every street through which it passes. The clerks and store girls can tell of a large percentage, deducted by law from their salaries to pay the expenses of war. The politicians can then speak in defence of such laws by saying the public debt is nearly *six billions* of dollars. The annual interest of this must be raised! But the principal is increased by borrowing often *eighty millions of dollars* [\$80,000,000, borrowed from Baron Rothchild in 1856,] at one time where-

with to pay the interest and *to meet other expenses*—*otherwise*—to support the poor nobility. The poor man can, and does too, speak of the great wedding. Two hundred thousand dollars dowry! and forty thousand dollars a year for life to support her who will sometime be the Queen of Prussia, and may, as Prussia often does, quarrel with England, and thus England support a war against herself. But concerning one child they do not complain, eight, and Heaven knows how many more are to follow! all must be supported, and properly cared for, and the laborer must supply the means.

This is free and enlightened England! England, where African Slavery is considered the great moral curse of mankind; where “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” is read more and revered not quite as much as is the Bible; and where its authoress has been canonized.

## CHAPTER IV.

INHABITANTS CONTINUED. — THE MIDDLE CLASS.—GENERAL IGNORANCE.—GULLABILITY. DRESS.—UNIFORMS.—TEACHERS.—BEAUTY AND HEALTH OF THE LADIES.—LOWER CLASSES.—PROSTITUTION. — HUMANE SOCIETIES. — THE WORKHOUSE.

THE middle class of society, that class which the Aristocracy has endeavored to annihilate, is the strength, the vital power of the entire country. This once out of the way, the power of the nobility, as in many parts of Europe, becomes absolute. From this class came the early settlers of our own country. Although our forefathers were thus sprung, yet their government, instead of providing a popular education as an additional security to the government as ours has done, has neglected everything of the kind, and the class has degenerated alike in intellect and refinement, and is sadly inferior in many respects to our own general order of Amer



ican society. This inferiority is no where more visible than it is as regards intellect and liberality of opinions. Lamenting the change which had taken place even in his time, Pope says,

“Time was, a sober Englishman would knock  
His servant up and rise by five o'clock ;  
Instruct his family in every rule,  
And send his wife to church, his son to school ;  
To worship like his fathers, was his care,  
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;  
To prove that luxury could never hold,  
And place on good security his gold.  
Now, times are changed !”

But ignorance is not the only bad feature of English society in general. It is exceedingly proud. In America a very haughty person shows nothing but his own littleness of soul. In England, the contrary is taught and practised. To the rich and noble *condescension* is preached from the pulpit ; taught in the Bible class, taught in the schools, and forms an important part of every speech and lecture. To the poor, “*the lower class*,” is taught and preached *humility, patience and servility*. Pride and ignorance are inseparable companions. The young men of London in general imagine that it is only necessary to know how to read and write, and then read the local



items in a newspaper, in order to be perfectly conversant upon any subject upon which a conversation may turn. To express an idea of anything out of London, would to five in every six, be a matter of perfect impossibility. I have conversed with some who seemed very intelligent, but who were struck with utter amazement, and set me down as an escaped lunatic, when I told them of cities, towns, and villages in the United States, better lighted with gas, and better supplied with water, and possessing finer houses and more costly stores than London. New York is about the only American city much heard of, and every place out of New York, is imagined to be situated in boundless forests. I have frequently been asked if the Indians did not attack us in our houses! And if we did not always carry bowie knives and revolvers for self defence against beasts of prey? Many reasons may be given for their general ignorance of every thing foreign. One is, those of them who do travel, go only to the Continent—France and Italy are the places of resort. And for the opinions of rowdyism which they entertain of us, we cannot much wonder. They see only a blunt rough set of

Americanized-foreign Captains and seamen, whose ships are constantly lying in the docks in and around London.

As their ideas are small of everything out of London so are they proportionally great of every thing in London. For instance the river Thames to them is a mighty stream that has no equal in the world, The following anecdote I have heard related as really a fact. Dr. Breckenridge was in a stage coach not far from London, and one of his travelling companions happened to be a Cockney. The Dr. says, "He was a gentleman-like, and well informed Englishman who having found I was an American, after dilating on the greatness, the beauties, the majesty in short of this noblest of British rivers (the Thames) concluded : —

"Sir it may seem almost incredible to you but nevertheless true, that this prodigious stream is from its mouth to its source, not much, if at all, short of one hundred and fifty miles long."

I looked steadfastly in his face to see if he jested ; but the gravity of deep conviction was upon it. Indeed John Bull never jests. After composing myself a moment I slowly responded—

"Perhaps sir, you never heard of the Ohio river?"

"I think I have."

"Perhaps of the Missouri?"

"I think so, though not sure."

"Certainly of the Mississippi?"

"Oh! yes, yes."

"Well, sir, a man will descend the Ohio, in a steamboat of the largest class, a thousand miles."

"Of what sir! — how many sir?"

"A thousand miles; and there he will meet another steamboat of the same class, which has come in an opposite direction twelve hundred miles down the Missouri, and then, after going down the Mississippi fifteen hundred miles more, he may see that flood of waters disembogue itself by fifty channels into the sea."

I had made up my mind to be considered a cheat, so I went calmly and emphatically through the statement. As I progressed my companion seemed somewhat disposed to take my story as a personal affront; but at its close, he let down his visage into a contemptuous pout, and regularly cut my acquaintance."

In his "Windsor Forest" Pope must also

have been possessed with similar ideas of the greatness of the Thames:—

“Thou too GREAT FATHER of the British floods !  
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;  
Where towering oaks their growing honors rear,  
And future navies on thy shores appear.  
Not Neptune's self from ALL his streams receives  
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.  
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,  
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.”

Their ignorance or rather as Americans would say their old foggyish ideas in general renders them rather a gullable race. Any idea however absurd will readily find numerous supporters. This has been so for a long time. A beautiful monument of this fact stands at present in a very public part of the city. The South Sea House. This is a fine building standing at the corner of Threadneedle street but a short distance from the Bank of England. The South Sea Company was established for the purpose of exclusive trade to the South Seas. Grand inducements of becoming wealthy were held out by the company. The magnificence of fairy tales would be insignificant to the vast amount of gold and diamonds that all and each connected with the S. S. Co., would possess. Thousands of the poor, ever on the look



out to invest their little savings, invested all in the South Sea enterprise. The bubble bursted—they were ruined—and the managers retired with immense fortunes that came from anywhere rather than from the South Seas.

At another time, a man advertised that in a certain evening in the Hay-Market Theatre, he would literally and bona fide creep into a quart bottle, and would, when in the inside, entertain the audience with a solo on the violin. Long before the time appointed, every nook and corner of the house was crowded. A long time elapsed, the people grew impatient and called loudly for the performer. He made his appearance, and was tremendously applauded. The house grew perfectly quiet, expectation was on tip-toe, the operator quietly advanced to the front of the stage, and then coolly stated that he had been unable to find a quart bottle conveniently large, but would, on the next evening, at the same time and place, creep into a pint bottle, to compensate them for their great disappointment! The audience rose *en masse*, the performer had the money in his pocket, a side window was at hand, he jumped, carrying away glass and sash, and was

clear before any of the assembly could get out of the building.

The great comet that was going to come last year, was the cause of a tremendous gull. Excitement ran high. Authors wrote, and booksellers published and sold more works on comets in a day, than is generally done in twenty years. Preachers, preached about nothing but the approaching awful collision between the comet and the earth, and of the immediate necessity of "setting their house in order." Street preachers talked of the necessity of purchasing white gowns at the linen drapers, and how requisite it was to find an open situation, where the ascent would be unimpeded. A travelling astronomer, advertised the largest telescope in London would be stationed at a certain place, for the accommodation of all who wanted to learn the exact moment of the collision, to make their examinations, for the low price of "two-pence." Many gowns were procured, many sites of ascent picked out, much property sold, and the money received therefor, "lent to the Lord,"—and many from the country, "cum up to Lunnen," to join the brethren, thinking it would be all the better to have company

during the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." But the day prophesied turned out very disagreeable; the collision was postponed on account of the weather, and some how or other, has not yet taken place. The booksellers and printers made money, the linen drapers made money, the telescope man made money, (that telescope was made of old chimney-pipe wrapped with fancy paper, smoked glass at the end of sight, nothing at the upper end, and a burning candle in the middle, which seen through the smoked glass looked enough like a comet to those who had never seen one, to be perfectly awful) and the Railroad companies made money,—so all parties concerned were satisfied, save and except only the gulled.

Americans, from the great number of newspaper articles that appear daily, imagine that London next to Paris, is a great centre of fashion, and whatever Londoners wear must of necessity be perfect. The reverse however is the case. As far as the men are concerned, they do not in general dress even with neatness. All the colors of the rainbow, and abundance of jewelry, whether gold or good brass is immaterial, are worn by the



majority. In this particular, their general tone of matter of fact disappears, although they are not as gay in their attire as some other of the European people. The great number of men in uniform, I met with claimed particular attention. Male servants of the house all wear black pants, a black or white waistcoat, black dress coat, and white cravat. Some of them, especially in aristocratic families powder the hair, or wear grey wigs with long cues. This renders them rather a reverend looking set of men. Before I understood exactly their duties, I thought what patterns of Christianity I was sojourning with, where almost every family kept a chaplain. I came near getting into difficulty several times by mistaking good looking servants for ministers of the gospel, and bad looking ministers of the gospel for servants.

The coachmen wear knee-breeches, white stockings, blue, green, black, brown and every other color of coat, trimmed off with gilt buttons, gilt lace, cords, tassels, and always powdered wigs, powdered eyebrows, and powdered whiskers, when they can cultivate them, but, which, owing to juvenility, is very often not the case.



The footman, whose place is always behind the coach, on a seat or standing, there erected for him, is the exact shadow of the coachman belonging to the same equipage. Judges, barristers and others employed in the Courts must wear the universal white wig and black gown. The letter carriers or "postmen," (no one has a private box—all letters are carried out, and the carriers paid by the government,) all have scarlet coats, black pants with red stripe, and are in everything perfectly systematic. The houses of London are supplied with knockers, and very few with bells. The postman comes only with two loud and sharp knocks. The newsman knocks only once, and very loud. Servants knock once and quite low. Visitors three or four times in rapid succession. The police and duns are allowed to knock in any manner at all that will secure admission.

Each school has its uniform. "The Blue Coat school." This is a very ancient school, and takes its name from the blue, coarse cloth coat or gown which the scholars must all wear. Neither must any one connected with the establishment wear any kind of covering on the head, They also wear knee breeches and yellow stockings.

This is considered the best school in Great Britain, and requires the influence of the greatest men in the country, to secure admission. The uniform of the girls' school, is a blue frock, white apron, and white cap. The ragged school, or shoe-black school, for its uniform has red-flannel shirt, and knee breeches of blue. The members of this school are only the shoe-blacks of the city. The regular price for blacking boots is a penny. The boys take a regular stand at certain places in every street, and remain there until relieved by another set. Those relieved, return to school. The amount realized by the boys is divided. The boy keeps one-half of his own earnings, the remainder goes to his credit in the books of the school, and when he arrives at a certain age, he is put to some trade and the money returned to him. The education received at these schools is not of much account. The system of teaching is bad. We cannot wonder at the state of education, when we consider the position in society which teachers occupy, not only as regards public teachers, but also private governesses. The Quarterly Review, some time ago, contained an article on governesses, which shows so exactly

their position, that I will quote a few disconnected sentences.

“The line which severs a governess from her employers is not one which will take care of itself, as in the case of a servant. If she sits at table she does not shock you—if she opens her mouth she does not distress you—her appearance and manners are likely to be as good as your own—her education rather better:—there is nothing upon the face of the thing to stamp her as having been called to a different state of life from that which it has pleased God to place you, and therefore the distinction has to be kept up by a fictitious barrier.” \* \* \* \* \*

“She must to all intents and purposes live alone, or she transgresses that invisible but rigid line which alone establishes the distance between herself and her employers.” \* \* \* \* \*

“We must ever keep them in a sort of isolation, for it is the only means for maintaining that distance which the reserve of English manners, and the decorum of English families exact.”

An article appeared in the London Times, about August last, complaining of the want of governesses. Some time afterwards it was replied

to by a "Lady of Philadelphia," who stated the existence of a great number of young ladies in Philadelphia who possessed good education and who would be glad of employment even in London. She recommended American governesses to go, and concluded by giving her address and stating that she would be happy to have those ladies call on her or something to that effect. A number of governesses, born and educated in England, have within a few months past committed suicide, from injured feelings and want of employment. If this is the effect of position on ladies accustomed to the distinctions of English society, how would it be with American ladies who feel, and who of right ought to feel, themselves equal to all mankind. American ladies could better show the depth of their mental endowment by remaining at home; or rather than commit suicide abroad and be buried without service, like a dog at night, commit suicide at home and be buried in a christianlike manner.

As for the ladies of London, or rather of England, they are in personal appearance by no means as good looking as the ladies of America. This is admitted willingly by English writers



and travellers. I believe I am able to judge, for I have seen large numbers of American ladies and as many as twenty thousand at one time of the English. The general characteristics of English beauty are dark complexion, dark hair, dark eyes and very rosy cheeks. This seems to contradict historians in their account of the earlier settlers of Great Britain. The Celts, Saxons, Angles and Danes all possessed light complexions, blue eyes, and red or very light hair. There is in England no strong southern sun that could in the course of centuries darken their natural complexion and I have met with no account that explains or attempts to explain the contradiction. As far as the appearance of health is concerned the preference must be given for the English. Of this they are trained from babyhood to take care. Girls there are not women when they arrive at twelve or thirteen. They think, dress, and act like girls. Stays, corsets, and other means of torture form no part of a girl's wardrobe. Outdoor exercises of all kinds are engaged in with spirit, and the advantages reaped from them are incalculable.

The ladies do not dress for the street with

one fourth part the elegance they do for home, theatre, opera or parties. In this respect they contrast strongly with the ladies of America who in general believe in great show on the public promenades. I know of nothing with which I was so much pleased as the promenade dresses of the English. After being for years accustomed to see long dragging skirts in all weathers, rainy or dusty, at home in the "States," the London ladies looked perfectly charming in their thick soled long boots, short and beautiful scarlet petticoats, neatly looped up dresses, comfortable looking little bonnets and rosy living linings in the same. And, (I say blushing) such mistresses of skirts as are the English ladies, and with such grace as skirts are handled by them, I did not see an article of female, white apparel, during my whole stay in London, that betrayed a spot of mud however stormy it might have been.

Of the lower classes of London society, it would be a matter of impossibility to give a description. They form the largest portion of the inhabitants, and with accurate accounts of them, many volumes might be filled. There is one

class however, on which it is necessary to say a little, inasmuch, as it is connected with every every other class, and is as much an institution of London, as slavery is of the Southern States, or as free labor is of the Northern. This class attracts as much of the attention of the London legislators and the public press, as does slavery in the States, and should I omit it, the omission would be considered too great by any who know anything of London. I allude to courtezans. It is said, that these form about one-fortieth part of the entire population, or, are in number about fifty-five thousand. Many reasons are given why this class is so large, but there can be no doubt that the chief reason is, the general state of poverty among the lower classes, caused in a great measure by the wholesale system of taxation. The children of the poor, almost as soon as they can walk or talk, are sent to the workhouse. For girls, these are the primary schools for prostitution. The large number constantly leaving the workhouse for service, renders work scarce, and the number of the unemployed great. Thus, of necessity, they become vicious. There is not a particle of doubt, but that stern necessity makes

more persons wicked, than does the love of iniquity. On the countenance of these girls, nothing but joy and animation can be seen, while the very vulture of misery is gnawing—hour after hour—day after day—at their hearts. Originally seduced from a state of innocence, and then abandoned by every one who held them in any degree of estimation, they are left upon the world, and have no alternative but to go on in the way they have commenced. They are then exposed to insult without the means of redress, imposed upon by the police, must stand all kinds of weather, often without a friend in misery, or a place to call home. Fifty-five thousand such creatures roam the streets of London. No wonder that the journals teem with cases of suicides. Of these, fifty-five thousand nine-tenths die prematurely of disease and in misery, having lived lives of almost unimaginable hardships, and having, during those lives corrupted twice, or thrice nearly, their number of young girls—to say nothing of the ruin showered upon strong masculine constitutions. In a police report, I recently noticed a return of four parishes, containing in all, about 12,900 houses, and 70,000 inhabitants. Of the



houses, 510 were of ill-fame, and of the inhabitants about 4,000 were prostitutes.

*Humane* societies are established in all parts of the city. One places life buoys, drags and ropes on all the piers, bridges, docks, and wherever the water is a few feet deep, so that in case some poor soul "weary of so long life" in misery, concludes to end it not with "a bare bodkin," but by a plunge she can be rescued, provided some one sees her, and the cold water has cooled her ardor. So many persons have jumped from London Bridge, that it has become a bye-word. If a person says he is going to London Bridge, he is looked at immediately, to see if there is any sign apparent of "temporary insanity."

Another *Humane* society sends thousands of dollars annually to civilize the inhabitants of a country thousands of miles away, who never heard of civilization and the Gospel, and are therefore, not as responsible as those who have, but the same society utterly neglects the misery, destitution and heathenism of their own countrymen in the next street.

Another, at the present time, is endeavoring to annihilate capital punishment. And still another

is establishing a reformatory for the courtezans whom the injustice of legislators creates. This one sends clergymen into the lobbies of the Theatres, into the dancing cribs and concert-halls to reclaim girls, and to render them good wives for honest men. A large *home* is provided, and kept in grand style. The girl who previously would have hesitated before casting herself upon the smiles of a by-no-means-generous public, now launches fearlessly away. Her after life, when beauty and the charms that please are faded, is now of no consideration. This *humane* society says, "go-a-head," and when that time comes, if come it will, why, you have only to come here, we will give you a home, and will endeavor to reform you. The society thus cuts off the branches of the great tree of misery—but leaves the root (taxation) and, like trimming trees, each branch cut off, but grows out the stronger.

The wealth of England, and her so-called exhaustless resources, are the boast of every Englishman on the face of the earth, yet, no country in the world has so much poverty—starving, suffering humanity as has this same England. But is there no relief? Yes—a glorious

relief—the Workhouse! An institution to which honest poverty is consigned—hand-in-hand with the vagrant—drunkard—thief—prostitute—and every one else whom the jails may be too full to hold. Here, poor corrupted girls and unmarried women resort until delivered of their dearly-purchased fruits of sin! while here dwell poor orphans and homeless children, until of age to be apprenticed: here is the asylum of idiots, madmen, blind, lame, and diseased: and here lives natural and premature old age, “only waiting” until called from this state of utter hopelessness—from this hell—either to a land of happiness, or, as in the majority of cases, to a hell, that to human calculation, could not be much worse.

Notwithstanding all this, the overseership of the workhouse is a matter of terrible competition. In the majority of cases, the successful candidate is a man of naturally sour disposition. Thus children placed under his care grow up to twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years of age, without ever in their lives having heard one kind word—without affection—without being loved, and in their turn loving no one!

## CHAPTER V.

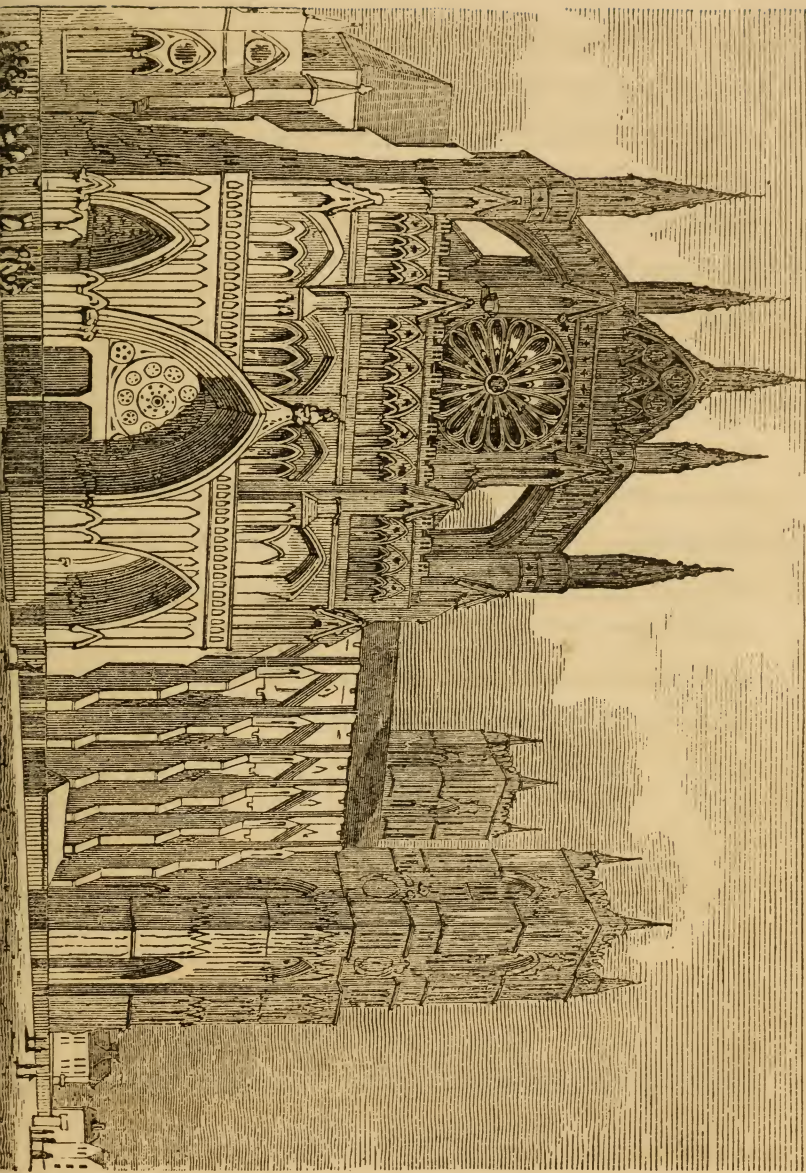
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—“POETS’ CORNER.”  
HISTORY.—CHAPEL OF HENRY VII.—LEGENDS  
IN STONE.—THE MONUMENTS.

“Hail ! venerable pile ! with awe I tread  
The sacred mansions of th’ illustrious dead !  
Where rise, o’er forms now mouldering into dust !  
The ‘ storied urn ’ and ‘ animated bust ; ’—  
Beneath the fretted dome, aspiring high,  
Here monks, heroes, poets, sages, lie !  
‘ Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue. ’  
HERE sleeps the bard with those whom erst he sung ;  
And all consigned to one IMPARTIAL doom,  
Lo ! kings and subjects levelled in the tomb !”

It was towards the close of one of the finest days in summer, that alone, I commenced the solemn yet pleasing task of a systematic stroll through this burial place of kings, heroes, and poets.

I entered at “Poets’ Corner,” and then sat for awhile at the foot of a massive column, in order to recall the little I could of what I had heard and read concerning the “venerable pile” that surrounded me.







Although founded later in the history of the country than was the city, yet its origin seems more obscure. There is a legend still in existence, which I find has some believers, that says Sebert, King of the East Saxons about 610, ordered Melitus, Bishop of London, after having built the Abbey, to perform the dedication ceremony, but that St. Peter himself, came in the night preceding the day appointed by Sebert, accompanied by legions of angels, and surrounded by a glorious appearance of burning lights, and dedicated the Abbey to himself. The Abbey is frequently called the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. Although this legend is of course fabulous, yet historians agree with it as far as the date is concerned. And to Sebert was ascribed the honor of superintending the work; which was then only the part that now constitutes the East angle. Even this part, after the death of Sebert, was allowed to decay; was pillaged, and looked like a vast ruin. Henry III., then took the matter in hand. He pulled down, built up, enlarged, and added a new chapel. Henry VII., also added a chapel. This was named after him,



and is now, externally at least, the finest portion of the entire building.

Several fires and robberies occurred, and the Abbey was suffered to remain in a dilapidated condition, until a very recent period. Now carpenters and masons have their shops in the cells, formerly the abodes of the monks, and are at all times ready to repel the assaults of the elements. The Abbey is in the form of a cross. "Poets' Corner," where I commenced observations, is the South-Eastern angle of the Cross. From this spot the general view of the interior is excellent, although, I afterwards found the best view to be from the West door, between the two front towers. Although in a thickly settled part of the West end of the city, little noise from the world without, enters here. Everything tends to fill the mind with awe. "The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height! and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance, in comparison with his own handiwork."

The first object of interest that attracted my attention in Poets' Corner was a monument erected



to the memory of Garrick. "David Garrick, who died in the year 1779—at the age of sixty three." The following is the inscription—

To paint fair Nature by Divine command,  
 Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,  
 A Shakspeare rose—then, to expand his fame  
 Wide o'er this "breathing world" a Garrick came.  
 Though sunk in death, the forms the Poet drew,  
 The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew;  
 Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay  
 Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day:  
 And till eternity, with power sublime  
 Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,  
 Shakspeare and Garrick, like twin stars shall shine  
 And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

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"This monument, the tribute of a friend, was erected in 1797."—*Webber facit*. The monument represents Garrick throwing aside a curtain, this reveals a medallion of Shakspeare, and is intended to represent Garrick's power in developing the beauties of Shakspeare.

Passing by many others, mostly of minor importance I came to the monument of Addison. This is a statue of himself, erected on a circular base, around which are figures of the Muses. The inscription is in Latin and has been thus rendered. "Whoever thou art, venerate the memory of Joseph Addison, in whom Christian faith,

virtue, and good morals found a continual patron; whose genius was shown in verse, and every exquisite kind of writing; who gave to posterity the best example of pure language, and the best rules for living well, which remain, and ever will remain sacred; whose weight of argument was tempered with wit, and accurate judgment with politeness, so that he encouraged the good, and reformed the improvident, tamed the wicked and in some degree made them in love with virtue. He was born in the year 1672, and his fortune being increased gradually, arrived at length to public honors. Died in the 48th year of his age, the honor and delight of the British nation." This is only a monument to his memory; his remains are interred near Henry VII.'s Chapel, in another part of the Abbey.

The next monument is to the memory of one of the greatest musicians of the world—George Frederick Handel. This monument was the last piece of work of the celebrated Roubilliac. It is recorded as a singular fact that his first work and also his last was a statue of Handel. Here the left arm of Britain's great musician is resting on a collection of musical instruments, and he is

attentive to the music of an angel playing on a harp, in the clouds over his head. Before him lies the celebrated *Messiah*, opened at the air "I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Handel was born in 1684 and died in 1759.

Again for want of time, leaving many monuments and tombs behind, I came at last to the monument of Shakspeare. The design as well as workmanship of this is very elegant. The figure of Shakspeare leaning on a pedestal, his very attitude and style of dress seeming to breathe of life cannot but arrest the attention of the most casual observer. The sculptor has also very aptly chosen for the open part of the scroll which he holds in his right hand a sentence of the great poet, from the "*Tempest*."

"The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision  
Leave not a wreck behind."

On the pedestal of the statue are the heads of the three principal characters represented in his plays. Henry V., Richard III., and Queen Elizabeth. This monument to his memory was erected one hundred and twenty five years after

his death. His remains are interred in the Great Church at Stratford.

In Poets' Corner are monuments to Ben Jonson,—Milton,—Campbell, the Author of "Pleasures of Hope,"—and many others which space forbids me mentioning. For this part of the Abbey no name could be more appropriate than that by which it is known. The monuments, as once was the dust they commemorate, are very plain, but are generally elegant from that plainness. The monuments of warriors, kings, and statesmen in other parts of the Abbey may be more magnificent, but one cannot look on and linger around these as he does in Poets' Corner. On almost every stone erected here we read the name of friend. Though dead they still live our friends through the living monuments handed down to us by them. From this spot I started direct for one of the seven wonders of the world; — viz:—The Chapel of Henry VII. This is said to be the best specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. The exterior is adorned with sixteen small towers, placed at different angles, and each tower richly ornamented by the sculptor. The Chapel is joined to the Abbey and cannot be en-



tered except by passing through it, although from the outside it appears separated. To enter the Chapel I left the Abbey by the East Gateway, and ascended a broad flight of marble stairs, under a magnificent portico, leading direct to the nave of the Chapel. The gates through which I passed to the nave are of solid brass, finely decorated with fluer-de-lis, port-cullis, crowns, entwined roses, and lions. In the body of the Chapel the magnificent tomb of Henry VII. and his Queen Elizabeth, attracts the attention. The tomb is enclosed in a heavy railing of brass, about six feet high and decorated similarly to the entrance gates. The marble base of the railing is decorated with statues only four of which are remaining: — St. George,—St. Bartholomew,—St. James,—and St. Edward. The tomb is of fine black marble, the head resting upon a dragon, and the foot upon an angel. The tomb is also ornamented with the twined roses, fluer-de-lis, port-cullis, and crowns. Other objects in bass relief tend to make the work complete. On the tomb, in repose—and plenty of dust—lie the effigies of the King and Queen in their state-robes. Next to the tomb the ceiling was most wonderful. This is entirely of

stone, worked in wreaths, circles and all imaginable shapes and objects. The floor is of marble, black and white. The Chapel was formerly occupied by the Most Honorable Order of the Bath. The pews in which they were wont to sit, are arranged in regular order around the walls. These pews are of very singular construction and would by no means be suitable for modern places of worship or modern worshippers. They are made very high and divided into seats, each seat large enough for only one person; and so constructed that if a person goes to sleep, or in any manner whatever loses perfect control of the body, the seat slips down and the person is thrown over into the choir in front. Here the Members of the Order of the Bath were installed with great ceremony. On each pew is still to be seen a brass plate, containing respectively the arms of the members; while high above these still wave the standards of the Knights as they did in the days of Henry VII. There are in this Chapel several other tombs of Kings and Queens, down to the time of George III., since which time Windsor has become the Royal Sepulchre. Near this spot two monuments attracted my attention. The first

of these was a slab of marble, inlaid with solid brass letters, placed in front of a magnificent monument, the grandeur of which contrasts strongly with the other's plainness. This slab was placed here by the present Earl of Ellesmere, to mark the spot where rest the remains of

### Addison.

Ne'er to the chambers, where the mighty rest,  
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;  
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed  
 A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.  
 Oh! gone forever! take this long adieu  
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.

Egerton. Earl of Ellesmere.

1849.

Born 1672. Died, 1719.

Poole, mason.

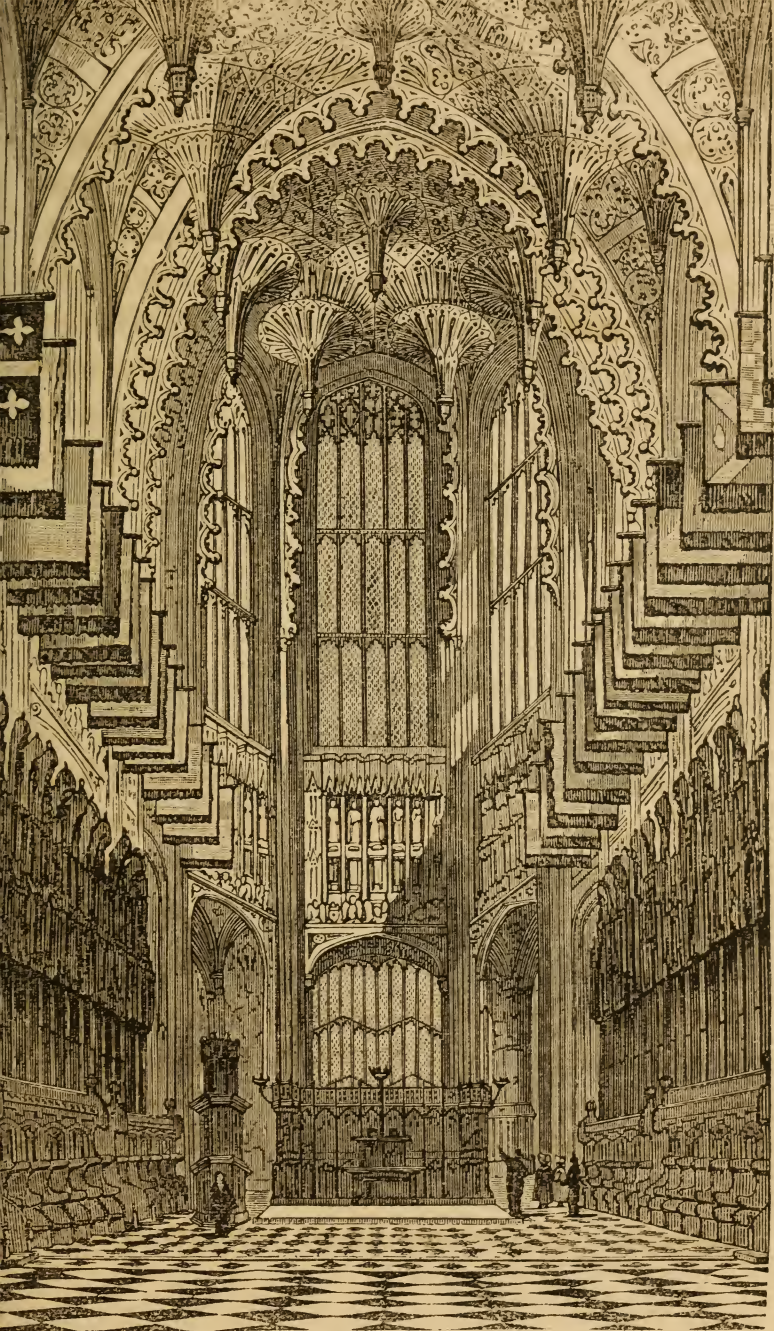
A monument, previously noticed, was erected to his memory in Poets' Corner. The other was a large block of marble, with a cherub on each end, and between them a double scroll. On this monument is the following inscription, translated from the Latin.

“Here lie the relics of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the usurper. Their bones long enquired after and

wished for, after lying one hundred and ninety one years, in the rubbish of the Stairs, (i. e. those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower,) were on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in the year 1678, and the thirtieth of his reign."

Besides the Chapel of Henry VII. there are eight smaller Chapels, called respectively, St. Benedict's, — St. Edmund's, — St. Nicholas', — St. Edward the Confessor's, — St. Paul's, — Islip's Chapel dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, — St. Erasmus', — and a Chapel dedicated to St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew. In St. Benedict's are the tombs of many distinguished persons of a very early date. The most important and interesting was the tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, who is said to have been the founder of the Abbey. His Queen, Athelgoda, is also buried here. Over their tombs, is a curious piece of work, about eleven feet long and three feet high. It is made of wood and stone, elaborately finished. The centre piece contains a figure





interior View of Henry VII.'s Chapel.



undoubtedly intended for Christ, holding the world, and angels with olive branches on each side. On the left is a figure of St. Peter. There are many other sculptured figures on it, but time has so defaced them that it is impossible to tell exactly what they were and consequently it is equally impossible to replace them.

Leaving this chapel, and before entering St. Edmund's, my attention was drawn to a costly monument, entirely of mosaic work, erected to the memory of the children of Henry III., and Edward I. Like its cotemporaries, it solemnly, yet loudly declares that even marble must pass away, before the onward, and still onward march of time. "The fashion of this world passeth away."

In the chapels of St. Edmund, and St. Nicholas, are some fine mementoes of departed worth, but none, that I considered of especial interest. The chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, like that of Henry VII., possessed not only a beautiful style of architecture, but also every object which it contained, claimed particular attention. The first object that meets the eye, is the shrine of St. Edward.- This is said



once to have been the glory of England. It has been literally picked to pieces by those who loved Edward so much that they would not allow him to keep over his ashes, even a respectable tombstone. Comparing its present appearance with the early accounts of it, it is very difficult to form an idea of the original splendor of the shrine; and especially when the fact is taken into consideration, that the jewels alone with which it was decorated, were taken possession of by Henry III., and sold by him, for about thirteen thousand dollars.

On the south of the Shrine, is interred Edith, daughter of Godwija, or Goodwyn, Earl of Kent, (formerly mentioned in connection with Goodwin Sands,) and who was also the Queen of St. Edward. In addition to great beauty and gentleness, she is said to have possessed wonderful learning and skill in needlework.

Her epitaph has been translated thus :—

“ Success ne’er sat exulting in her eye,  
Nor disappointment heaved the troubled sigh.  
Prosperity ne’er saddened o’er her brow,  
While glad in trouble, she enjoyed her woe;  
Beauty nor made her vain, nor sceptres proud,  
Nor titles taught to scorn the meaner crowd;  
Supreme humility was awful grace,  
And her chief charms a bashfulness of face.”



Near this is buried Queen Matilda, of whom it is recorded, that every day in Lent, she would walk from her palace to the Abbey, barefoot, wearing coarse hair clothing, washing and kissing the feet of poor people and bestowing alms. All the monuments in this chapel are exceedingly magnificent, and under them are entombed only the remains of Kings and Queens, awaiting with the unknown contents of unmarked graves, the dawn of the auspicious morning.

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

In addition to the monuments, the chapel contains various chairs, canopies, and other relics of former centuries. Two coronation chairs on the left as I entered, presented a very antique and singular appearance. The most ancient of the two encloses in the seat a stone about two feet long, two wide, and one thick. This stone by many, is believed to be the genuine Jacob’s pillar. Of course, we enjoy the privilege of believing as much of this as we desire; but one thing is certain, the stone was brought from Scot-

land, and offered to the shrine of St. Edward, by Edward I., in 1297. All the Sovereigns of Great Britain, from Edward I., down to Victoria, have been crowned in this chair. The chairs are of oak, very heavy, and in style gothic. The four legs rest upon gilded, couchant lions, resembling very much in style, but not material, the new Throne recently erected in the House of Lords. Some distance above the chairs are sculptures, representing scenes in the life of St. Edward. These, of course, are only legendary. The first, is the trial of Queen Emma; the second, the birth of Edward; the third, his coronation; the fourth, shows how Edward was so frightened by seeing the devil dance upon the money casks that he abolished the Dane gelt. The fifth, represents him winking at the thief who was robbing him; the sixth, represents the appearance of Christ to him; the seventh, the frustration of an invasion of England, by the drowning of the Danish King; the eighth, the quarrel between Totsi and Harold, predicting their respective fates; the ninth, the Confessor's vision of the seven sleepers; the tenth, the meeting with St. John the Evangelist, dressed as a pilgrim; the eleventh,

curing the blind ; the twelfth, St. John delivering a ring to the pilgrims ; the thirteenth, the pilgrims delivering the ring to the King, which the King had given St. John when he met him dressed as a pilgrim. This was attended with a message from St. John, foretelling the King's death. The last scene represents the haste which the King made to finish founding the chapel.

The chapel of St. Paul, contains among others, a colossal monument to the memory of James Watt. He is seated on an oblong pedestal with a scroll in one hand and compasses in the other, forming a design.

“ Not to perpetuate a name which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish, but to show that mankind have learned to honor those that best deserve their gratitude, the King, his ministers, and many of the nobles and commoners of the realm, raised this monument to James Watt, who, directing the force of an original genius, early exercised in philosophical research, to the improvement of the steam engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science

and the real benefactors of the world. Born at Greenock, 1736. Died at Heathfield, Staffordshire, 1819."

The chapel of St. Erasmus, and that dedicated to St. John, St. Michael, and St. Andrew, contain nothing either very grand or interesting. The chapel of Islip, contains a very fine monument of General Wolfe, killed at Quebec. In another part of the Abbey, is a dilapidated looking monument erected to the memory of Major Andre. The sentence on the monument, relates the story of his being hung by Washington as a spy. It is said, that this monument had not been erected one month, when some British soldier in retaliation for Andre's hanging, knocked off the marble head of Washington—a statue of whom with Andre, was on the monument—some democratic spirit then knocked off Andre's marble head. Leaving the chapels, I entered the North Transept, surrounded on all sides with monuments to the good and great. Pitt, Londonderry, Canning, Fox, Grattan, Wilberforce, Newton, and many others are interred here.

"Life is a frost of cold felicitie,  
And death, ye thaw of all our vanitie."



Now "bright and red the evening sun was setting," and with a melancholy feeling of reverence for the place, I left its grandeur to stroll through the low-arched, dim, dark cloisters without. Here once dwelt, shut out from all the troublesome cares and alluring pleasures of life, a race of monks. Everywhere around are seen their humble tombstones. The walls around are damp, hung with moss and wild flowers, and slow, silently, indiscernibly, as time steals on, are falling away. The finely chiseled stone that once might have seemed touched with fairy hand, now presents a rounded, worn away front. The old Abbey clock, tolled out the hour for departure, and alone as when I entered, though many have passed through, I left the vast monument of other days and other men. Frequently afterwards, did I attend service here, and frequently have I sought out its most inmost recesses, and there with a pleasure indescribable, endeavored to trace human life through the vast desert of its infirmities and misfortunes. Centuries have passed, millions have indulged in the same reveries, in the same parts of the Abbey—some of those millions lie buried around—some in one quarter of

the globe, some in another—centuries will pass and untold millions may yet visit this scene; the noble dust of Britain's aristocracy will, year after year be added; other monuments of immense cost will be erected; but at last, by the decaying touch of time, the whole will be "but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate."

## CHAPTER VI.

AMUSEMENTS.—THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—“GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.”—THE OPERA.—HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—PICCOLOMINI, *LA TRAVIATA*, AND THE CONSUMPTION.—COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—COVENT GARDEN MARKET.—A BALL MASQUE.—DRURY LANE THEATRE.—CORRESPONDENCE OF THE STAGE MANAGERS.—HAUNTS OF JACK SHEPPARD.—JONATHAN WILD AND OTHERS.—MUSIC HALLS.—HOME AMUSEMENTS.

It is not my intention here to say anything of the numerous discussions that are going on concerning the morality or immorality that is spread from theatrical exhibitions.

As the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace is now, (June 1857,) the all absorbing topic, I know of no better beginning for this chapter, than an attempt at its description. By referring to “Westminster Abbey,” it will be seen that Handel was England’s great musician, and that

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he was born in 1684, and died 1759. The Handel Festival was a grand, national musical festival, of three days continuance in honor of the birth of this musician; and the oratorios performed on the three days, were successively "*The Messiah*,—" "*Judas Maccabæus*"—" "*Israel in Egypt*,"—Handel's three most wonderful productions.

The operatic chorus numbered two thousand performers; the instrumental band five hundred. The choristers to each part were five hundred. The instrumental band was distributed into one hundred and fifty violins, fifty violas, fifty violin-cellos, fifty double basses and two hundred wind instruments, besides a tremendous organ built for the occasion, and a "monster drum." This drum was about eight feet in diameter. The performance commenced on the first day at one o'clock. Long before that time nearly thirty thousand persons were strolling through the park, gardens, and porticos of the Palace. The conductor of the oratorio was M. Costa. A great part of the nobility was present, but the second day was of course the great day of the feast owing to the presence of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Prince



Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal—several other members of the Queen's household, besides the Emperor Maximilian of Austria, Prince Frederic William of Prussia, and other specimens of foreign royalty. The first day was devoted entirely to the "*Messiah*." During the hallelujah chorus I walked beyond a quarter of a mile through the Park and the sound of so many voices in full accord could be heard that distance plain enough to distinguish the words. The effect of this music as I heard it, now solemnly low, then breaking out in one full chorus, was peculiarly impressive. I afterwards understood that the music was heard beyond a half mile from the place called Norwood near the Palace. The position occupied by the performers was perfect. The west-end of the Central Transept was devoted entirely to the stage. This was arranged seat above seat, the highest being about twenty five feet above the lowest. The organ was near the top. The lady performers, one thousand in number, occupied the lower and consequently the front seats. A more beautiful sight—I venture the assertion never was witnessed and never can be imagined. The lady performers were dressed in

opera costumes, and the gay colors of their dresses contrasted strongly with the deep black dresses of the fifteen hundred male performers. The "*Messiah*," was composed in 1741. It is said to have been written in the remarkably short space of twenty two days. Considering the perfection of the music this seems incredible. It was first performed in Dublin one hundred and seventeen years ago. And although Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn have flourished since then, yet the *Messiah* is, by those capable of judging considered the masterpiece of music. After the chorus "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor," the entire assembly sent throughout the vast length and breadth of the Palace, a burst of applause so long, so loud that the crystal walls seemed to rattle and the iron girders to tremble as they echoed and re-echoed the startling sound. Madame Novello, Herr Formes, and Sims Reeves were the principal solo singers. The solos of the national anthem were sung by Madame Novello. A beautiful feature of every public entertainment in England is, the performance always concludes with "God save the Queen." If at a concert—it is sung—or at the theatre it is played by the

orchestra. This is always the signal for adjournment, and is as regularly looked for as the adjournment itself. The second day was, as previously stated, "the great day of the feast." The audience was considerably larger and of course much gayer. Her Majesty was plainly dressed as usual, and had she not had a conspicuous and well known seat would have been taken, by myself at least, for anybody rather than the Queen of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. The Princess Royal is decidedly too handsome and intellectual looking for the *apparently* pusillanimous Prince of Prussia. Prince Albert is a good-looking open countenanced specimen of a John Bullized German.

The whole royal family must either be a collection of good musicians and all the rest of England perfectly ignorant of the science, or else the royal family is perfectly ignorant and the English, amateurs; for I noticed that the royal family gave unbounded applause when every one else was quiet and was silent when every one else applauded. - Perhaps this was aristocratic exclusiveness!

"*Judas Maccabæus*" the oratorio of the

day, though not as fine a production, was performed, if possible to detect a difference, better than the *Messiah*. It is also calculated better to delight the popular ear. As the piece advances one seems to hear the heathen rage and boast themselves on their invincibleness. Then is heard the pious chorus of the people of Israel, praying for their deliverance from the hand of their own and their God's enemies. Zion's walls are without warriors, and deserted are her towers. The music seems only as a long solemn lamentation. Judas declares himself and is recognized the leader of Israel's armies. He then returns victorious, and the chorus

“ Fall'n is the foe,  
Sion now her head shall raise.”

sweeps with melodious force, over the delighted and almost breathless audience. The war cry of Judas “Mi Camoka Bælin, Jehovah,” was responded to by the bands of Israel's warriors and the heathen full of terror at the might of God's people hastened to their far distant homes. The Sanctuary is recovered, and the triumphant chorus “Hallelujah! Amen!” concludes the second



day. The third day was devoted to "*Israel in Egypt*." The success of the festival was unprecedented. The total receipts amounted to one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, and the total expenditures to about sixty thousand dollars. Such was the Handel Festival, and the impressions there received will remain fresh forever in the minds of every one that was present. Grand, inconceivably so, as it was, it is but the precursor of one which is to take place in 1860, and which will far surpass it.

The regular Opera house of London is "Her Majesty's Theatre." This is a large stone building, surrounded entirely with an immense stone portico, and is decidedly the most imposing place of amusement in London. The interior is also richly decorated. It has five tiers of boxes, all private property, or let for the season. Thus it is often very difficult for a casual visitor to secure a seat. In this particular, having purchased tickets at the door, and placing oneself confidently in the hands of a "guide," acquaintanceship or friendship is found to be very useful, for without this convenience, nine times in ten a seat cannot be procured. Dress is extremely favorable to

good seats. A man that is dressed *most*, whether *best* or not, is sure to get the best seat. Admission is totally impossible without dress coat, black pants, and fancy waistcoat; and the nearer ladies come to carrying a fancy silk store, the better, infinitely so, it is for them.

Here only, the greatest vocalists of the world appear. For some time, the first magnitude stars have been—feminine, Madlle. Piccolomini; masculine, Signor Beneventano. The attraction "*La Traviata*." "*La Traviata*," whatever may be said of the immorality of the title, or the plot, is an exquisite production. And the persons here engaged in it, twelve in number, are very likely the best vocalists in the world. Certainly, Piccolomini is if the English journals are judges.\* The conclusion of *La Traviata* is very affecting, and would almost "move a rock to tears." Violetta Vategy, (la traviata,) Madlle. Piccolomini, is in the last stage of consumption, and is about to "shuffle off this mortal coil." After waking up suddenly in the night, she summons all her friends and servants to attend her in her last

\* Piccolomini afterwards visited the United States, but met with only a favorable reception. Her talents were not considered so remarkable.

moments. She then exclaims, "*Ah! io ritorno a vivere!*" and passes away so beautifully that involuntarily I exclaimed, "let me die the death" of Piccolomini, and let my last end be like hers. But unfortunately, the Madam spoiled all the beauties of her death, by letting the audience know her "last end" had not come. She reappeared in five minutes, recalled to her worthless state of existence by the clamors of the multitude; and with an inward, irresistible feeling of dislike to her for coming to life again, and thereby spoiling my vision of a happy death, I left the establishment.

Consumption is, in reality, the bane of England, but since Piccolomini has been learning the people how to die with it, it is strange, how immensely popular the disease has become. All sentimental young ladies look pale; dress as much as possible in white, (emblematical of their purity;) carry white handkerchiefs in their hands, make frequent application of the same to their mouth; and faint if a door is left open, or violently shut. The minor theatres have also got the disease; and those that cannot afford a person who will die sentimentally slow, make ample

amends by shooting an actor into the other world from a large wooden cannon, or by allowing him to be blown to pieces, by sitting down on a pack of exploding crackers.

Not far from "Her Majesty's," is "Covent Garden Theatre." As the entire neighborhood is so intimately connected with the doings of the Theatre, it may not be improper for me to place here the result of my various perambulations in this part of the city. This is rather an ancient spot. Covent, formerly Convent Garden, was so called, from the old monastery formerly situated here; some say, that it was named from being a part of the yard attached to Westminster Abbey. The distance between this and Westminster, is about one mile and a half, and is entirely built up; some of the houses bearing so old a date that this is rendered rather unlikely. I have seen Covent Garden mentioned in old plays bearing the date 1500, but cannot now recall the sentence. There is one, I remember but of a much later date, 1673. "Come, doe not blaspheme this masquerading age, like an ill-bred citie dame whose husband is half broke bie living.in Covent Garden." The greatest market in Great Britain



is held here. This originated, as a stone bears record, in 1656, from a few old women's stalls near Bedford house. The proper time to see the real beauty and grotesque appearance of this market, is about three o'clock on a fine summer morning. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, pet-birds and gold-fish, are the principal articles of merchandise. From the morning markets held here, all the huckster stalls and green-grocer shops in London are supplied. In every part of London, at three o'clock begins the tumultuous war of the drivers, and the rumbling of carts on their way to Covent Garden. It is not a little remarkable that, although the climate of England is damp, and cloudy, especially so in the neighborhood of London—yet fruits arrive at very great perfection. Pears, cherries, plums, strawberries, raspberries, figs and grapes, are generally of mammoth size, and very cheap. Peaches are almost unknown. Those they do have come mostly from France, and sell at a shilling (twenty-four cents) each. Apples are very poor, compared with those of the American markets. English gardeners, certainly do excel all others in raising fine pears, grapes and strawberries.

The jargonelle pear of England, cannot be equalled. They are sold in London for a penny and "two-pence" each, and are greatly superior to the foreign jargonelle pear sold in the New York and Philadelphia Saloons, at fifty and seventy-five cents each. On one side of Covent Garden, I noticed about two hundred and fifty old women, sitting upon boards raised on stones, shelling peas for the sellers. The Cockneys consider peas a *very beautiful fruit*. On the West side of the market, stands St. Paul's Parish Church, (not the Cathedral) built in 1633, and rebuilt 1795. This church has been, like many other objects in the neighborhood, rendered celebrated by the pencil of Hogarth. I once purchased from a wandering Jew pedlar, in Philadelphia, a small copy of Hogarth's "Morning," on which was a portion of this church. It is represented as being built of brick, with stone columns in front, and covered with the red earthen tiles still in use. This church at present is of stone, inlaid with brick, the same stone columns and a slate roof. Covent Garden Theatre, of which the green room opened into the market, is of course the most celebrated place near the market, unless

I except its rival sister, the Drury Lane Theatre, situated about two minutes walk to the North-east. Covent Garden Theatre, according to its historical tablet, was first opened Dec. 7, 1732. This building was burned down in 1808. In the fire, the celebrated Handel organ, and the wines of the Beef Steak Club were entirely destroyed. The Prince of Wales laid the first stone of the second building in 1808, and it was re-opened in 1809. Here M. Julien, held his promenade concerts, and in 1847, opened it with tremendous expense as an Italian Opera House. An idea of its style can be had, when it is known that the expenses of the house for 1848, were over two hundred and ten thousand dollars. The receipts were somewhat less. Julien sustained the loss, but made up for it, the succeeding year. In December last, Julien held a grand "Bal Masque" here. The beauty of London, in fact of the country, was present. The large hall was crowded. The gay costumes of the masquers, the sparkling of diamonds, the glitter of gold, and the light shed upon the scene by a thousand gas-lights, conspired to render the gay show indescribably bewildering. Here, an inhabitant of lower,

darker regions, leaned pensively on the arm of his arch enemy a clergyman ; here Punch sported in the dance with the Queen of the Fairies ; and Punch's Judy was taken care of by a soldier ; sailors, fairies, foreign princes and princesses, stern judges in their furs and robes, bold Jack Sheppard, historical, mythological, and poetical figures without number, made up the party. The band struck up, almost for the last dance on the programme, partners were chosen, the cry of " fire," arose in their very midst, a simultaneous rush was made for the doors, many bright and beautiful beings were crushed to death, and an hour afterwards, the entire scene of beauty had vanished like a dream. The ruins are cleared away, and stone after stone of a new Italian Opera House is filling up the vacancy.

Between this and Drury Lane, I could find no traces of the houses of Molly King, Mother Douglas, and Mrs. Bright, which have been rendered immortal by many authors, as the places where Hogarth obtained the models for his inimitable " Rake's Progress," and " Harlot's Progress."

The exterior of Drury Lane is rather impos-



ing. It is of stone, with stone columns at the front and side. The interior is much better than the majority of London Theatres; though this is not saying much. The best theatres of England cannot be compared with those of Broadway N. Y., and only favorably with those of Philadelphia. There is one thing, however, in favor of London theatres; the actors and actresses must be superior or they are not countenanced by the public. As regards also the numbers employed they cannot be surpassed. I have frequently seen in one play, on the stage at the same time, one hundred and thirty first class performers. Their orchestras are good and number from thirty to fifty performers in the first class establishments. An actor's pay in London is a hundred per cent lower than in America, and undoubtedly it is low enough there.

I have called Drury Lane the rival sister of Covent Garden. Their histories are very similar. One is hardly allowed even to burn down without the other "following suit." Apparently from records existing, the greatest rivalry was in 1816. Each had its supporters. Some were loud in their praises of the Covent Garden

actors, others equally loud for "old Drury." Both houses were nightly crowded to excess. The rivalry was soon exploded by the fact becoming known, that the two theatres were under one management, having only one company of actors. Each actor had two names, one for Drury, the other for Covent. When an actor was not wanted at one, his services were required at the other. Thus the rivalry was very beneficial to the management. The following letters which I quote from an old pamphlet soon appeared, and give a very good idea of the *modus operandi*; but whether or not they were written by the managers of the two stages, as it is pretended they were, appears somewhat fabulous.

"Drury Lane, Nov. 9.

"DEAR WILD:—

"For God's sake lend me a couple of conspirators for to night. Recollect you have borrowed one of ours for a singing druid, and another of our best is Doge of Venice on Packer's resignation. Entirely and devotedly yours, HOPKINS."

“Covent Garden, Nov. 9.

“MY DEAR HOPKINS:—

“I have ordered them to look you out two of the genteelest assassins, and I’ll take care they go shaved and sober. Pray tell Farren he must play our archbishop to-morrow: we’ll cut the part that he may dress time enough afterwards for your general in the camp.

Yours perpetually—WILD.

P. S. If you have a full moon to spare, I wish you’d lend it us for Thursday. I send you some lightning that I can venture to recommend.”

“Covent Garden, Nov. 11.

“DEAR HOPKINS:—

“Pray how shall we manage without Smith to-morrow? I depend on your lending him us for Harry Fifth; but now I see you have put him on for Charles Surface. Could’nt you let him come to us and play two acts of Harry, as you don’t want him in Charles till your third? and Hull shall read the rest, with an apology for Smith’s becoming suddenly hoarse, sprained his ankle, &c.! &c.!! Cordially yours.—WILD.

P. S. My vestal virgin grows so plagued large I wish you’d lend us Mrs. Robinson for a night.”

“ Drury Lane, Nov. 11, 1816.

“ DEAR WILD:—

“ By particular desire our vestal virgin is not transferable, but we have a spare Venus, and a duplicate Juno; so send for whichever suits you. The scheme for Smith won't do—but change your play for anything, for we'll tack the Camp to the School for Scandal, to secure you an over flow. Thoroughly yours,

HOPKINS.”

“ Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

“ MY DEAR FELLOW:—

“ There's the devil to do about our Tuesday's pantomime—the blacksmith can't repair our great serpent until Friday, and the old camel that we thought quite sound, has broken down at rehearsal; so pray send us your elephant by the bearer, and a small tiger with the longest tail you can pick out. I must trouble you too for a dozen of your best dancing shepherds for that night; for though I see you'll want them for highwaymen in the Beggar's Opera, they will be quite in time for us afterwards. For ever completely yours,

WILD.”



“Drury Lane, Nov. 12.

“DEAR WILD:—

“I just write you a line while the beasts are packing up, to beg you'll not be out of spirits, as you may depend upon the shepherds and any *other* animals you have occasion for. I have it in orders to acquaint you too that we dont use Henderson for Falstaff on Friday, you may have him for Richard, with a dozen and a half of our soldiers for Bosworth Field, only begging that you'll return 'em us in time for Coxheath, Totally yours — HOPKINS.

P. S. Lend me a Cupid—mine's down with the measles—.”

“Covent Garden, Nov. 12.

“DEAR HOPKINS:—

“Thank you for your Henderson and the soldiers; do let them bring their helmets, for ours are tinning. The bearer is our Cupid at a shilling a night, finding his own wings.

Genuine yours—WILD.”

As Drury Lane is a first class building, so are the actors of the very best class of performers. The drama is here displayed in all of its

perfection and legitimacy. In the admission, the prices coincide with those of the American theatres; but there is one portion of the interior system, that is entirely John Bull. The box-passage guide for walking with you to the box-keeper, *humbly beseeches* you for sixpence. The box-keeper for opening the door, *requests* sixpence. The "bill-boy," thrusts a programme at you and *demand*s sixpence. If you accompany a lady, she is obliged to leave her bonnet in charge of a woman engaged for that purpose; said woman "according to the laws of the house," is *entitled* to one shilling. Should you decide on ice-cream between the plays, you receive a mixture of so "questionable a shape," that you find it very difficult to arrive at a definite conclusion as to whether it is inodorous bear's grease, or a mixture of lard, water, and bruised strawberries. One excellent apology may be made, however—for the miserable compound:—the people of London do not know what good cream or milk is. It is said that "figures will not lie;" from actual calculation there is more milk consumed in London in one day, than all the cows in England and Wales can give in three. Where does it come from?

Another part of the interior arrangement, particularly annoying, is the number of old women and boys allowed to roam at will through the building, selling "lemon y'ade," "gin - ger be'y'eer," "bottle st-y'out," and yelling it with a peculiar nasal twang.

In the neighborhood of the Theatre, still stand houses, formerly the haunts of Fielding, Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, Dick Turpin, and other members of this fraternity. In addition to Drury Lane, there are several first-class theatres patronised by royalty, but greatly inferior in architectural beauty and size. The same annoyances and pleasures are observable, however, as in the celebrated "Old Drury."

In London there seems to have been no public Theatre previous to 1676. In that year three or four were erected. Among others, the Blackfriars, celebrated on account of the connection of Shakspeare with it. Also the "Curtain," in which Ben Jonson performed. Before this period there were public amusements of this nature, but the performances all took place in the inn yards, under canvass coverings, with platforms erected for the spectators—very similar altogether to the

strolling companies of the present day. In London, at the present time there are twenty theatres.

In addition to these, nearly all the taverns have music rooms or stages for the performance of the minor drama. Public Gardens are also greatly in popular favor. A lengthy allusion to these will be found in another place. Public Fairs have almost disappeared. The frolic and mischief attendant upon the celebrated Greenwich fair, is ended by parliamentary enactment. A few trifling concerns called fairs, are held on certain days throughout the year, in various parts of the city. A lively time is brought with them — especially to pickpockets — and the vicious. Among others, that held in the Thames' Tunnel, is peculiarly interesting.

Home amusements consist of dancing, music, and whist in general, besides all parlor games. The majority of the private dwellings of the wealthier classes are furnished with a room for bagatelle or billiard table. These amusements are in no particular confined to those called "worldly minded," but even clergymen can, consistently with their calling, dance or play a soci-



able game of whist or bagatelle. And as these home amusements are on the increase, so proportionately the business of the dancing cribs and music halls is on the descending scale.

## CHAPTER VII.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—THE DRUIDS.—  
HISTORY.—THE ORGAN.—READING DESK AND  
COMMUNION TABLE.—THE MONUMENTS.—JOHN  
HOWARD.—BISHOP HEBER.—THE LIBRARY.—  
WHISPERING GALLERY.—THE GREAT BELL.—  
THE BALL.—THE CRYPTS.—WELLINGTON'S TI-  
TLE—SERVICE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,  
VS. PRAYER BOOK.

To attempt to give the exact history of this grand monument of the early Christians would be fruitless. Its earliest days are buried in obscurity as profound as those of Westminster Abbey.

In various parts of England, especially in Cornwall, still exist the remains of the Druids, and from the fact that Druidic remains have at various times been discovered in the ground on which St. Paul's Cathedral now stands, I think there can be but little doubt that the Druids had here a temple in the very earliest days of Britain's

history. There are very few, however, who believe this. In whatever manner this has been disputed, the discovery of the stone coffins and funeral vases of the early Britains, said to have been made here, and those of Roman construction, has never been disputed. Stowe says, as late as 1313, there was discovered many scalps of oxen. This to the believers of Druidic foundation, would be a confirmation of their opinions. A venerable historian, (Bede) and one whose testimony must bear great weight, whatever may be our individual opinions, declares that a Christian church was erected here, cotemporaneous with St. Augustine. The general account is, that in 610, Ethelbert, King of Kent, undertook the erection of St. Paul's. In 686, Erkenwald, devoted vast sums of money to its completion. This was destroyed by fire in 961, and rebuilt the next year. In 1086, it was again destroyed by fire. Then originated the design of building the tremendous Cathedral which preceded the present structure. This was not completed until 1240. This building was several times struck by lightning and otherwise injured. In 1666, came the tremendous fire, alluded to in other portions of this work, and

in this fire the Cathedral was entirely destroyed. The destroyed building, although by no means as large as the present, must have been a magnificent affair. Roman Catholicism built it, as it did Westminster Abbey, for the awe-inspiring service of the Romish church. Here Romanism stamped everything as it did in Westminster, and as is still visible there. Here were seventy-six chantry chapels, with two hundred priests. In the nave of the Cathedral, stood a tremendous cross with a taper in front of it constantly burning, and everywhere around, the eye rested upon images of the Virgin and the Saints. The Reformation dawned nearly three centuries and a quarter ago; the glorious customs began to die away, burning candles were forever extinguished, mass was said for the last time, and the Book of Common Prayer was introduced. The fire came, Protestantism reared a new Cathedral, and on this is stamped Protestantism, as indelibly as is Romanism on the Abbey.

The present Cathedral was commenced in 1675, and was not completed until 1710, although in the intervening space of about thirty-five years, the masons were daily in all





Hampton Court Palace.



weathers employed. Sir Christopher Wren, was the designer and superintendent of the work, until it was completed. The most beautiful external view of the Cathedral, can be obtained toward sunset on a summer evening, approaching it from Ludgate Hill. This, (the western) front is very imposing. Within the enclosed space in front, is a marble statue of Queen Anne. On the base of this, is a figure of Britannia with a spear, Gallia with a crown, Hibernia with a harp, and America with a bow. The church is Portland stone. This, in the original state, is a hard white stone, but from the appearance of St. Paul's, owing to bituminous coal smoke, its color might be mistaken for black. The grand entrance is in the west front. A flight of twenty-two very broad steps of Irish black marble leads to it. At the top of the steps is a doubled portico. The lower columns of which are Corinthian, and the upper Composite. On each side is a tower, two hundred and twenty-two feet high. One of these forms the belfry, the other a clock tower. The towers are enriched, as in fact is the entire building, with various statues of the Apostles and Saints. On



the pediment between the towers, is a piece of sculpture representing the Conversion of Saint Paul.

There are entrances also in the north and south fronts. A semi-circular portico approached by twelve steps of black marble is around each entrance. The east front is very plain. The ground plan, like all ancient places of worship, is in the shape of a cross. The length of the Cathedral is five hundred feet. Its breadth at the transept, two hundred and fifty feet, at the west front, one hundred and eighty. The walls in height ninety feet. The height to the top of the cross on the dome *four hundred and five feet*. The diameter of the dome, one hundred and eighty-nine feet. The entire building, covers an area of nearly three acres, and is surrounded with a tremendous iron railing of which alone, the cost was sixty thousand dollars. So much for the exterior in shape and appearance. The chief beauties, unlike the "whited sepulchre," are within. The usual entrance for visitors, is that on the north. On entering, gigantic columns supporting the arched ceilings, the variegated marble floors, vergers in their black gowns, moving slowly



through the building, the monuments of the great, and the solemn chanting of the choir, in the chapel on the left,—all tend to fill the mind with the solemn grandeur of the scene, not unlike that experienced in Westminster. So inspired with awe, was an Esquimaux woman, that shrinking back on her conductor and gazing aloft she asked, “Did man make it?”

There is but little to be admired on the first floor of the Cathedral, except the tessellated floor, the massive columns, the tremendous height of the arches overhead, and the chapel. This chapel, or as it is usually called the choir, is separated from the nave of the Cathedral by heavy gates of iron. The organ is built above these gates, supported by eight marble columns. The organ is a magnificent piece of workmanship. The cost of it was about fourteen thousand dollars. It contains two thousand one hundred and twenty-three pipes. The sound, especially when accompanied by the voices of the choir, is grand beyond description. It echoes and re-echoes through the vast building, and when heard from the whispering gallery, sets every nerve in motion. The soul is filled with ecstasy, and

seems carried away far beyond the arena allotted to human pleasures. While with rapture listening to the anthem notes as they were borne along the arched roof, the walls, and monuments of the illustrious dead wafting back the hallowed strains and every echo breathing a sound that seemed not born of earth, I have often recalled the words of Mrs. Hemans,

“Wherefore must rapture its full tide reveal,  
Thus by the signs betokening sorrow’s power?  
Oh ! is it not, that humbly we may feel  
Our nature’s limits in its proudest hour !”

In the choir, in addition to the organ, the two principal attractions are the reader’s desk, and the Communion table. The reader’s desk is made of brass deeply covered with gold. The Bible from which the lessons are read, rests upon the expanded wings of an eagle. The Communion table is covered with rich crimson velvet, and stands within an enclosure paved with porphyry, and finely inlaid with various figures. The choir everywhere is decorated with wood carvings of fruits, flowers, cherubs and crowns, said to be the finest wood carvings in the world.

The monuments, about fifty in number, the

majority of which are erected to heroes of the army and navy, are not particularly interesting, with but one or two exceptions. Very few remains are interred here. There certainly seems to be a greater amount of interest hovering around an unmarked newly-made grave in a country churchyard, in which reposes some mortal remains in an unwaking sleep, than there is in the too often heartless monuments erected here. The monument, however, of John Howard, the philanthropist is peculiarly interesting. This is a fine statue of Howard, dressed in the Roman costume, trampling in the dust some fetters, holding in his right hand a key, and in his left a scroll bearing the words "A Plan for the improvement of Prisons and Hospitals." On the pedestal is a bass relief, representing the interior of a cell, and Howard just entering with food and clothing for the prisoners. Under this, is the simple name "John Howard." On the opposite side of the pedestal is the inscription:—

"This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honored whilst living, in the manner in which his virtues deserved.

"He received the thanks of both houses of the

British and Irish Parliaments for his eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind.

“Our national prisons and hospitals, improved upon the suggestion of his wisdom, bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment, and to the estimation in which he was held.

“In every part of the civilized world, which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery, from the throne to the dungeon, his name was mentioned with respect, gratitude and admiration.

“His modesty alone defeated various efforts, which were made during his life to erect this statue which the public has now consecrated to his memory. He was born at Hackney, in the County of Middlesex, Sept 2, 1726.

“The early part of his life he spent in retirement, residing principally upon his paternal estate at Cardington in Bedfordshire, for which County he served the office of Sheriff in the year 1773.

“He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the 20 Jan., 1790, a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt to ascertain the cause, and find an efficacious remedy for, the plague.

“He trod an open and unfrequented path to



immortality in the ardent and unremitted exercise of Christian charity.

“May this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements.”

Another splendid monument is that of Bishop Heber. This is a statue of the Bishop kneeling, one hand upon his breast, the other resting upon a Bible. On the pedestal he is represented confirming two Indian converts. His inscription concludes with the following lines written by himself some years before his death.

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;  
Thy Saviour has passed through the portal before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.  
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide,  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.”

Leaving the monuments, on the right is a door from which is a flight of stairs leading to the whispering gallery. After ascending *one hundred and twenty five* of these I came to a door opening into the Library. This is a fine room, the most remarkable feature of which is the floor. This is composed of two thousand, three hundred and seventy six pieces of oak, so wedged in that

not a nail or screw of any kind was used. There are nearly eight thousand volumes in the library including the first printed volume of the Common Prayer. I then passed by the geometrical stairs, ninety steps in number, so evenly balanced on the bottom step as to need no farther support, and ascended the remaining *one hundred and thirty five*, (in all 260) steps to the Whispering Gallery. This runs entirely around the base of the Dome. It is constructed on the principle of an unbroken communication, so that the least whisper on one side of gallery is distinctly heard on the other, a distance of about one hundred and forty feet. If the door leading to the gallery is violently shut, the noise is quicker and much louder than the report of a rifle. It is now against the law to shut the door, as it is feared it will ultimately injure the dome. Though on a "certain consideration" this will sometimes be done by the guide in attendance. From the Gallery the floor of the Cathedral appears very beautiful. The centre piece of the floor, under the Dome is a large plate of brass. This is directly over the sarcophagus of Lord Nelson in the vaults below. Some idea of the great distance

between the floor and the Whispering Gallery may be found from the fact that an English penny dropped from the Gallery edgewise was greatly flattened and cut a hole in the solid marble nearly half an inch in depth.

It was something of a task to get up to the great bell, but when once there I was well repaid for the trouble. It is ten feet in diameter, the metal is nearly a foot thick, and weighs eleven thousand four hundred and seventy-four pounds. The hour is struck by a hammer that weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds, and the clapper which is used only on the death of a member of the Royal Family, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Under this there are two smaller bells on which the quarters of the hour are struck. The clock is rather an extensive affair although by no means as large as that about to be placed in the Clock Tower of the New Houses of Parliament. The two faces of the clock are each twenty feet in diameter, the minute hands are nine feet eight inches long, the hour hands about six. The figures on the faces are three feet high. The *weight* on the pendulum weighs about one hundred and ten pounds and is singularly sus-

pended by a steel spring only a little more than the sixteenth part of an inch in thickness.

The view from the galleries is extensive, especially in very clear weather. If it was a task to mount to the bell it was a much greater one to get up into the ball on the top of the Dome ; a distance as before stated of over four hundred feet, or *six hundred and twenty two steps*. The ball from the street appears like any common gilded ball on a steeple and is apparently about six inches in diameter, it is decidedly another matter when near it. It is in reality about seven feet in diameter, and a dozen persons would experience no difficulty in sitting comfortably within it. It is composed of sheet iron very thick and firmly riveted. The weight of the ball is five thousand six hundred pounds. *Thirty feet above* this is a cross fifteen feet high.

Sir Christopher Wren must have had a *towering* architectural taste ; but had he only had Barnum for a co-laborer, undoubtedly a much easier way would have been invented for reaching the top. Why could not a steam engine be built in one of the numberless arches in the "vaults" and thus save the awful racking of the ascendant's



bones by shooting him up with telegraphic speed, either to the top, or else have stations every hundred feet or so on the route? It is true this would spoil the romance!

Having become satisfied with the extreme top I took up a rapid march towards the extreme bottom! the Crypts or Vaults under the edifice. The Crypt is divided into three parts, by immense columns or butments forty feet square. In these divisions are many smaller arches supported by numberless small pillars. There are many tombs here, and some remains of the old Cathedral. The most celebrated painters of England are buried in the Vaults. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, and others. The tomb of Sir Christopher Wren is also in the Crypt. This is the plainest tomb of the entire number. A simple slab over his remains bears the inscription.—

“ Here lieth

Sir Christopher Wren, Knt.,

the builder of this Cathedral Church of St. Paul,  
who died in the year of our Lord, 1723,  
and of his age, 91 ”

In noticing the Choir, I forgot to mention a

plain slab there, also to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren, The inscription is in Latin thus rendered. Under this is buried the builder of this church and city, Sir Christopher Wren, who lived beyond ninety years not to himself but to the public good. Reader if you seek his monument look around. He died Feb 25, 1723, aged 91.

The sarcophagus in which are the remains of Horatio Viscount Nelson is very handsomely made with a black marble top. This was prepared by Cardinal Wolsey for his own interment, but in this as in many of his long cherished hopes he was disappointed. The Duke of Wellington is also buried in a vault similar to that in which is the tomb of Nelson. His monument has not yet been erected. If this should be as magnificent as his coffin, or his four coffins, it will undoubtedly be the most attractive feature of the Cathedral. The following is engraved on the coffin lid, and as it is an excellent specimen of titles of nobility, I copied it *verbatim* :—

“The Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince Arthur Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, and

Baron Douro of Wellesley, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, one of her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, and Field Marshal and Commander in Chief of Her Majesty's Forces. Born 1st., May, 1779: Died 14th. September 1852."

In connection with St. Paul's, I have several times alluded to Westminster Abbey. Westminster possesses a peculiar aspect of majesty. Erected by Romanism, the enthusiasm, the love of grandeur, the zeal for the church, which Romanists so generally possess, all of which are so indelibly marked upon the Abbey, in spite of our own convictions or inclinations, inspire us with sincere respect. In St. Paul's, it seemed to me that I did not possess this feeling. There was something which caused me to admire in a greater degree the artistic beauty and the great mind of the builder. To those who have never visited and compared the two monuments of the Church, it would be very difficult to imagine the difference. Built as was one for the worship of God, the Saviour, and the Virgin, in an unknown tongue, clouds of incense rising and spreading through-

out the building, and the mysterious lights of a thousand tapers shed over the scene. The other, a sacred temple of the living God, where He was to be worshipped "in Spirit and in Truth," in a language that all could understand, where was no sprinkling priest, and where Christ was the light, and a broken heart, the most acceptable offering.

How wonderful the change produced by the Reformation! Only three centuries and not quite a quarter ago, yet the world was so revolutionized that the strongest minds stagger at the contemplation. How great must have appeared the change to those who were wont to assemble daily to hear mass, and the reading and interpretation of Scriptures by the priests in Westminster, when they assembled in St. Paul's, and there learned that the same Scriptures were to be read and studied by themselves; that these were the rules of Faith, instead of the traditions of the Church. In the three and a quarter centuries that have passed, so great have been the results of the change in England, I find from actual calculations, that the number of Romanists is exceedingly small, and the number of Protestants is nearly eleven millions, or more than one-third of



the entire population. One-half of this number belongs to the established Church of England.

There is but little difference between the service of the Church of England, and that of the Episcopal Church of the United States, although the establishments are vastly different. The Church of England, in almost every particular, is connected with the Government of the country. The Government builds the churches from the income derived from church lands, tithes, church-rates, offerings received on Easter, and from several other rates and offerings. The income amounts to about twenty-five millions of dollars annually. From this income the clergy is paid. Each church has its vicar and curate. The vicar can be displaced only by preaching or practising error in doctrine. Consequently, if a congregation dislikes its minister, it can go wherever it desires, but cannot discharge the offending clergyman. This seems very well when a congregation happens to be well suited, a minister does not often receive a "louder call," and consequently bad feelings are not engendered. The number of churches owned by the Church of England, is about fourteen thousand, of which I

judge there is about one-fourteenth located in London.

Americans, or any other foreigners, unless at some time connected intimately with the Church of England, experience great difficulty in understanding exactly what it is. Its intimate connection with state, its tithe system, with all of this system's modifications and many exceptions, and many other parts of the system so dissimilar to the church in other countries are the causes of this difficulty.

The poor quality and small quantity of education possessed by the Londoners in general has already been alluded to. Whatever may be said of this, yet, learning the most profound, united with wealth, and often with rank and titles is found among the clergy. Notwithstanding the fact that daily schools for all classes are "few and far between," yet the church is really awake to the importance of universal education. Almost every church has connected with it a Charity school, and in these, the children are taught everything in relation to the Christian religion. The children of America, however proficient otherwise, do not receive one-tenth part of the

religious instruction that do the children of England.

I mentioned a slight difference existing between the Church of England Service, and that of the Episcopal Church in the United States. The first difference occurs in the opening sentences of the Morning Prayer. There being three more in the Prayer book, than in the "Church Service," (the name by which the Prayer book is generally called in England.) The short "declaration of absolution," is not in the Church Service. At the conclusion of the first prayer, the sentences beginning, "O Lord open thou our lips," are six in number in the Church Service, instead of two only, as in the Prayer book. In the Church Service, the *Gloria in Excelsis* occurs only in the Communion service. The Nicene creed is not in the Daily Morning prayer, but is used daily in the portion of the Communion service, read before the Epistle and Gospel for the day. The prayers at the conclusion of the Morning prayer, are common to both books with the exception of substituting the names of the Queen and other members of the Royal family, for those of the President of the United States, and the

members in Congress assembled. In the evening service, the *Magnificat* is used in the Church Service, instead of the *Bonum est* of the Prayer Book; and *nunc dimittis*, instead of *Benedic, anima mea*. The litany is the same with the exception of a very few words. The Prayers and Thanksgivings occur in different orders, but the words are about the same. The Church service in the Communion, has two prayers for the Queen, and the Nicene creed, instead of "Hear also," &c., down to the sentence beginning "Let your light;" is different. The form of Solemnization of Matrimony is four times as long in the Church Service, as it is in the Prayer Book, and is different in several manners. In England, the bans of Matrimony must be published every day of church for three weeks before the time of the ceremony. This is done by the officiating clergyman of the parish in which the "happy couple" reside, and consists only in the clergyman saying "I publish the bans of Marriage between *M.—of—*and *N.—of—* If any of you know cause, or just impediment, why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are to declare it.



This is the first, (second or third) time of asking." Publishing the bans is still the law in some parts of the United States. The Church Service, also requests the officiating clergyman to preach a sermon for the especial benefit of the married pair, and requests them to take the Communion. It thus requires no short period of time to get married in England. The Church Service contains a Commination, or denouncing of God's anger and judgments against sinners. This is read the first Sunday in Lent. A form of prayer to be used with Thanksgiving on the fifth day of November, for the escape of King James I., and the three estates of England from the Gunpowder Plot. And one or two other forms of prayer to be used on anniversary occasions, in relation to the Royal Family.

All other denominations are called dissenters, and their places of worship unendowed or dissenting chapels. Their number is about five and a half millions, of which the largest part are Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Quakers, and Methodists. There are, however, a great many professors of all the religions and isms ever

heard of. The Mormons number about seventeen thousand. Before their appearance, Swedenborg affirmed himself the divinely authorized agent and publisher of a new revelation, and he has here about six thousand disciples.

## CHAPTER VIII.

PARKS AND GARDENS. — HYDE PARK. —  
ACHILLES.—SUBLIMITY AND BUSINESS. — THE  
SERPENTINE.—RIDERS.--BUCKINGHAM PALACE.  
—ST. JAMES' PALACE AND PARK. — THE POET  
ROGERS' HOUSE.—REGENT PARK AND AMUSE-  
MENTS.—REV. SURREY AND SPURGEON.

“ Are they not all proofs  
That man, immured in cities, still retains  
His inborn, inextinguishable thirst  
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss  
By supplemental shifts, the best he may.”

COWPER'S TASK.

IF every account which we have concerning the gardens of the ancients is true, how passionate must have been their feelings towards gardens, and how great their “thirst of rural scenes!”

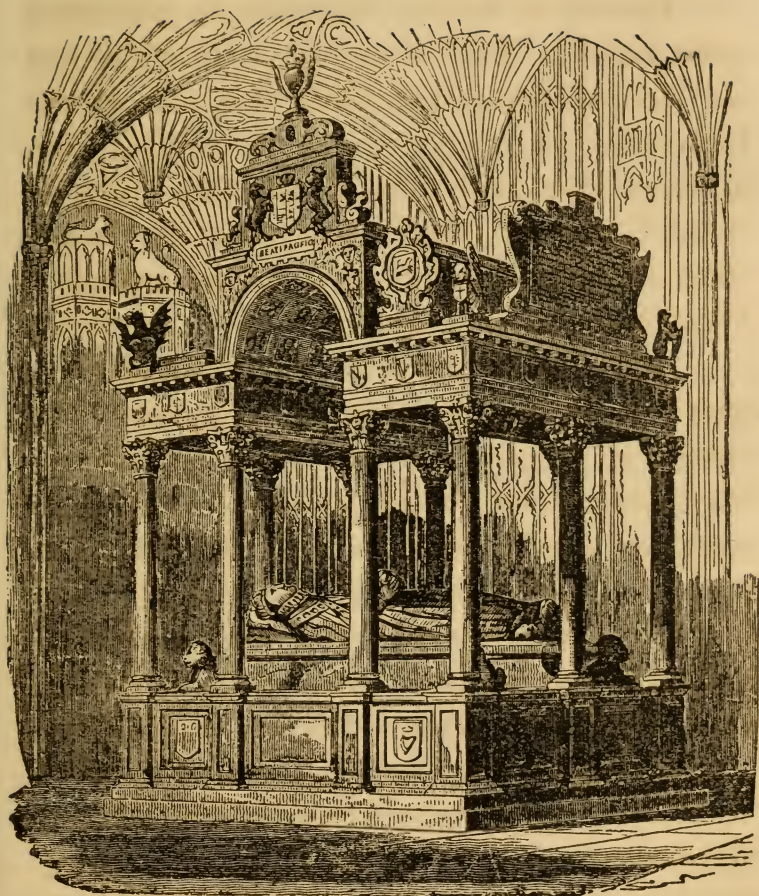
In America, we talk and read of the pleasures and advantages of beautiful gardens and extensive parks, but in order to experience these pleasures and advantages, and to bring these gardens and parks before the physical and not men-

tal organs of sight, it becomes necessary to ramble in foreign climes.

The city of London, for instance, presents a great variety. Beginning with parks of five and six hundred acres, and finally arriving at the twelve feet by ten garden of the public house, at which John Bull stops to take his "pint of af-naf," (half and half) and crust of cheese, when at "lunch time," he feels like making a few internal improvements.

Hyde Park is, I believe, the most celebrated park in London, although it does not present the variety of amusements that do several others. Once upon a time, as story books say, Hyde Park contained nearly six hundred and twenty-five acres, and that by enclosing Kensington gardens, about one-half of the park was taken away. Be that as it may, the park now contains four hundred acres. Its name is derived from the old manor of *Hida*, which belonged to the monks of St. Peter at Westminster Abbey. It now belongs to the crown. On entering at Hyde Park corner, by *Apsley* House, where dwelt the Duke of Wellington, the first object that struck my attention was a colossal statue of Achilles. This was





Queen Elizabeth's Tomb.



erected to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, by the ladies of England. It is about twenty feet high, and weighs thirty tons. It stands on a granite pedestal which bears this inscription:—

TO ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON,  
AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS,  
THIS STATUE OF ACHILLES,  
CAST FROM CANNON  
TAKEN IN THE VICTORIES OF  
SALAMANCA, VICTORIA, TOULOUSE, AND  
WATERLOO,  
IS INSCRIBED  
BY THEIR COUNTRYWOMEN.

Achilles, if writers inform us correctly, was once disguised in female apparel by his mother and concealed in the ranks of maidens, whether under hoops or not we are not informed, at the court of Lycomides, in order to escape going to the siege of Troy. Ulysses, calling at the court, discovered Achilles and compelled him to join the regiment. The monument of Achilles erected by the English ladies, I hope is not an emblem of the taste of those ladies. A man twenty feet high, should certainly be enrobed, if not in

female apparel, in something more than *one* only of those leaves, of the kind of which our father Adam made himself an apron by sewing *many* together.

The attitude of the statue though admirable is rather questionable. It is said that Achilles was invulnerable in every point except the heel by which his mother held him when she dipped him in the Styx. Even if this was perfectly true, is it likely that a man of Achilles' mould would engage in war in a state of nudity? If he would not, and if he did not, are not the ladies of England exceedingly culpable in endeavoring to destroy his character in this unchristianlike manner? Like Brutus "I pause for a reply."

The statue is surrounded by an iron railing, in front of which lies a large cake of *patent cement*. This is thoroughly John Bull—the sublimest work of nature or art in England is connected with some monstrous absurdity. Visit Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral and in sums of a penny and "tupence" one is obliged to pay several dollars for seeing the different parts—the funds realized being for the support of the clergy and poor nobility. This monument of



Achilles, a great work of art—loses its grandeur besides a great cake of patent cement only because the cement maker *pays* for the privilege of placing it there!—Verily I believe the crown *could* be bought. This cake of cement is about twelve feet by ten, and eight inches thick. It was made in a distant county and conveyed to London in its present shape, and exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1851. This is one of the curious forms of English advertising. Its durability becomes apparent by years of exposure, and those desiring good pavements and solid garden walks have no difficulty in ascertaining how and where such can be obtained.

The Serpentine is a very pretty artificial stream. It was made in the reign of Queen Caroline at her request. When a London winter is severe enough to freeze this over it presents a very gay scene. I was fortunate enough to spend several interesting days on the ice. The London ladies are by no means behind the country damsels in their love of out-door exercise. And the agility with which they can sit down, buckle on their skates, and glide away would cause many an American amateur to yield his victorious

palms to the fair skaters. The utility and beauty of the red petticoat are very apparent in skating, and they are certainly handled by the London ladies with as much grace as by their beautiful Scotch inventresses.

The various drives through the park are greatly resorted to, and to study the various grades of society I know of no way or place that presents so ample an opportunity as do these. Yellow painted carriages, denoting the inmates to be of the first families of the Aristocracy, with ancient drivers, and ancient-looking juvenile footmen, buried in gilt buttons and lace, drive along, regardless of breaking either the carriage, the necks of the horses or the arms of the driver. The inmates of these bow very profoundly when passing rather a gayer yellow team than their own. Then comes the less aristocratic dark-blue. The same kind of drivers and footmen. The inmates of the yellow nod very graciously to those of the blue: blue speaks as ridiculously profound to yellow as yellow did to brighter yellow. Then comes the rich commoner. Modest looking carriage. Fat but still ancient driver; pusillanimous footman. Gilt lace and buttons still

abundant. Yellow carriage could not think of recognizing commoner, although yellow was glad the day before to succeed in borrowing a thousand pounds from commoner. Blue team nods very condescendingly to commoner, and commoner look after yellow through quizzing glasses; and speaks to blue, making about the same kind of bow that the village boys do when they meet their parson. Should it be on a Saturday afternoon or Sunday, the numbers are tremendously increased by the half-holiday or once-a-week-men. These are counting house clerks, store boys, and all others of this denomination, who are very generously allowed as holiday from twelve o'clock Saturday (noon) until Monday morning for their own recreation. A portion of the salary pays for a clarence, or any kind of a team. These constitute the independent riders of the park. They bow very profoundly to yellow, blue, commoner, and everyone else, except only a brother gang in a clarence, these do not deign to recognize each other. Of course yellow, blue and commoner treat clarence with the utmost contempt, and complain loudly through all public mediums of the arrogance and impudence of the

once-a-week-men. Altogether the teams with the thousands of pedestrians and spectators form a wild scene of motion and apparently of pleasure.

“Round, round, and round about they whiz, they fly,  
With eager worrying, whirling here and there,  
They know nor whence, nor whither, where nor why,  
In utter hurry-scurry, going coming  
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless humming.”

In Hyde Park, stood the first Crystal Palace. This was built for the great national exhibition of 1851. Almost opposite is Apsley House. At the South-east corner of Hyde Park, is a triumphal arch, through which I passed down Constitution Hill towards Buckingham Palace, (the town residence of her Majesty,) and St. James' Park. The arch is very magnificent, for a modern work of the kind. The top is occupied by another statue of Wellington. This is a colossal equestrian statue. Its height about twenty-five feet and its weight forty tons.

St. James' Park was laid out by Henry VIII. This park is visited more for its pleasant walks through beautiful gardens, where grow specimen trees from nearly every country, rather than furnishing pleasant rides. A beautiful little



river has just been completed. This is of the general depth of five feet. The sides and bottom are covered with cement. The water can be let out at pleasure. The river is very wide, and contains abundance of gold and silver fish. There are islands in the stream, and on these, foreign and domestic birds in great numbers and variety have their homes. Aquatic birds, including some very fine swans are well cared for; and have become so tame that they will come up the banks to eat from the hands of children, who by hundreds and sometimes thousands are playing in the park.

If Londoners have no yards, they are adequately compensated for the loss by the large parks provided for the public use and pleasure.

The Horse Guards, and the different instrumental bands of the Queen, are also attractive features of St. James'. A general rush is made to hear the *sacred* music of the bands on Sunday morning, as they perform about church time. It would take an exceedingly delicate ear to detect the *sacred* part of the sacred music. I once tried for fifteen minutes to make some application of the sacred part, but eventually discovered that

the tune was a compound of "Norma," "Keemo, Kimo," and "Stop dat knockin'."

At the West end of the Park, is Buckingham Palace. The old palace was originally the residence of the Duke of Buckingham. It was purchased by George III., in 1762. This was taken down and rebuilt by George IV. It is very showy externally. I did not have an opportunity of seeing it internally, as no one is admitted on any account, and to enforce this law soldiers are stationed at every gate. Several attempts have been made, though not lately, to take the life of the Queen, hence this precaution.

St. James' Palace is by no means an attractive building externally. It is here that the Queen holds her "drawing rooms." The palace is magnificently furnished, and during the Queen's entertainments, when hundreds of persons, including the beauty of the Court are present, it presents an almost matchless scene of grandeur.

Adjoining St. James' Park are other buildings, not palaces or princely residences, but places where abode poets and statesmen. Among these the most attractive and entertaining, is the house of Samuel Rogers, the author of "The Pleasures

of Memory." The house is not grand, but there is that indefinable something pervading the whole that speaks a grand possessor. "If you enter his house, his drawing-room, his library, you of yourself say, this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown to one side on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the owner."

The house looks like the abode of a great poet, and the interior everywhere seems to breathe poetry. Here in lively conversation and deep debate have met Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, and other poets, men of art, and musicians, even the poor Haydn. From the many statues and paintings that are to be seen in every part of the house, especially in the entrance-hall and dining-room, it is not unlikely that Rogers gained many ideas brought forth in the beautiful sentences that occur in "The Pleasures of Memory." For instance, "A Landscape View of his House at Richmond Hill," might have suggested,

"Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woods the whistling breeze.  
That casement arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,  
First to these eyes the light of Heaven conveyed,

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,  
 Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;  
 When nature pleased, for life itself was new,  
 And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

\* \* \*

"Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,  
 Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung:  
 When round yon ample board, in due degree,  
 We sweetened every meal with social glee.  
 The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,  
 And all was sunshine in each little breast.  
 'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound,  
 And turned the blindfold hero round and round."

\* \* \*

The portraits of loved friends might have  
 inspired him :—

"And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :  
 We gaze on every feature till it lives !  
 Still the fond lover sees the absent maid :  
 And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !  
 Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,  
 When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :  
 Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace,  
 The father's features in his infant face.  
 The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,  
 Won by the raptures of a game at play ;  
 He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,  
 Forgets his age, and acts again the boy."

To describe the many paintings, relics, statues, and costly presents in Rogers' house, would be almost an endless task.

On the side of the city, opposite St. James' and Hyde Park, is Regent's Park. This contains



about four hundred acres. The attractions here, are all of an instructive character, and consist of the Gardens of the Zoological Societies, the Gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, and the Colosseum.

The Zoological Gardens were established in 1825. The arrangement of the animals in classes, each class being kept in artificial states as natural as art could invent, renders the study of animated nature very easy. The hyppopotamus, boa constrictors, and African lions, seem as much at home as it is possible to conceive they would in their native wilds.

The Botanic Gardens are beautifully laid out. Here flourishes every tree, flower, shrub and weed, that nature and art combined can make grow in British soil.

The Colosseum is one of the most interesting places of amusement in the metropolis. The most entertaining object, I found to be the panorama of "London by moonlight." The panorama is stationary, and in order to see it, it is necessary to ascend the dome of the Colosseum. This is about one hundred and thirty feet high. From the gallery around I looked down and

imagined myself conveyed by some supernatural power to the top of St. Paul's. This was owing to the skill of the artist, who has laid out the plan of the panorama from St. Paul's so perfectly, that at first sight, I was astonished at my rapid voyage from the Colosseum to the Cathedral. Every street, steeple, and public building that can be seen from the topmost point of St. Paul's is easily distinguished in the panorama. The next really interesting object was the "Stalactite Caverns." The original caverns are at *Adelsberg*. These have been explored about seven miles. The imitation in the ground around the Colosseum, is said by travellers to be excellent. The countless arches, the glistening ceiling of spar, the faint noise of dripping water, and the low echoes of the flowing river, in imitation of the Poick, which flows through the *Adelsberg* caverns, all render the illusion complete. The rays shed upon the walls and ceiling from the torches add to the dim feelings of mystery of the invader.

The promenade concerts held in the large hall of the Colosseum, are not only extensively got up, but what does not always follow are extensively patronized.

Victoria Park, is but a recent addition to the pleasure of the *plebs*. This is in the east end, and being but newly laid out, is not very attractive, save only on Sunday morning, while the band is discoursing sacred music.

The Gardens of London are of three kinds. Public, amusement, (where one is admitted by ticket), and the gardens attached to almost every public house, in which the people congregate during the Spring, Summer and Fall, to drink and smoke. Of the first kind, Kew Gardens are undoubtedly the greatest. I found no gardens in or around London pleasanter than Kew. In the gardens the same variety of flowers exists as in Regent's Park. The favorite palace of George III., was here, and is kept still in a thorough state of repair, although royalty no longer here has its abode. The palace is small, but very picturesque, and reminded me forcibly of the descriptions of England's "hospitable homes," so often given by travellers, but in reality, so seldom met with. Here were educated the two sons of George III.; by name George IV., and the Duke of York. The Queen's garden just behind the palace, is still shown as the ground

tilled by the Royal buds. Here, it is said, they sowed the grain, reaped and threshed it, ground it, sifted the flour, kneaded the dough, baked the bread, and when their parents came to take tea, presented them with the first-fruits of their first labor. In the collection of trees and plants, America is nowhere forgotten. The tall trees from California attract the greatest amount of attention. One of these was planted when very young in Kew, and has flourished in Britain's changeable climate, to a wonderful extent. There are a great many ornamental buildings through the gardens, the most important of which are the orangery, the palm-house, the museum, and the great pagoda. The pagoda is built in imitation of the Chinese Taa. It is about one hundred and eighty feet high. The lower story is forty-nine feet in diameter, each story above, diminishing in diameter and height one foot. The pagoda possesses but little beauty, owing to the meagre manner in which it was built. A pagoda, to claim any admiration, should possess some of the "oriental gilt gingerbread," of the Chinese pagodas. There are a number of small temples erected to different mythological deities, of which



the Pantheon is the most beautiful. In the interior of this, there are eighteen tablets in commemoration of victories achieved by the British armies between 1760, and 1815. There are busts also of George III., George IV., William IV., and the Duke of Wellington.

Next to the public gardens of Kew come the gardens of amusement of which Surrey under the guardianship of Mons. Jullien stands ahead. Surrey is in every sense of the word a garden of amusement. The entertainment begins on Monday morning and is kept up until Sunday night. Entrance is obtained by ticket at one shilling each person. Although the admission is so little the entertainment is great, and often ten thousand persons participate in the revelry. Some hours through the day the gardens are open only to nurses and children. The principal performances begin about dark. The first duty consists in refreshing the inner man at some of the refreshment tables which are scattered every where through the gardens. This can easily be done by making a telegraphic signal to one of the black coat, black pant, black vest and white cravat gentry, who ever on the lookout for his *doceur* is

simultaneously on the lookout to serve the "gentleman hand lady." Whatever is called for if it be in the eating or drinking line can be obtained. Having performed this operation entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned, the band (Jullien's celebrated) prepares to allow all that desire to engage in a dance to do so. This is kept up in lively manner for some time, when the band retires to the Concert Hall, leaving only a few violinists to play for those who would rather dance than listen to the Concert. This Concert Hall is a tremendous establishment. It holds many thousands and is nightly filled with the gay of the city. The galleries, four in number, are arranged in rather an *irregular order* one above the other supported by stone columns. The attractive feature of Jullien's concerts for some time have been Mdlls. Grisi and Alboni and Miss Poole. This Hall is a fair example of the "life and death, the bane and antidote," that the poet talks of. The crowd assembles to drink wine, and beer, to dance, play cards and carry on all kinds of games until twelve o'clock Saturday night. Again it assembles on Sunday to hear the celebrated Rev. Spurgeon preach everlasting de-

struction to all sinners. On Sunday the crowd is greatly increased by the curious Dukes, Duchesses, Lords and others whom Spurgeon's wrathful denunciations occasionally reach. From twenty to twenty-five thousand persons assemble at Surrey Hall every Sunday morning to hear him. He is one of London's two hundred and fifty independent preachers. Of these two hundred and fifty about thirty belong to that class denominated "popular preachers." I have heard about fifteen and did not like any. They all possess some eccentricity bordering on the disagreeable. I do not see how the one in question ever attained his present degree of popularity. He possesses considerable animation but is anything rather than eloquent. I have frequently heard itinerent illiterate African brethren at a genuine African camp meeting, who could with a much surer title lay claim to eloquence. He indulges very much in practical demonstrations. His favorite ones are, first, he knocks a tumbler on the floor, in order to crack it. Then he shows the tumbler to be imperfect because it has a crack in it, and says, it could not be any more imperfect if broke in a thousand pieces,

and adds that a person who breaks one of the laws is guilty of the whole as much so as the entire tumbler is imperfect. Second, he makes a terrible leap from the pulpit to the floor of the Hall and says the sinner falls from grace that rapidly and easily, he then climbs up again instead of going up the pulpit stairs, and declares that it is just so hard for a sinner having fallen from grace to climb up into favor again. His other demonstrations are about as homely as that of the African preacher when he was exhorting his followers to attend more regularly at the sanctuary. "Brederen ef you *don't* you'll all be lost, jus so sure 's I kill dat fly." At the same time bringing his hand down ferociously on a poor specimen of that genus on the desk before him. Raising his hand he exclaimed, "Dere, *by golly*, I'se miss'd him and konsequently your all saved."

Besides the "sports," enumerated at the Surrey, balloons are ascending every moment, there are boat rides out on the fancy ponds, there are hermit's cells to visit, Venetian serenades, and everywhere, on every side, nothing is heard but music, laughing, and merry talking, with the rushing and hissing of fireworks. Nothing is



seen but joy and animation, though these are often but the indices of sorrow and wretchedness at heart. The performances conclude each night between twelve and one, with a grand display of fireworks.

There are many other gardens of like nature, including the celebrated Cremorne, and that, to American captains and seamen, well-known spot called the "Eagle." Theatres, and "American Bowling Alleys," are attached to these. This is the only point in which they differ from Surrey, unless I except the good music and "first-class," refreshments. Flowers and creeping vines are cultivated, fountains dash their sparkling waters high in the air, and in the flame of many thousand gas-lights which illumine every garden, these flowers and fountains appear singularly beautiful.

"The vine

Mantles the little casement; yet the brier  
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;  
And pansies rayed, and freaked and mottled pinks,  
Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue;  
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow  
Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves,  
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;  
Others like velvet robes of regal state,  
Of richest crimson; while in thorny moss,  
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear,  
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—JOHN BULL'S INCONSISTENCY. — PLEASURE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE.—WATER TEMPLES. — THE PRE-ADAMITE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE COMFORT OF VISITORS.—GALLERY STORES AND STATUARY.

JOHN BULL is a singularly inconsistent kind of an animal. If a servant cheats him of a penny, or a poor omnibus conductor or cab driver overcharges him "threepence," John without hesitation, consigns the offender to—perdition—or jail, and the poor fellow's family to the workhouse, and then pays annually a large tax for the support of jails and workhouses. But if some great excitement is set on foot, the grander the scheme the better, John, also without hesitation, engages in it to the tune of thousands or hundreds of thousands. In fact, excitement, provided it is of the expensive kind, is becoming an abso-

lute necessity of John's existence. Modern, very modern days have witnessed some of his greatest efforts in this line. The first Crystal Palace, for the exhibition of the industry of all nations, made London for one season the great centre of fashion, of beauty, and of joy, of the whole civilized world. Next came the Russian War. Here the officers of John's army, who, in general are appointed on account of their titles and not merits, found out the great difference existing between "playing soldier," in caps and feathers through the streets of London, and meeting with men as soldiers in "battle array." Then came the extant Crystal Palace, with its long list of amusements and strange excitement. And still later a "big ship," Indian mutinies, and a Royal wedding, have engrossed the attention. Certainly, to use a very domestic illustration, England can be likened to the

" Old woman that lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children," &c.

The first Crystal Palace, although "a thing of beauty," was not "a joy forever." It has passed away, and not a trace is left to mark the

spot where once it stood. The Russian War, John undertook, like the house-builder, in the Bible, "without sitting down first and counting the cost." He ultimately submitted to taxation, and all that he could not raise thus he borrowed, so that finally he was enabled to square up.

That "big ship," if it ever should get into its "native element," may probably turn out successful—yet, it is very possible that it will not. The Indian mutinies, it is said, are about over. If so, the governors of India can again assemble in Leadenhall street, many thousand miles from India, fold their arms, and wait patiently for another outbreak. The great wedding was undoubtedly a pretty affair. But it is only the first edition. Many others are likely to follow on the same subject by the same authors. The extant Crystal Palace at Sydenham, will afford excitement and pleasure as long as the iron pillars and girders will support its Crystal walls. Of the Palace, I will not give its various dimensions for these would probably prove incomprehensible from the fact that the building is rather irregular. Suffice it to say, that the extreme length is nearly *two thousand feet*, the height of the middle tran-





Naval Gallery. — Painted Hall.



sept two hundred and twenty feet, and the span of the middle transept arch, one hundred and twenty-five feet. Penge Park, in which the Palace is built, is several miles from London, and connected with the city by a railroad. About two hundred and twenty acres of the Park are laid out and enclosed, thus forming the pleasure grounds of the Palace. The ground from the foot of the Palace towards the front, descends in precipitous slopes about two hundred feet. To remedy the roughness, several Italian Terraces have been erected. The terraces are fronted with stone, finely sculptured and arched. Each terrace has several flights of stone steps connecting with other terraces, or with the Palace. On all sides are magnificent sloping banks and beds of turf and flowers of rare shapes and beauty. The arrangement of the flowers is novel and unimaginably beautiful. Flowers of one kind and color are planted together, in beds from eight to ten feet square, so thickly, that not a particle of soil is seen. Consequently, looking down on the ground from the upper terrace, the whole surface appears like one rich carpet of immense figures and costly material. Statues and marble vases



filled with flowers are scattered profusely through the park. Cascades, fountains, and water temples send forth their glittering streams, filling the air with melodious murmurings. These mingled with the perfumes of flowers from all climes; the warbling of every species of singing birds, that have their homes in the beautiful houses prepared for them on all sides; the hum of thousands of human voices, and the tread of thousands of feet, all form a scene rather like the fabulous landscapes of fairy tales, than anything that possibly could be conceived of as reality.

There are two water temples that I admired more than I did any other portion of the water works, although the great fountains in the Palace seem to attract most of the general attention. The two temples are on opposite sides of the main flight of stone steps leading to the terraces. Each stands in the centre of an octagonal pond and like the pond is octagonal with a dome roof. In height, each temple is about twenty-five feet, in diameter about fifteen. At each of the eight corners of the the bases, is an iron column that supports the roof, and is similar to the framework of the Palace. The temples instead of hav-



ing glass walls have walls of water, formed by thin, descending sheets of water from the roof. Festoons of running vines cover the columns, and when the sun shines on their spray-sprinkled leaves and flowers, the whole appears like some vast article of diamond set jewelry. Of the remaining ornamental buildings through the grounds, the Rosery is the most important. This is nothing but an immense dome-shaped arbor, covered entirely with roses, standing on a high cone, with stone steps leading to the shady retreats within.

There is one thing about the lower end of the ground that I thought rather preposterous, nay, superlatively ridiculous. This may be all right, and I may not possess enough common sense to appreciate it, or it may be all wrong. I allude to various artificial specimens of defunct animated nature, intended to ornament, but which in reality, deform the ponds in that portion of the grounds. Why did not the learned geologists who placed them there, post up for the public good, descriptions of their existence with all the wherefores, hows and whys? It is well enough to talk concerning *Primary, Transition, Secondary,*

*Tertiary*, and *Alluvial* strata, and fossil remains, and great bones of extinct animals in the British Museum, and many other things of like nature. These are all evident enough. Common sense can grasp and retain all these. But when I am told that these fossil remains taken from these different strata, and these great bones, belonged to animals resembling in size, shape, and appearance those works of ornament in Penge Park, I think I will throw myself upon my right of believing as much as I desire and no more. If these animals did live, move and have being, it must have been just after that very indefinite time mentioned in the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, "In the beginning." But their representations are visible in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, and I will attempt as adequately as possible to describe one or two. Those described, will be only from among the medium specimens—as I should not like to say much concerning the greatest, for fear of exposing the humbugism existing among some of the Crystal Palace company.

After almost breaking my neck to get on the antediluvian-looking island on which these crea-

tures abide, I suddenly found myself entirely surrounded by the monsters. Some were standing, some squatting, some lying down, and one monstrous monster was standing on his hind feet, his fore legs around the upper part of the trunk of an immense tree, and his head quietly reposing on the topmost branches.

One of these animals is called the Iguanodon. It is said that the fossil remains from which the geologists imagined and manufactured this, were dug from the upper layer of the secondary strata. The length of the Iguanodon was said to be *one hundred feet*, or about ten times as large as an elephant. The geologists of the Crystal Palace, whatever they might have believed very prudently for their own reputation manufactured this specimen *only* thirty-five feet long, and proportionally broad. The Iguanodon is a vegetarian lizard, and this one is represented feeding on vegetables, the leaves of which are one foot *thick*, and proportionally long and broad, resembling a cabbage leaf. Probably the plant was an antediluvian cabbage. Some idea of the size of this monster may be formed from the amount of material used in his construction. "Four iron

columns—9 feet long by 7 inches in diameter, 600 bricks, 650 5-inch half round drain-tiles, 900 plain tiles, 38 casks of cement, 90 casks of broken stone (making a total of 640 bushels of artificial stone.) These with 100 feet of iron-hooping, and 20 feet of cube-inch bar, constitute the bones, sinews and muscles of this large model, the largest of which there is any record of a casting being made.”

The Ichthyosaurus is rather an indescribable animal. It has a head like a lizard, with its mouth open, shewing several rows of horrid teeth, and its body seems a combination of whale, porpoise and mud-turtle. In its habits, I should say it was decidedly swinish. It is wallowing in the mire, covered with slime and trickling water, and appears about as horrible as the ingenuity of man could make it. Its length is about thirty-two feet.

Having thus seen every part of the grounds, I commenced my observations of the Palace. The frame-work of this consists entirely of iron columns, ranged row above row, and secured by arched girders, and lattice work of crossed iron bars. These columns extend throughout the



length and breadth of the building, thus forming aisles and courts within. The walls and roof are of glass supported by the iron columns and light wooden sash. The first floor of the Palace is occupied with machinery of different kinds, including the heating apparatus which is so adjusted that one portion of the Palace is exceedingly hot while another may be kept very cool. This is, of course, to keep the plants of different climates as near as possible in their native conditions. The real internal beauties of the Palace begin to appear as the floor above is reached. Then bursts suddenly on the sight, long rows of columns covered with vines and flowers; wire baskets hanging from the numberless galleries from which stream forth hanging plants producing all kinds, sizes and colors of flowers; the girders covered with strange plants; trees, including the stately date-palm, warding off the sun's bright rays; the glistening of white statuary; the gay plumage of foreign birds, and crowds of light-hearted, mirth-loving people from all quarters of the globe. The foreign courts are the most interesting and attractive features of the exhibition; and desiring to devote some time and attention to these, I found

sufficient other material to consume the remainder of the first day. To go over the Park and Palace in one day would be impossible. Scarcely an idea of the vast exhibition could be gained in that time.

The arrangements made for the comfort of visitors are complete. Immediately on entering the park, an entrance is found leading to the "Wash Rooms." Here are servants, paid by the establishment, whose duties consist in brushing the visitor's clothes, boots and hat, in supplying towels, and in making themselves generally useful. Ladies are equally well cared for in a separate suite of rooms. This is, I believe a London idea. Certainly, I never heard of it before. The plan would, if successfully carried out in sundry American exhibitions, prove a great improvement and luxury. Cattle and agricultural shows need it—and at camp-meeting, its advantages would be incalculable. Sermons would not have so much dust to cut through before reaching the heart. Then the "Refreshment Rooms," are well supplied; and thus, the outer and inner man in a perfect state of comfort, one can ramble at will up, down, or across, with great pleasure.

The galleries of the Palace are occupied only as stores. These are all branch establishments of the city stores. The articles here on sale, must be of the best material and workmanship. No difference how common the article, if it is only a toothpick, it cannot be sold in the Crystal Palace unless well made. These gallery stores or stalls pay to the Crystal Palace Company, an annual rent of about two hundred thousand dollars. The carriages, jewelry, philosophical instruments and paintings, exposed for sale, are particularly beautiful. The list of prices is considerably more reasonable than would be imagined. The statuary of the Palace is mostly in imitation of the original. They are only of plaster of Paris—made by the best artists. The celebrated Courts are also works of imitation. The manner in which this was accomplished, was simply by sending persons of sufficient judgment to foreign countries to hunt up objects of especial interest. How faithfully those persons performed their duties, the magnificent Courts of Rome, Egypt, the Alhambra and others will bear testimony. The statuary embraces every class and description of that art. The great men of the world in form

and feature are presented to the observation. Here is man in every state, from the grinning, hideous savage, to that One, human, yet divine. The deities of Mythology are here, in all the characters of war, of storm, of peace, and of love ascribed to them. On one hand stands the untaught barbarian, on the other, the polished scholar of Athens. Beside the slow, apparently frozen Laplander, dances in merry defiance of time and weather, a native of the French Metropolis.

The relation which sculpture bears to painting, can be easily studied and well learned in the Crystal Palace. Here, sculpture shows forth organic form in its perfection, nothing is undefined—nothing is wanting—while painting gives the mere appearance. Stationery objects, and those possessed of volition, sculpture brings out in full power, leaving painting to supply the sea, the skies and other transient objects.



## CHAPTER X.

COURTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA. — THE EGYPTIAN COURT. — THE TOMB OF ABOUSAIMBUL. — THE GREEK AND ROMAN COURTS.—HINDOO LAWS OF ARCHITECTURE. — THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.—THE POMPEIAN COURT. — HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII. — THE NINEVAH COURT.—BYZANTINE COURT. — THE MEDIÆVAL COURT. — NUBIAN COURT. — THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE, AND INDUSTRIAL COURT.

“ A GOTHIC Cathedral has been called a petrified religion—the Alhambra may be called a petrified Eastern poem.”

Certainly, to describe in detail and accurately this gorgeous ruin, would be beyond the power of man. Thirty years ago, it was Washington Irving's fortunate lot to spend several months within its walls. He has given us many legends concerning it, but no description, however slight,

upon which in imagination, we can build up this monument of luxury and peaceful enjoyment of the ancient Governors of Granada. Proud, yet deserted, it stands on its rocky bed, on the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in its desertion and decay surpassing the most magnificent palaces of earth, defying in its beauty all rivalship, save only from the sunny skies of Spain.

The fortress was commenced in the thirteenth century by Muhamed Abu Alahmar. He spent great time, care, and wealth on it, but it was not completed for more than a century later; consuming in its course of erection the entire estates of Muhamed's II., and III., and was at length completed by Yusef Abul Hagig. In its earliest days, it was a fortress, capable of holding within its walls forty thousand soldiers. It then appeared undoubtedly, in the brightness and order ascribed to it by various writers, and as it is represented by the small portions in the Crystal Palace. Then its tessellated floors formed no garden of weeds; then the fine carvings and gilding on its walls were fresh; then the many fountains that played in its courts, added their murmurings to the sound of the music of the

love-breathing voices of the bright-eyed damsels of the Harem, accompanied by the guitar and castanets. But the brightness of the once glorious dream has departed, only the faintly glimmering shadow of what it was remains. Its beautiful gardens, cultivated by the fairy hands of the Alhambra's inmates are destroyed; the fountains have ceased to play; time, the all-changing, has laid his hand violently upon the sculptured marble walls; its builders and inmates have all passed away; and the building so rich, so large, so grand, is but the sheltering place of beggars and robbers. "Alas, for the Alhambra."

The two portions of the Alhambra, chosen for examples of the architecture by the Palace Company, was the Court of Lions, and the Hall of Justice. "On the Court of Lions," Irving says, "The hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy." Hence, I suppose the object in view, in choosing that for a specimen. The Court consists of a wall, which to the height of five feet, is built of polished tiles, and faced externally with stone. The tiles are of black, white, blue, scarlet, green and other

shades. These are crossed by a fine lattice work, of which each intersection of the bars is concealed under a lozenge-shaped ornament of red. Around the wall, some feet above the tiles, is a beautiful cornice, under which is emblazoned the shields of the ancient Moorish Kings, knights and chief men. These are surrounded by the names of the kings, religious sentences, and short legendary tales. The arches are large, fretted and horse-shoe shaped. One of these arches in the original forms the entrance to the Hall of the Abencerrages. The Hall should certainly have been added to the exhibition. The interest manifested in the blood-stained fountain, near which the Abencerrages were murdered is very great. How exciting it is here to walk through the dim dreamy spot, and fancy one hears the clanking chains, the low groans, and wails of agony made by the spirits of the murdered !

A beautiful colonnade runs around the Court, formed of very slender, perfectly white columns. Smaller columns also support small arches along the wall between the cornice and the tiles. The ceiling is flat, and consists of a gilded ground, ornamented with red and blue stars, and bordered



with white. This is the ceiling of the colonnade. The Court is open. The capitals of all the columns are ornamented richly with gilded leaves, flowers, and scrolls bearing short Arabic sentences, ascribing glory to God and the Sultan.

On two sides of the Hall of Two Sisters, connected with the Court, are low arches not more than two and a half feet high. In the original, these are latticed, but in the imitation they are entirely open. Cushions are in front of each arch, and on these once reclined the beauties of the Harem, who were allowed to see without being seen, all that took place without. The Hall is faintly lighted by a small dome of stained glass. An especial object of interest in the Court of Lions, is the great central fountain. This is of the finest white marble, and has twelve sides supported by the same number of lions, or at least, by some things that are called lions. I know they are intended for lions, but if such lions ever did exist, it must have been cotemporaneous with the animals in the lower part of the grounds. They are *sans* joints, *sans* paws, by no means *sans* manes, and appear like very pleasant lions.

The fountain has two basins, one supported above the other by several small columns. The lower basin is much the largest, and around it is the inscription :—

“Blessed is he, who gave the Sultan Mohamed a mansion, which in beauty exceeds all other mansions. Look at this solid mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air, its showers of prismatic bubbles, which fall within a circle of silvery froth, and then flow amidst other jewels surpassing everything in beauty—nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency. Seest thou not how the water (from above) flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current underneath strives to oppose its progress; like a lover, whose eye-lids are pregnant with tears, and who suppresses them for fear of an informer. *O, thou who beholdest these lions couching, fear not. Life is wanting to enable them to show their fury.*” That last clause is very apparent.

The Hall of Justice, is also entered through one of the predominant horse shoe arches. The Hall is not as beautifully built as is the Court. The same feelings of gloom hang over the visitor,

and the same appearance of luxuriance living is noted. Boabdil, surnamed "el Logoybi," the unlucky, was the last Moslem Governor of the Alhambra. He surrendered it to Ferdinand and Isabella. The Moors still think, had he not done so, the Alhambra would yet continue the property of the Moslems. They accuse him of committing many crimes, including cruelty to his Queen; the murder of the Abencerrages, before alluded to, thirty-six of whom were beheaded in the Court of Lions; and traitorously surrendering the fortress. Irving says, "as far as these," (the accusations) "can be traced, they appear to have been the acts of his father, Aben Hassan, who is represented by both Christian and Arabian chroniclers, as being of a cruel and ferocious nature. It was he who put to death the cavaliers of the illustrious line of the Abencerrages, upon suspicion of their being engaged in a conspiracy to dispossess him of his throne." If this is true, how very appropriate was the surname of Boabdil! Who is more worthy the name of "the unlucky," than he who is accused of crimes he never imagined! Accounts of which are handed down to posterity, with all the alterations and

additions which a gossiping people can and do make. Or of whose crimes, as in the case of Boabdil, the accounts "have passed into ballads, dramas and romances, until they have taken too thorough possession of the public mind to be eradicated."

Between the Court of Lions and the Hall of Justice are several bas-reliefs from the Capella-de-los-Reynos. The most singular of these is a representation of poor Boabdil, presenting the keys of his loved Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella who have advanced to him at the head of armed troops. How easy it is to imagine the scene ! With drooping head, and tread slow and measured, his little garrison following with heads uncovered, humbly he surrenders that spot so long his mansion "surpassing in beauty all other mansions." With sorrow he looks back on its towers and gilded walls, gloriously shining in the rays of the sun of Spain ; and feels like the man leaving for the last time and forever the paternal roof, where he had spent the "happy, happy hours of childhood." Then to his grief add the bitter reproach of his mother. "You do well, to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a



man." Alas poor Zoabdil el Bogoybi. "Alas for the Alhambra!"

Following the Moors through their many ages; finding them by nature a rough hardy set of men accustomed wherever they might be to render that spot their home; there pitching their tents in defiance of every change of weather, or of ferocious tribes, we cannot much wonder at the magnificence of their buildings, when having conquered many cities they studied the different orders of architecture thrown in their way. Egypt's pyramidal style was too dull and heavy. Greece's pillars were too thick and disproportionate. Of all styles there was none to suit the Moor, so from all he carved out one to suit himself. And behold it—the Alhambra. Beside it the imagined palaces of fairy land sink into the insignificance of hovels. The brightest ray that fell from Aladdin's lamp shone not half so bright. Concerning it—no wonder many legends remain among the legend-loving Granadians, and no wonder that with it they associate the ideas of magii concealed in the folds of wonder-working cloaks, divining where lay concealed untold sums of gold wherewith to erect it.

If all this effulgence is shed by the small portion of the Alhambra in the Crystal Palace what must be the original? What delight to behold it, to walk through its Tower of Comares, its Balcony, its Hall of the Sisters and of the Abencerrages, its Tower of las-Infantas with all of its courts and gardens! To see it by moonlight! To listen to distant sounds of the guitar and castanets! To hear from the lips of the Moors, co-descendants the legend of the "Rose of the Alhambra," of the "Discreet Statues," the "Moors' Legacy" and of the "Arabian Astrologer" in addition to the many others! To wander at nightfall into its inmost recesses, to hear the screeching owl as it

" Does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wandering to her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign."

To study the Arabic inscriptions on its polished walls; or to ramble on the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada and watch the glorious view presented by a sunset in Spain.

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## THE EGYPTIAN COURT.

“On entering one cannot fail to experience the peculiar emotion produced by Egyptian architecture; a feeling of gloomy sublimity, which awes rather than elevates, and which to the ordinary spectator is greatly heightened by the sculptures and hieroglyphics which everywhere cover the walls, in mute, mysterious meaning, leading back our thoughts to the recondite religious ideas which they symbolize, and inspiring a deep and almost trembling curiosity as to the rites which were celebrated in the recesses of these soul-subduing temples. The flat roof in its dusky obscurity, and the grand portal of simple and heavy proportions, with the inner chambers receding into utter darkness, add to the effect of this first impression.”

BARTLETT.

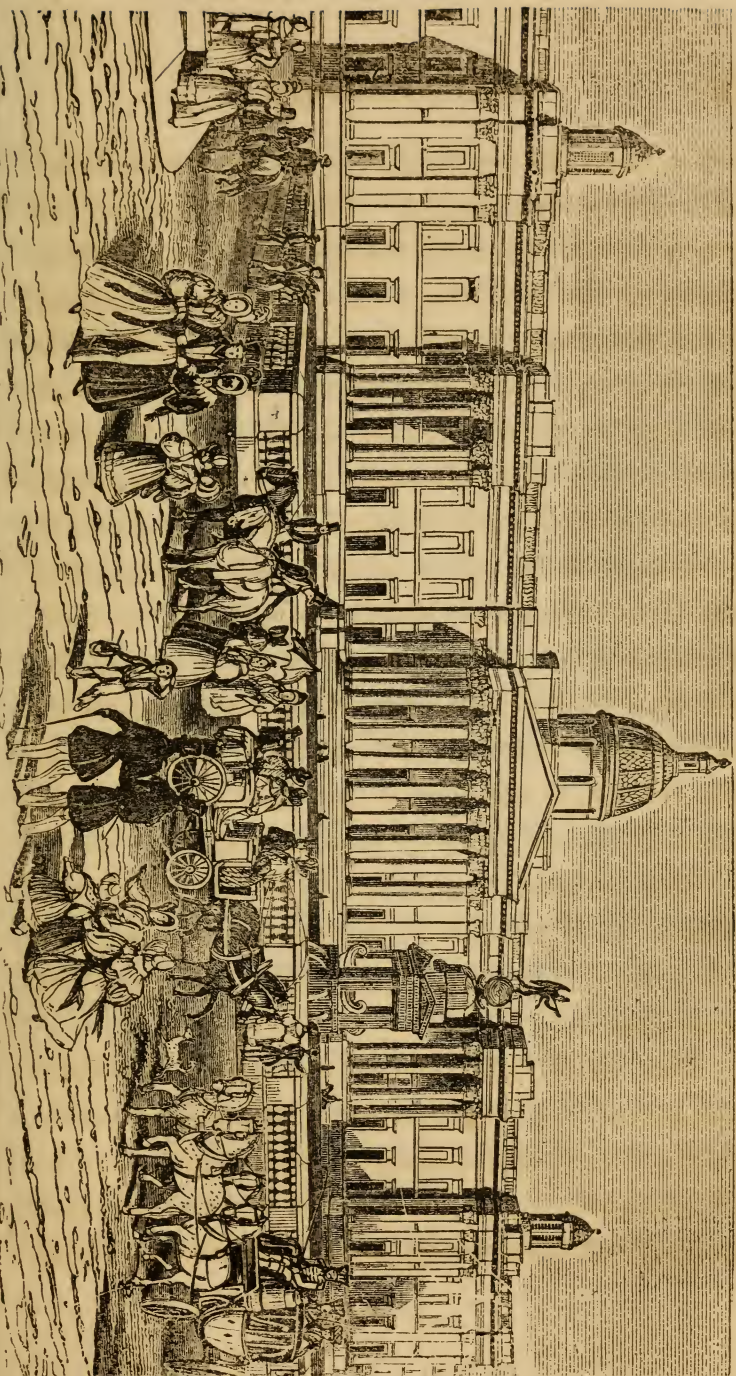
If the Moors were the gayest and most complicate of builders, the Egyptians were the plainest, although of this, the gaudy coloring and decoration everywhere visible on Egyptian buildings would apparently be a contradiction. The Moor took the most magnificent specimens of

architecture chance threw in his way and therefrom formed his design. The Egyptians on the contrary, formed his buildings from the mountains, or gigantic rocks. From the palm tree he shaped his columns, and for the capitals he took the buds and flowers of the lotus. From the entrances of dens and caverns in the earth he formed his doorways. He built his walls thick and pyramidal, his ceilings and roofs flat and heavy, his cornices immense. If he ornamented with sculpture and desired to place the statue of some great man of his country in a conspicuous place, it was only necessary to carve out anything in an upright position with two arms, two legs, and a head. This demonstrated a *man*, and hieroglyphics told who and what manner of man he was.

The pyramid might properly be called the emblem of Egyptian architecture, Repose, solidity, durability and tremendous strength its characteristics.

The Hall of Karnac as being the best specimen of the architecture of Egypt in general, and the Tomb of Abousaimbul of tombs, are the two examples exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The Hall of Karnac is, by travellers, said to be





National Gallery.



the most striking feature of Thebes now remaining. The Hall in the original measures three hundred and twenty-nine feet by one hundred and seventy. It is supported by twelve columns, about seventy feet high, and twelve in diameter, in addition to one hundred and twenty-two smaller columns. Its representation at Sydenham is of course greatly inferior in size. The Hall is over three thousand years old, and, unlike many temples that are known to have been built contemporaneously, is in ruins. The bases of the columns are buried among the fallen fragments of the roof and a superincumbent mass of earth. Jackals have their abode in the ruins, and bats flit everywhere through the labyrinthine colonnade. The statues of monarchs and deities here are thought to be the best in Egypt. The entrance to the Egyptian Courts is (I believe from paintings of the Temple of Edfu I have seen) decorated with the front of that Temple. This consists of six pillars supporting a heavy cornice and roof; pyramidal doorway open at the top; the spaces between the columns closed with slabs containing historic sentences in hieroglyphic writing.

The Court is entered through a colonnade of



immense pillars, on rounded bases which bulge out, thus appearing as if the immense weight had flattened them. The capitals of these pillars are buds and flowers of the lotus tree, placed in alternate order. The pillars generally are of white, covered with hieroglyphics of red, green, black, and other colors. The roof—which presents a very heavy appearance, is pannelled and covered with the all-abounding gaudy hieroglyphics, red vultures, and the holy beetles of Egypt. Before the entrance, is an avenue bordered with couchant lions of singular shape and docile demeanor. The interior of the court presents but little beyond columns and antique statuary.

The tomb of Abousambul is west from the court. There is nothing peculiarly remarkable about this, more than there is about Egyptian tombs generally. They all bear witness to Egypt's former grandeur. An ancient writer remarked, that the Egyptians spent more time and wealth on their tombs than on their houses. And it is not a little remarkable that on these tombs nothing is said of death, and in no manner is death represented. On the contrary—those buried are represented as they were in life. Eat-



ing, drinking, at assemblies, and pursuing their various avocations. With the laboring man were entombed all the instruments with which he worked during life. He was buried without a coffin, but was carefully embalmed. Whole cemeteries of the embalmed poor are said yet to be in existence.

With the monarch was buried his jewels and sceptre, his marble vases and costly furniture. He was embalmed, and laid in a sarcophagus carefully sealed, with all of his virtues inscribed in gaudy hieroglyphics.

Antiquarians have pursued their researches so zealously, that the poor have been left in peace, while the sarcophagus of the rich has been torn open, his remains and costly ornaments carried off, and instead of finding their resting place in the costly tombs of Egypt are stowed away under some table of fancy work in old European and young American museums, exposed to the rude handling and ridiculous remarks of the public.

## THE GREEK AND ROMAN COURTS.

At the magnificence of the ancient architecture of Greece, Rome, and the countries of the East, we can hardly wonder when we consider the fact that even the dispositions of the architects and their various assistants were thought to demand much attention before terms were agreed upon. This will be better understood from the following rules quoted from an ancient work on architecture.

“An architect (*sthapati*) should be conversant in all sciences; ever attentive to his avocations; of an unblemished character; generous, sincere, and devoid of enmity and jealousy.”

“Of nearly equal qualifications with him, should be the (*sutragrahi*); he may be either the son or the disciple of the (*sthapati*); he should be particularly skilled in mathematics, and be strictly obedient to the will of the (*sthapati*.)

“A (*tacshaca*) who is thus called, from part of his avocation being to pare rough wood, should be of a cheerful temper, and well versed in all mechanical arts.

“A (*vardhaci*) is he who is dexterous in join-

ing wood, and uniting other materials one with another; he should be of a calm disposition, and acquainted with drawing and perspective.

“As it is impossible to build houses and the like, without the aid of the four descriptions of artisans, let the enlightened *twice born*, (Bramins and others, belonging to the first, second and third class of Hindoos,) gratify them in every respect, so that buildings may be erected.

“Woe to them who dwell in a house not built according to the proportions of symmetry. In building an edifice, therefore, let all its parts from the basement to the roof, be duly considered.”

I do not know that the Greek and Roman Courts in the Crystal Palace, are portions of any particular temple or palace in Greece or Italy. I think they are merely specimens of the magnificent and symmetrical general style of architecture of the two countries.

On the walls of the Greek Court glitter in golden letters the names of kings, statesmen, soldiers and poets. The sculptured decorations of the walls, chiseled as they were by the masters of the Grecian art, present a beautiful view of

grace and lively execution so characteristic of the early artists.

Adjoining the Greek Court, is the Roman Court. Their proximity and similarity presents a fine opportunity for the architectural student to study the really existing differences between the two, and to discover what meaning is intended to be conveyed by the sentence so often quoted by writers on Greek and Roman architecture. "The Greek art has modified Roman Taste." Rome, the mistress of the world, with all her boasted pomp, wealth, and learning, was dependent on Greece for her designs. For centuries, after Greece had succumbed to her powerful rival, her Roman conqueror, continued to borrow from her monuments of art. The only apparent differences of style are the greater simplicity or plainness of the Roman walls, and arches being substituted for the flat entrances and ceilings of the Greek. The architects of Greece seem not to have possessed any knowledge of the arch, while those of Italy seemed to have known and used it in every kind of structure.

"Necessity is the mother of invention." So said somebody of old, but patent-offices of modern



days bear witness to the fact that this is not always true. It, however, is undoubtedly true in very many cases. "The first bridge was probably a tree which had fallen from one bank to the other of some mountain torrent." This might, in the course of a great many years, when large streams were to be crossed, have suggested the idea of the arch. How permanent a feature of architecture, the arch has become is evidenced by the most unpretending village church. It is no church at all without an arched doorway, window, or ceiling.

If there is nothing particularly striking in the walls of the Greek and Roman Courts, there are ample amends made by the statues and other objects of interest exhibited in those courts. The centre piece of the Greek Court is a magnificent statue of Venus. The great beauty of the work consists in its unusual attitude, and the fineness of the carving.

"On her beryl throne by Tritons borne,  
Bright rose the goddess like the star of morn,  
With rosy fingers, as uncurled they hung,  
Round her fair brow, her golden locks she wrung;  
O'er the smooth surge in silver sandals stood,  
And looked enchantment on the dazzled flood."

The finest piece of art in the Greek Court, in fact said to be the finest work of the kind in the world, is the celebrated Niobe Group. This is from a temple in Rome, discovered in 1583. The next object of unusual interest, was the group of the Laocoon. The original was discovered in 1506, near the Baths of Titus at Rome. There are statues of Sophocles, Demosthenes, Socrates, and other statesmen, philosophers, poets and historians. In the Roman Court, the best statue was the Apollo Belvidere. The attitude, and the combined expression of intellect and physical symmetry, render this especially attractive. Apollo had many names, originating from the places in which he was worshipped, or in which his statues were erected. Hence, Belvidere from the part of the Vatican of that name, where the original statue was discovered. The artist from whose hand the Apollo Belvidere proceeded is not known. The origin of it was once given by a celebrated writer in France. This has been translated.

“Polydore, (an assumed name,) a young sculptor of Athens came to participate in the games of Olympia. He had seen around the race

course, exposed to the eyes of all Greece, the statues of the heroes and the gods. He had seen a young man intoxicate his heart with the Venus of Praxiteles, and the forehead of a young beauty blush with modesty near the Mercury of Termisandre; he had seen in the looks of a disciple of Socrates an unchanging religious contemplation before the Jupiter of Phidias.

“The love of glory and jealousy (but that noble jealousy the companion of talent and of the love of glory) took possession of the heart of Polydore. He departed from the circle of the games; gained the borders of the sea; and there alone, in silence, thoughtful, he heard not the waves which were breaking with a crash against the shore; he heard only the voice of renown, which published to the universe the names of his rivals and eternized them. ‘Yes,’ exclaimed he, ‘it shall thus publish mine; it *must* publish it; it must come to pass, that when men shall see me appear, they will say, *there he is*. I will constrain in my turn my rivals to hear my name with inquietude. I will oblige that proud and oppressive look of powerful men to fall less haughtily upon my brow, and that of the

most disdainful beauties no longer to neglect Polydore. Upon me will rest with more complacency the look of my dear Ephria. If I may be but able to conceive a master-piece, which shall surpass all those which the Grecian chisel has hitherto devised ! Let me essay to unite in a single work the true, the beautiful, and the sublime all at once. To form this happy alliance, I will choose the model from the gods ; the forms in the imaginary beautiful ; the graces, between youth and manhood ; the action, among those only that command that moderate expression in which the true retains the beautiful, and from which the beautiful does not exclude the true."

"Then the imagination of Polydore entered Olympus and passed all the gods in review before him. It stopped not at Mars, it stopped not at Mercury ; it disdained Adonis whom Venus alone had made a god. 'I see' said he 'only Apollo who can fulfil my project, I see only the god of day, the master of the lyre, the son of Jupiter, and the conqueror of the serpent Python,' Polydore selected Apollo. The day began to decline ; Polydore returned home ; he retired to rest, he dreams, he thinks, he imagines. 'Behold him'



he exclaims, 'he walks; he sees the monster, he draws his bow, the monster is dead and the god departs with indignation. The arm that drew the bow is yet suspended; the other is at rest.' At the first ray of day Polydore flies to his workshop. He fixes his eye upon a block of marble. 'He is there' says he 'I see him' (his genius made him there) he must now come out from it. Already the chisels of his pupils have taken possession of the block. But as soon as Polydore thinks he sees the place where the god is, he stops the chisels of his pupils and takes his own. Each stroke he gives detaches and causes to fall at his feet a part of the veil which hides Apollo from him. Already one beholds sparkling a body the most noble, the most harmonious, a body the least masculine, and the least youthful all at once; limbs free from all the imperfections of humanity and rising one from the other. But the head yet remains concealed; and if the body be a god the head must be Apollo. It is the head above all that must show the god of the lyre, of day, and the conqueror of Python. The chisel of Polydore trembles in approaching the divine head, and hesitates to unveil it; but at length emboldened,

without doubt by Apollo himself, he lightly runs over the forehead, which suddenly thinks; he raises his eyebrows, and there escapes from his eyes a look that outspeeds the arrow; finally he passes over the lips, and indignation breathes from them."

"This is the Apollo Belvidere! this is that marble made a god by one of these creating chisels, which in selecting, combining, or imitating nature have surpassed nature! How beautiful is it! how noble! how imposing and touching all at once. How perfectly that body is developed! The eye is forced in running over it to follow the admirable line which designed it! it can stop in no part. What an artist was Polydore! One is obliged to recollect that this Apollo is marble to think that it is the work of man."

The Apollo Belvidere is in existence and "Polydore" might have reaped for the time being somewhat of the glory he desired but he is now unknown.

In the Roman Court the vases are of wonderful size and workmanship. The sarcophagii are of better material than those of the Egyptian Court. The ornamental work is finer and but

few hieroglyphics mark them. The Romans considered the stone of a sarcophagus to be only sarcophagus (flesh—consuming) when it came from Assos in Asia Minor. It was singularly true that this stone would entirely consume a body in about six weeks.

In the Court there is what is thought to be an exact model of the Roman Forum. The very spot where Cicero delivered his orations is carefully pointed out. There are many other statues and models in the Greek and Roman courts but accurate descriptions would prove tedious and uninteresting.

A visitor accustomed to system might very naturally ask, why in describing the courts I have not followed the order in which they stand in the Palace; commencing with the Egyptian, then through the Greek, Roman, Alhambra, Byzantine, German Mediæval, Mediæval, French Mediæval, Italian, Pompeian, and the Industrial Courts. This is the course generally recommended. My own opinions however may be no index to those of another, but I visited in order, those in which I felt the greatest degree of interest, and



having afterwards tried the regular prescribed order I can safely say the irregular is much the best.

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### THE POMPEIAN COURT.

Could it be that a person could obtain some elevated spot overlooking an entire city, and then have all the houses opened to his view in such a manner that he could look down through them what a tremendous assortment of domestic affairs would his eyes behold. "Family jars," domestic bliss, amours, drinking, feasting among the rich; fasting, repining, and utter wretchedness among the poor; fine revelations made of scandalizing neighbors, of female gossiping societies, of manoeuvring mothers, and in fact he would find almost everybody at almost everything except their prayers.

To us of the nineteenth century two cities are exposed to view not quite in this manner. Instead of being opened all at once they were concealed suddenly and are now being dug into a re-existing state. Herculaneum and Pompeii destroyed by the very mountain to which they



were clinging for protection. The descriptions of former times former people and their customs given by historians are, as it were, nothing to the history laid before us by the excavations already made in these two cities. In imagination we can form some slight outline of the scene as it was. Two Roman cities enjoying with Rome their palmiest days. Triumphal feasts are being held in their palaces. Masquerades are taking place in public saloons and the gaily attired masquers are seen wending their ways through the brilliantly lighted streets. The sick, suffering and dying are there lying upon couches and beside them the patiently watching wife, sister, or mother. But the feasts and revelry were high, and wild, and and those not enjoying them were forgotten ;

“ And bright

The lamp shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again—  
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strike like a rising bell.”

The cry spreads, an awful irruption of Vesuvius is taking place, and from its crater pours forth the consuming rivers of molten lava. Scenes

of revelry become in a second heart-rending scenes of woe. In the tumultuous rush mingled parents seeking their children, children their parents, friends their friends, and lovers their beloved. And there was seen.

“Gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness :  
And there was sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,  
Which ne’er might be repeated.”

The city nearest the mountain was Herculaneum. It consequently was destroyed by the lava pouring into it and ultimately covering it. Pompeii was buried by the stones, ashes and scoriæ thrown from the crater. It is on this account that the excavations of Pompeii have been more successfully carried on than have those of Herculaneum.

The streets as far as they have been opened, reveal to the explorers many of the doings and secrets of private Roman life, and which otherwise would never have become known. The Pompeian court is a Roman court, and the only difference existing between the two, as they are

in the Palace is, the Roman court consists of specimens of the finest Roman architecture, while the Pompeian consists of the private residences of the Romans, as discovered at Pompeii and Herculaneum. From the comparative degree of magnificence of these specimens, it is evident that the two cities are not so very ancient. The early houses of the Romans were but little more than huts. Hence, Augustus of Rome, boasted he found in that city, the houses to be of unburnt brick, but he would have them of marble. This is applicable, as is evident to Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The Pompeian courts are composed first, of an open hall, surrounded with columns, an arched semi-roof and tessellated pavement. In the centre of the court is generally a fountain. From the court, are small passages leading to the different rooms, all of which are very small. The decorations are exceedingly rich. The frescoes consist of a ground-work of bright colors, on which are painted landscapes and Roman deities. The cornices and ceilings are finely carved and gilded.

To the Pompeian courts, there is a some-

thing wanting to destroy the bare appearance of the place. It looks very much like a tenantless house. A much better idea of the convenience of Roman dwellings could be obtained, if the Palace company would expend a small sum and take the necessary care to procure Roman furniture from Pomeii wherewith to furnish the courts. A wax family group at *Coena*, might show the Roman taste displayed in arranging a table, and also exhibit the perfection of their cooks. This would also exhibit the Roman couches on which they reclined at their meals; and their various styles of eating and drinking vessels. While around the table might linger the darkly clothed, slippered and tunicked slave. The models for all of which could easily be procured at Pompeii.

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### THE NINEVEH COURT.

To the exertions of A. H. Layard Esq., the fruits of whose labors are now in the British Museum, the Crystal Palace Company owes the Nineveh Court. This court is taken entirely from the monuments and other specimens of architect-



ure sent by Mr. Layard from Nineveh, to the British Museum, during the years he spent among ruins and strange people. The specimens were all excavated from mounds of sand and dirt, in which for centuries they had been entombed. The difficulties attendant upon their excavation and removal must have been very great, not only from their weight and depth of burial, but also from the many interruptions occasioned by the people. During one of a great many of these interruptions, Mr. Layard wrote, "I had scarcely resumed my labors, when I received information that the Cadi of Mosul was endeavoring to stir up the people against me, chiefly on the plea that I was carrying away treasure; and what was worse, finding inscriptions which proved that the Franks once held the country, and upon the evidence of which they intended immediately to resume possession of it, exterminating all true believers." Here he was again obliged to stop, and did not resume his labors for several months. Interruptions of this kind seem to have attended him during his entire work. Other difficulties originated in the thievish propensities of the surrounding tribes, and in the choice of native

workmen. Of the latter, he had about two hundred with seven overseers. These he divided between Nimroud and Kouyunjik. His company of overseers consisted of two Arab Sheiks, three Mosuleans, one Candiote, and one Nestorian Christian.

The first view of the exterior of the Nineveh Court, is particularly impressive. This presents to the eye a grand colonnade, about one hundred feet long, raised upon walls twenty feet high. The entrances to the court consist of three great gates. One large central gate, and two smaller ones placed at regular distances on each side of the grand gate. The jambs of the grand gate are composed of two immense human-headed winged bulls, similar to those discovered by Mr. Layard at Kouyunjik. The bulls are intended to convey about the same meaning as the human-headed winged lions, mentioned not only by Mr. Layard, but also by M. Botta. "They," says M. Botta, concerning the builders of the temples, "could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion than the wings of the bird." The bulls are covered with

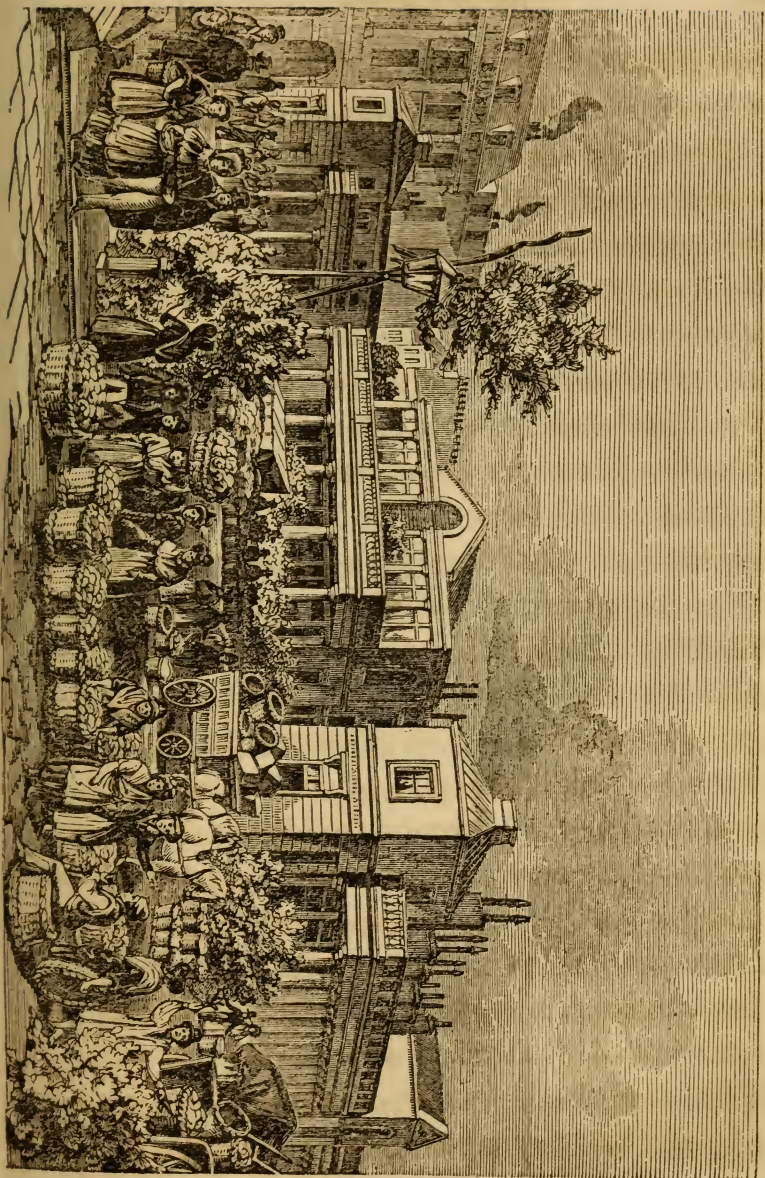
bright paint. On each side of the small entrances is a colossal human figure, representing "Nimrod, the Mighty Hunter." He was the founder of the Assyrian Empire, and is here represented in the act of strangling a young lion by pressing it to his body. There is in his left hand a hooked instrument which was used in war as well as in hunting. This weapon is still used by the wild tribes. From its semi-circular shape, it describes when thrown an ellipse, returning towards the thrower. The cornice immediately over these figures and below the colonnade is formed of circular and diamond-shaped ornaments, painted blue and orange. The columns at all the corners are square, ornamented with figures and colors similar to the cornice; these are surmounted with capitals of scroll work. The intervening columns are round, fluted and beautifully painted. Their capitals consist of the joined heads, breasts and forelegs of two bulls. Over these, is a highly ornamented cornice with turrets supporting the roof. Red, blue and orange, are the predominant colors. The grand entrance leads into a large hall, in which are four large pillars supporting the roof. The roof is constructed of large cross-



beams, pannelled in squares, richly colored and ornamented with flowers, faces and cones of the fir. Nearly opposite the grand gate in the hall, is a small portal supported and guarded by a pair of the human-headed, winged lions, from Nimroud. The originals of which are in the British Museum. "These lions," Mr. Layard says, "were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3,000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded kings, priests, and warriors, had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the Eternal City. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half barbarous tribes. The wealth



Covent Garden Market.





of temples, and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved."

"Ninevah, a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nation, both the cormorant and bittern lodge in the upper lintels of it, their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds."

From the large hall, there are many passages leading to small inner chambers. In these, are quantities of statues, bass reliefs and fine ornamental sculpture. The only really attractive feature of the Ninevah Court, are the exterior and the winged lions in the great hall.

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### BYZANTINE COURT.

The principal portions of the Byzantine Court, are from the Church of St. John, at Samaria. From the appearance of the court, the church must be remarkably beautiful, but it is not a little unfortunate that many of the most



celebrated travellers have been prevented from visiting the various parts of the church by the bands of robbers at all times there congregated. In consequence of this, the descriptions of St. John's are very indefinite and hastily written. The ruins and situation are said to be among the most prominent and striking to be met with in the Holy Land. One traveller after complaining of being unable to visit the ruins for fear of being abused, says of a party of his friends whom he saw enter the church, they "were set upon by these lawless fellows, their bags and portmanteaus rudely hauled over and rifled, themselves called all manner of names, and most outrageously pushed about and jeered at, and at last suffered to escape only by submitting with admirable patience and presence of mind to the importunities of these scoundrels for *bakhshish*, and to their unscrupulous thefts before our friends' eyes."

From the Byzantine style of architecture, one thing seems very prominent, that is, the architects thought for their worshipping places nothing could be too costly or too grand. This, however, was certainly carried too far. Certain ladies indulge in dressing in all varieties of gay



colors, without paying any attention to taste or harmony. These are said to be "dressed to death." The Byzantine style may be said to be dressed in like manner. Wherever gilding, blue, orange, red, or green can be placed, with or without effect, there it is in abundance. The Byzantine architect, covered his arched ceilings with deep blue paint, and then covered the paint with stars of gold, placed as regularly as the squares on a chess-board, and as thickly set as are the stars of the milky way, comparatively speaking. The decorations of the arches, pillars, and capitals, consist of trees without branches, branches without twigs, and twigs without leaves. Leaves seem to have been altogether unknown.

The exterior of the court consists of a cloister of which the west front is composed of an immense arched doorway, and four small arches on each side. The pillars supporting the arches are made of dark-red and green marble in alternate layers. The ornaments on the capitals of these pillars consist of dragons showing their teeth. The teeth are certainly their most prominent features. The dragons, like the lions in the court of the Alhambra, notwithstanding their teeth ap-

pear very harmless. They are white, emblematical of their innocence. The walls in some parts are covered with gold leaf, in other parts they are pannelled in squares of variegated marbles. The borders of the squares are tessellated mosaic marbles, black, red, and gilded. On this western front, and immediately over the capitals of the pillars are fresco portraits, life size, painted on a gold ground. The first is the majestic Nicephorus, robed in an azure mantle, bordered with golden hearts. The second, Justinian. He is crowned and dressed in black, purple and gold. The third, Theodora, carrying a large gold urn. She is dressed in claret-colored velvet trimmed with gold, and a cap inlaid with diamonds, rubies and pearls. The fourth, and last on the western front, is a sitting figure of Charles le Chauve, clothed in a vest embroidered with gold, over which is thrown a scarlet mantle. On the northern front, are four similar frescoes. The first, on one end is Day, represented as a young and exceedingly beautiful virgin. Her skirt is of light green, vermillion boddice, with lilac and gold mantle thrown carelessly around her. She holds an upright flaming torch. On the opposite

end is Night, dressed in a dim purple skirt, dim claret boddice, dark blue, star-spangled veil, covering the head, and holding a reversed torch merely smoking. Between Day and Night, are Sancta Maria, and the young Saviour. Sancta Maria, instead of appearing the poor carpenter's wife, the lowly mother of Jesus, who took Him to rest in a manger, appears here the queen of the whole earth. She is clothed in a dove-colored skirt, over which is a blue robe, brilliantly worked with gold and diamonds. One of her arms is around the waist of the child, and in her hand, she holds a dove. The child is clothed in a robe of white, ornamented with large lilies of gold; any one of which would have purchased the "inn," and all it contained, where, because He had not an abundance of the filthy lucre, there "was no room for Him."

There are several small cloisters but of no interest except for some of the frescoes they contain. These are of Jesus, the Virgin, St. John the Baptist and others. The direct entrance to the Court is through an avenue of twisted mosaic pillars. Over these is an archway decorated with fruits, flowers, animals and hunting scenes. After



entering the court a tremendous doorway in the northeast corner presents not only the chief feature of the interior but also a very extraordinary sight. On each side of the door is a massive blue pillar, up which ran a thick vine, and, in turn, up the vine clammers a great pink dragon. Between the door and the two outside pillars are two small pillars, painted green. On these small pillars instead of dragons there are sea-sick looking sailors, savage withal, and clothed with great broad blue pantaloons and striped jackets. It would be very difficult to determine what these were intended to represent did one not see just two such figures on the other side with wings. Hence they are evidently angels of Byzantine imagination. The entire doorway is decorated with flowers and vegetables, the kind that flourished about the time of the great animals in the grounds previously mentioned. Certainly never since then. The arch over the door is probably the most curious part of it. The sides of the arch are covered with supernatural human faces, and lizards tied up in sailor knots, and for want of something better to do, they are snapping at their own tails. The keystone of the arch is



indescribable. It is certainly intended for an angel with broken back or that kind of colic produced by eating green grapes. It seems to be jerking at the earth, and is evidently in a quandary, for if it holds on, the earth will pull it down and if it lets go its hold the earth will be injured. Altogether a more hideous affair than this doorway is not to be seen throughout the length and breadth of Sydenham. There are many other doorways, sculptures and frescoes in different parts of the Court all of which are more or less covered with blue, black, red, green and orange, and deformed animals. The Byzantine Court is an excellent specimen of the Byzantine architecture; but at the same time it is the most unharmonious, tasteless affair imaginable. Moreover there is one thing belonging to several parts of it that may do very well for the heathen and savages but which to any one making pretensions to civilization or christianity is particularly revolting. I allude to several attempts made to embody in a material form certain conceptions of the Supreme Being.

Although undoubtedly the Byzantine architect carried his designs too far, yet certainly there is

something praiseworthy in his zeal for everything pertaining to his religion, his houses of worship, and his yearnings for the truth.

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### THE MEDIÆVAL COURTS.

The Mediæval Courts above all others will always be, to Londoners, the most interesting inasmuch as these are composed principally of the best specimens of English Gothic architecture. In endeavoring to trace the history of the various styles it is a matter of great difficulty to discover when, where, or how the Gothic originated. Magnificent specimens of Gothic art have been discovered in England, France, Italy, Spain and Germany, all of which apparently bear the same date. That honor might "be given to whom honor is due" it would form a fine subject of investigation for some puzzle loving antiquarian to discover the oldest Gothic edifice. All of the countries mentioned have added some little peculiarity to the original plain Gothic in the course of years, and consequently the style may now be considered perfect.

The specimens of English Gothic art are from the Cathedrals and Abbeys of the country, including Westminster, Tintern, Lincoln, Lichfield, Hereford and others. Of these Westminster, previously described under that caption, and Tintern are the best. Tintern was built by the Cistercian Monks. This order was founded by Robert, Abbot of Molesne. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary about 1131. If the stringent rules of a modern civilization and stringent religion have banished monks and such ecclesiastical orders in some countries, they seem at the same time in those countries to have struck the death-blow at everything like an extraordinary work of art. Little obscure country towns and villages in many parts of Europe owe the little importance they possess to some old ruin, the original structure of which modern art cannot equal. And North America from one extreme to the other can hardly boast of a dozen edifices, of any kind, that would call forth from an observer any other exclamation than "how pretty," or of which a full description could not be given in a dozen lines of a village newspaper. The religion of the monks, it is true was stringent, nevertheless their



places of worship and abode were perfect models of architectural beauty and excellence. Tintern is considered an unapproachable piece of loveliness. But it is rapidly passing away. But little remains beyond the sacristy, dormitories and refectory.

The Gothic architecture in the department of the Mediæval Courts devoted to France, give the student a fine opportunity for noting the peculiarities of French and English Gothic. In the English, walls highly ornamented and but few windows are noticed. In the French the decorations are richer, but the walls are greatly reduced to windows filled with costly stained glass. Many other slight peculiarities exist so that a casual observer would readily suppose them two distinct styles.

The German specimens are few in number, and by no means remarkable.

For an aged person, every one cherishes naturally a feeling of respect. So it is with Gothic architecture — it is old — nay — almost buried. We sometimes see its monuments, but we respect them as having been erected in, and belonging to, other days.

Several distinguished architects in the world,



and a certain one or two in London, are earnestly recommending a return to ancient styles, instead of making improvements on them, or of inventing new styles. They say, "Go back only to the Gothic." If so, for why not farther? Why not commence with the Hindoo, from which in genealogical order is descended the Egyptian, then the Greek and Roman? Or to be slightly more modern, suppose we take the pyramidal style of Egypt. Pyramidal houses, pyramidal churches, pyramidal monuments, pyramidal walls, doorways, steeples, everything pyramidal, and covered with red, green, black and blue hieroglyphics. How picturesquely beautiful an American city would look thus built! The tide of travel would be turned from the East towards the West. Cairo, Gizeh with *its* pyramids, Thebes, and all the rest of the world would sink into insignificance, beside the pyramidal city built by "that guessing, reckoning, and calculating tarnal Yankee nation." The rich, the titled, the noble, all who visit during the summer Italy and the Nile, would join the poor laborer in his song:—

"To the west, to the west, where the rivers that flow,  
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;

Where the green waving forests shall echo our call,  
As wide as old England and free to us all ;—  
Where the prairies like seas where the billows have rolled,  
Are broad as the kingdoms and Empires of old ;  
And the lakes are like oceans in storm and in rest,  
Away, far away, to the land of the west."

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### THE NUBIAN COURT.

To the south of Egypt, lies a tract of land about eight hundred miles long, by name Nubia. The Nile flows through this, according to the statements of travellers, between two high ranges of granite and sandstone hills. The Nile here rises only to a certain height, and thus the country does not possess the advantage of the annual overflow as does Egypt. Nubia, consequently is watered by means of the water-wheel so prevalent in some parts of Europe. These are worked by oxen, night and day. One American writer in describing them, says, concerning the creaking of the ungreased wheels, "As all the grease in the country is used in plastering the long hair of the unturbaned heads of the Nubians, they creak all along the river with a sound which in the distance is like the hum of a musquito." This

Nubia is what geographers call, or, at least a part of what is called, "the unexplored region of Ethiopia." Notwithstanding its want of fertility, Nubia has nevertheless contributed its share to the amusement and instruction of hundreds of thousands of persons who have visited the Crystal Palace, and will contribute to the pleasure of millions who will yet visit it. The chief features of the Nubian court, are the colossal sitting figures which adorn one end. These are from the Rock Temple of Ipsambul, or more frequently Abousimbil and Abousaimbul. The figures are said to be representations of Rameses, by whom the Rock Temple was excavated. By dropping a line from the head to a level with the feet, the figures measured sixty-four feet each. The faces are seven feet long, and the nose two feet eight inches. When operations for digging the Temple out of the sand in which it had for many years, and in fact many centuries been sunk, it was estimated that the entrance to the Temple was buried only twenty feet. Twenty feet of sand was cleared away, then thirty feet, and it was not until fifty-two feet were dug and carried away, that the stone platform was reached. The

dimensions of the Temple were then found to be, width, one hundred and twenty feet; height, eighty-six feet, and depth of excavation in the solid rock, one hundred and seventy feet. The Temple is richly sculptured with sentences in praise of Rameses. In the original, there must be several apartments, for Stanley says, "In that square rocky chamber, to which we are thus brought by the arms of the mountain, closing us in with a closer and ever closer embrace, stood, and still stands though broken, the original altar. Behind the altar, seated against the rocky wall, their hands upon their knees, looking straight out through the door of the *Sanctuary*, through the *corridor*, through the second hall, and through the first to the small aperture of daylight and blue sky, as it is now—to the majestic portal as it was in ancient times—sate and still sit the four great gods of the Temple."

The Nubian court has for its ornaments many animals, formerly worshipped by the Nubians. These look like miniature copies of the nondescripts in the grounds of the Palace. Comparing the great Temple with the animals deco-



rating it, I fully realized the truth of the trite saying, "there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous."

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### THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE AND INDUSTRIAL COURTS.

In the style of architecture of the Italian, Renaissance and Industrial Courts, there is nothing remarkable nor yet interesting. The contents consists only of statues of Venus, Cupid, Leo X., Lucretia Borgia, and an almost endless list of gods, human beings, and fanciful imaginings wrought in marble. These are nearly all from the hand of Michael Angelo. The Industrial Courts are arranged as Stores, for the sale of English manufactured articles, pottery, glass ware, and cutlery, compose the general stock.

In few words, the Crystal Palace, is an epitome of the geography and history of the World. Here are the plants, animals, and specimens of the humanity of all countries under the sun. Here are material forms given to the imaginings of Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare. Here are

the heroes, sages and poets of all countries and ages. Here are representations of every gigantic work of art produced since Adam, of which there is the faintest record. And here, in the building itself, is the greatest work of architectural art of the nineteenth century.

I do not know how better to conclude this already too long chapter, than with the beautiful and appropriate prayer of the Archbishop of Canterbury, used at the opening of the Palace.

“Almighty and everlasting God! who dost govern all things, both in Heaven and earth, incline Thine ear, we entreat Thee, to Thy people, which call upon Thee, and graciously receive our prayers. Without Thee, nothing is strong, nothing is holy. Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost who build it.” And now we entreat Thee, to bless the work which we have accomplished in this place, and to render it the means of promoting Thy glory. May those who admire the wonders of nature here displayed, be taught to perceive in those the vigor of that creative wisdom by which all things fulfil the purposes which they are designed to serve; enable those who survey the wonders of art and industry

which surround them to remember that it is by Thee that knowledge is increased, and science made to minister to the benefit and comfort of mankind; for the spirit of man is from Thee, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding; therefore, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the praise.' While we contemplate the remains of former ages, and the monuments of ancient greatness, enable us to profit by the examples they afford of the instability of earthly things, and ever to bear in mind, that according to Thy Providence, nations flourish or decay; that Thou hast but to give the word, and the richest may become poor, and the proudest be levelled in the dust. Therefore, O Lord, we entreat Thee so to regulate the thoughts of our hearts, that they may not be lifted up, that we forget the Lord our God, as if our power or the might of our hands had gotten us this wealth. It cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own; both riches and honor come of Thee; and Thou reignest over all, and in Thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, O Lord we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name, and beseech Thee

to grant that the many blessings vouchsafed to our nation, may dispose our hearts to serve Thee more faithfully, and in all that we undertake to seek Thy honor and glory. Above all, teach us so to use the earthly blessings Thou givest us richly to enjoy, that they may not withdraw our affections from those Heavenly things that Thou hast prepared for those that love and serve Thee through the merits and mediation of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, in whose prevailing name and words we farther call on Thee."



## CHAPTER XI.

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666.—THE FIRE MONUMENT. — LONDON BRIDGE. — ENGLISH STEAM-BOATS. — BILLINGSGATE. — CUSTOM HOUSE. — MUD LARKS.—THE TOWER OF LONDON. — TRINITY HOUSE. — ST. KATHARINE'S AND LONDON DOCKS.

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### DOWN THE THAMES.

OF the River Thames, I hardly know what to say. It is a narrow—dirty—and rapid stream—near its mouth it flows through a flat country not particularly picturesque—about forty miles from London it gradually becomes a scene of life, beauty and business. Thousands of pleasure boats, steam boats, trading vessels, fishermen crafts, and large ships completely throng the water. Among others, there are a tremendous assortment of river pirates—requiring for the protection of property, a large and vigilant police

force. The amount of their depredations, together with the goods they smuggle into the city, is perfectly incalculable. Their actions are daring, and are performed under colors as watermen, lightermen, bargemen, and day laborers ; but often, when caught, some men holding the highest offices under the customs, have been implicated. These depredations are not now so numerous as they were very few years ago. Although the river itself possesses but little of interest, it affords a convenient means of visiting the noted places which completely line its banks.

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*“ From the London Gazette, Extraordinary,  
Sunday, 2d. September, 1666.*

“ About two o'clock this morning, a sudden and lamentable fire broke out in this city, beginning not far from Thames street, near London Bridge, which continues still with great violence, and hath already burnt down to the ground many houses thereabouts ; which sad accident affected his Majesty with that tenderness and compassion, that he was pleased to go himself in person, with his Royal Highness, the Duke of York, to give

order that all possible means should be used for quenching the fire, or stopping its farther progress. In which care the Right Hon. the Earl of Craven, was sent by his Majesty, to be more particularly assisting to the Lord Mayor and magistrates ; and several companies of his guards sent into the city to be helpful, by what ways they could in so great calamity."

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" A PILLAR TO BE SET UP IN MEMORY  
OF THE FIRE."

And the better to preserve the memory of this dreadful visitation, be it farther enacted, that a column or pillar of brass or stone, be erected on or near unto the place where the said fire so unhappily began, as conveniently may be, in perpetual remembrance thereof; with such an inscription thereon, as hereafter by the Mayor and Court of Aldermen in that behalf be directed." *Act of Parliament, 1667. ch. 2. sec. 29.*

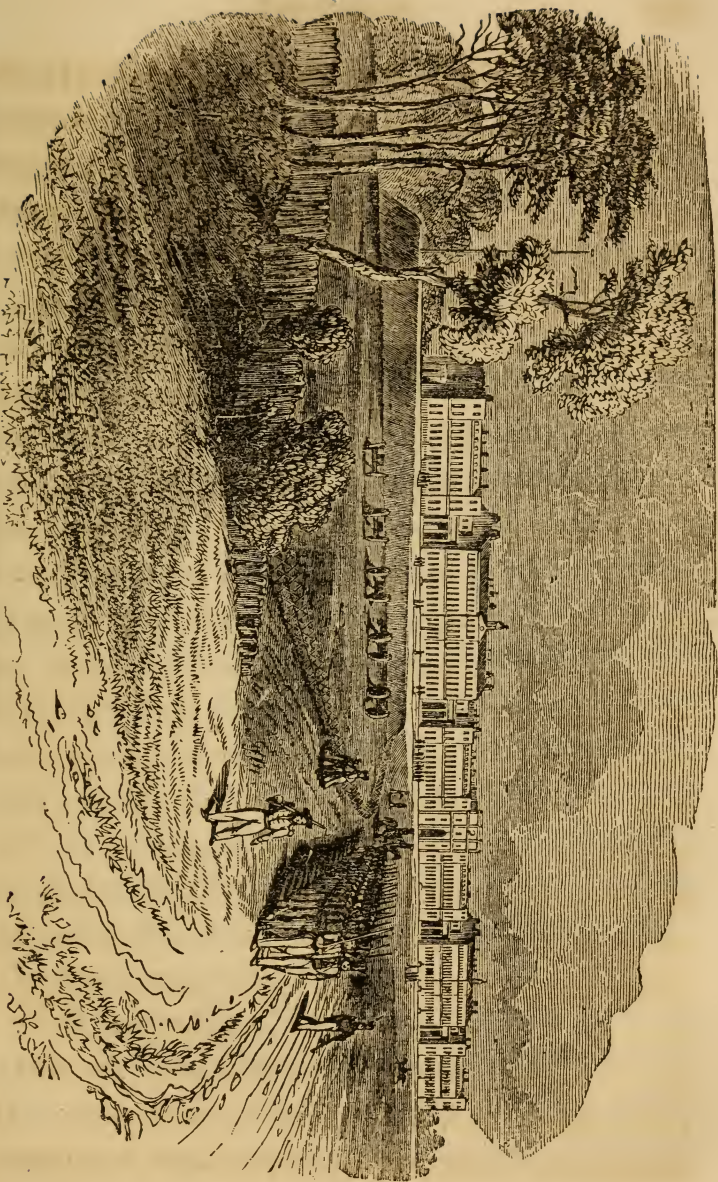
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In accordance with the Act of Parliament, Sir Christopher Wren designed the Fire Monu-

ment, the first stone of which was laid in 1671. The monument is of Portland Stone, and consists of a fluted Doric column, standing upon a Palladian pedestal. The pedestal is forty feet high, twenty one feet square, and the plinth from which it rises twenty eight feet square. The abacus is surrounded by an iron railing, above which is a gilded flaming urn. The height to the topmost point is about two hundred and fifteen feet. From the entrance to the top there are three hundred and forty-five steps, "around, around, and around,"—and having so lately been in the ball of St. Paul's, I believe the view presented from the top of the monument in no way repaid the laborious work of climbing it. I will take part of that back, the glory of seeing another production of the brains of Sir Christopher Wren should be considered recompense enough. From the top of the iron railing, there is an arched arbor of iron. This is to prevent persons from committing suicide by throwing themselves over, as many have done, and been dashed to pieces on the pavement below. The pedestal contains on each side Latin and English sentences. The inscription on the north side, in Latin is rendered.



Naval Museum. — Woolwich.





“In the year of Christ, 1666, the fourth day of the nones of September, eastward from hence, at the distance of 202 feet—near the height of this column—about midnight a fire broke out, which driven on by a high wind, not only wasted the adjacent parts but also places very remote, with incredible noise and fury. It consumed 89 churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling houses, 400 streets; of twenty six wards it utterly destroyed 15 and left eight others shattered and half burned. The ruins of the city were 436 acres, and extended hence from the Tower by the side of the Thames, to the Temple Church, and thence from the north east along the City wall to the head of the Fleet ditch. Towards the labor and fortunes of the citizens it was fatal; but harmless towards their lives; that it might in all things resemble the Last Conflagration of the World.”

The South side contains :—

“Charles II., Son of Charles the Martyr, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, a most gracious prince, commiserating the deplorable state of things,



whilst the ruins were yet smoking, provided for the comforts of the citizens and the ornament of his city—remitted their taxes, and referred the petitions of the magistrates and inhabitants to the Parliament, who immediately passed an Act, that the public works should be restored to greater beauty with public money, to be raised by an imposition on coal; that churches and the Cathedral of St. Paul should be rebuilt from their foundations with all magnificence; that the bridges, gates, and prisons should be new made; the sewers cleaned; the streets made straight and regular, such as were steep levelled and those which were too narrow made wider; and the markets and shambles removed into more open places.”

The West side is occupied by a bas-relief representing Charles II., and on the left the fire; and the laborers preparing to rebuild on the right. There was a sentence round the top of the plinth which excited a flame almost as great as the fire, although of a different nature.

The sentence was carved in the stone in 1681:—

“This pillar was set up in perpetual remem-



brance of the most dreadful burning of this ancient city, began and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion, and old English liberty, and introducing Popery and Slavery."

In 1685, by order of James II., this was entirely cut out. In 1689 by order of the Lord Mayor, it was replaced. Here it remained until 1831, when it was removed by Act of Parliament. The plinth now presents a rough broken surface. The accusation in the inscription, was without foundation as was proved long ago, and the only wonder is that it was allowed to remain as long as it did.

The first stone bridge was built across the Thames in 1177; previous to which the bridge was of wood. The stone bridge built in 1177 was replaced in 1824, with undoubtedly the best bridge in the world. This consists of five arches composed of immense blocks of stone. The centre arch is one hundred and fifty feet in clear rising, and about thirty feet above high water

mark. From the centre the bridge slopes gradually towards the ends thus making the two arches adjoining the centre arch one hundred and forty feet, and the two extreme arches one hundred and thirty feet. The length nine hundred and sixty, and width eighty-five feet. The carriage way fifty-five feet wide. The pavements are of cubical blocks of stone. The side walks are paved with tremendous slabs, and on each water edge there is a wall of stone blocks, each block about eight feet long, four and a half high, and three feet thick. At distances of about twenty feet are niches containing stone seats for pedestrians and surmounted with gas-lights. The view up and down the Thames from these niches is very fine. London Bridge is one of the greatest thoroughfares in Europe. From actual observations, the average of one horse teams that cross the Bridge in twelve hours, is eleven thousand one hundred and fifty. Of two horse teams four thousand, two hundred and sixty-five. Of three or more, five hundred and seventy-seven; giving a total of *fifteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-two*. The number of saddle horses and pedestrians in the same time averages *forty thousand*. London Bridge is the

lowest bridge over the Thames; above it are a great many built of stone, iron, wood; tubular, iron suspensions, and fancy bridges. These are nearly all arched, none are draw bridges. No large vessel can go above London Bridge. The steamboats that go up the river are furnished with hinged pipes so that on approaching a bridge the pipes are lowered horizontally.

The English river Steamboats, like London, its houses, streets, and everything in or pertaining to London, are dirty coal-smoked crafts. They possess no saloons, except a little concern between decks, in which a very short man or woman cannot stand upright—and these, bad as they are, are generally filled with common tobacco-smoke. Every body is expected to sit out on deck. The seats are all benches, formed of plain slips from two to three inches broad, and intervening openings the same breadth. Cushions or arm-chairs, or neatly furnished saloons on a steamboat have not yet been thought of. Externally, the boats are painted black, internally, a bright green. The upper deck is three feet, never more, above the water; the wheel-houses occupy one-third of the room, the wheels are great awkward things—and



the consequence is, that every one on board receives a very inconvenient quantity of spray. The engines are old fashioned, small moveable cylinder affairs, built entirely below the water. All, as I said before, must sit out on deck—a very hot day there may be an awning, or there may not, just as the (generally) lazy captain sees proper. On wet days, (five days in seven belong to this class) unless well provided with umbrellas, incalculable damage ensues to every article of apparel done up with starch. There's no escape. Altogether, an English steamboat presents a perfect picture, of utter wretchedness. I mean this, without a single exception, of every river steamboat in England; the ocean steamers are of course much better. I have often been amused at the crowds of people standing at certain book and picture establishment windows, looking at prints of the steamers on the Mississippi and other American rivers. They seemed filled with about as much awe and reverence for the *prints*, as the multitude did for the Prince that fed it with five loaves and two small fishes. Their remarks were decidedly in favor of American ship-builders. There may be only one thing said in favor of the London



boats, they are built strong, and are thus able to stand the collisions and thumpings against the bridges which they encounter, caused in a great manner by the rapid flow of the river.

The steamboats, like the Parks, afford excellent opportunities for obtaining an insight into Cockney character, and many an hour, I have wiled away, first up, then down the river. London Bridge is the chief station for all boats up or down. The first object that claims the attention going down, is an arched gateway and market-place, with scores of small boats lying at the wharves in front. This is the world renowned Billingsgate. Celebrated as being the best fish market in Europe, and the dirtiest hole, filled with the lowest white people, to be found in the world. There is brought to this market and sold, annually one hundred and sixty thousand tons of fish. The language spoken by the temporary residents, the fish men and women, is said to be "The pure, original, and only genuine" Cockney, of which the following are correct specimens:—

"You bloody varmint, d'ye give that hare 'oss hany bloody hoats this mornink?"

"My hys, Jim, vat hawful slippy valkink

'tis this here bloody mornink—I should 'ave fell'd if so be has 'ow, I 'adn't cotched 'ould hov a postis."

The fights here, especially those among the fish women, are by Londoners, considered exceedingly interesting. The beauties of the fish-woman's female form, and the Cockney language, shine in all their brilliancy, during these pugilistic encounters.

Just below Billingsgate, is a long broad terrace, with stone walls extending out into the Thames. This portion of the river is called the "Crown Moorings." The large building on the north-side of the terrace, is the new Custom House. The Sovereigns at one time derived all the revenue they received from the customs. There was for this no system, no regularity, and no custom house. The first custom house was originated by a certain John Churchman. This was about 1380. The principal object of that custom house was, for weighing wool. It was destroyed by fire. The second was of stone, built by Queen Elizabeth. This was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. Several succeeding ones were burnt. One designed by Christopher Wren, was

destroyed in 1718. The next one was about to be torn down in 1814, but it also shared the fate of its predecessors. The present building was erected in 1814, of Portland stone, and is a well built edifice. It is four hundred and eighty-eight feet long. The "long room," on the first floor, is one hundred and ninety feet long; magnificently furnished and possessing, in each department, every accommodation for clerks and merchants.

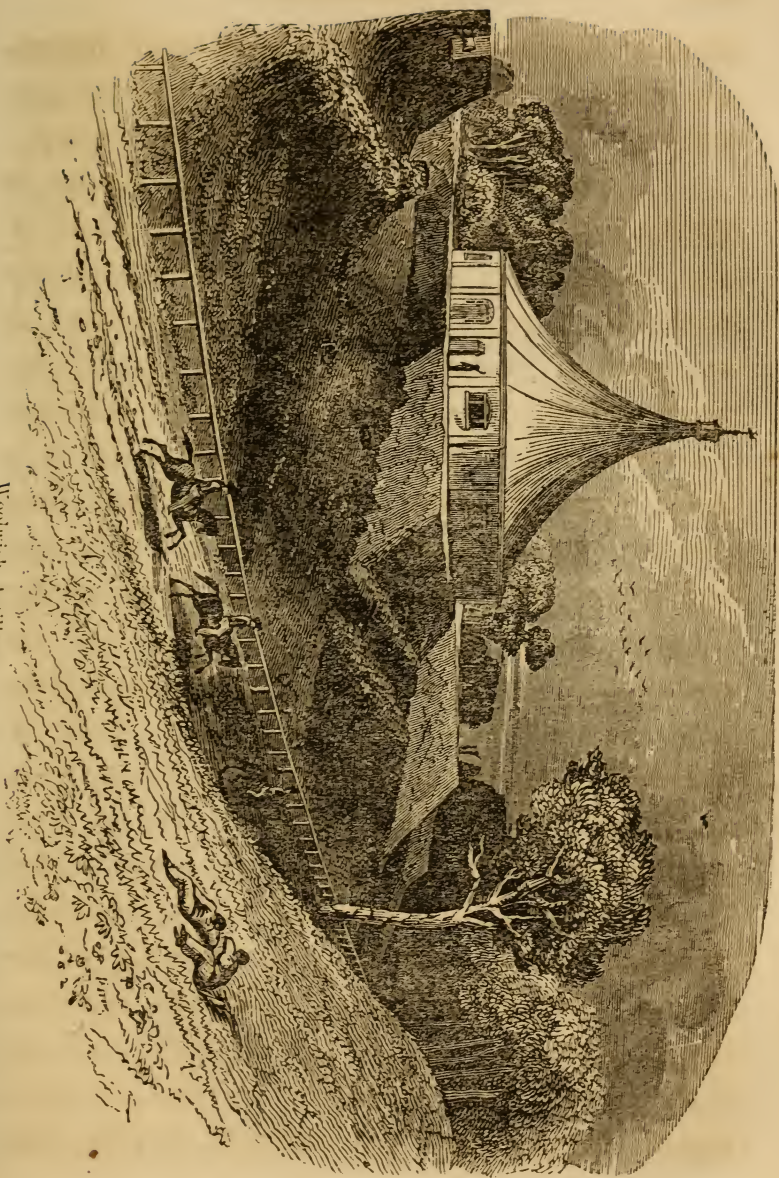
A short river trip at low tide, presents to the most casual observer, a sad picture of low life. Thousands, and probably scores of thousands, of poor creatures in London make their living, sometimes a comparatively comfortable one, in searching the mud, washed out from the sewers into the river, for whatever may have negligently been lost or thrown out by accident or careless servants; such as silver spoons, forks, and other small articles. These "mud larks," understand so well the tides, that often they will venture great distances up the sewers. As they are seen on the banks of the river, (which at low tide leaves a beach of fine pebbles many feet broad) the men in mud-sprinkled fancy costumes, women

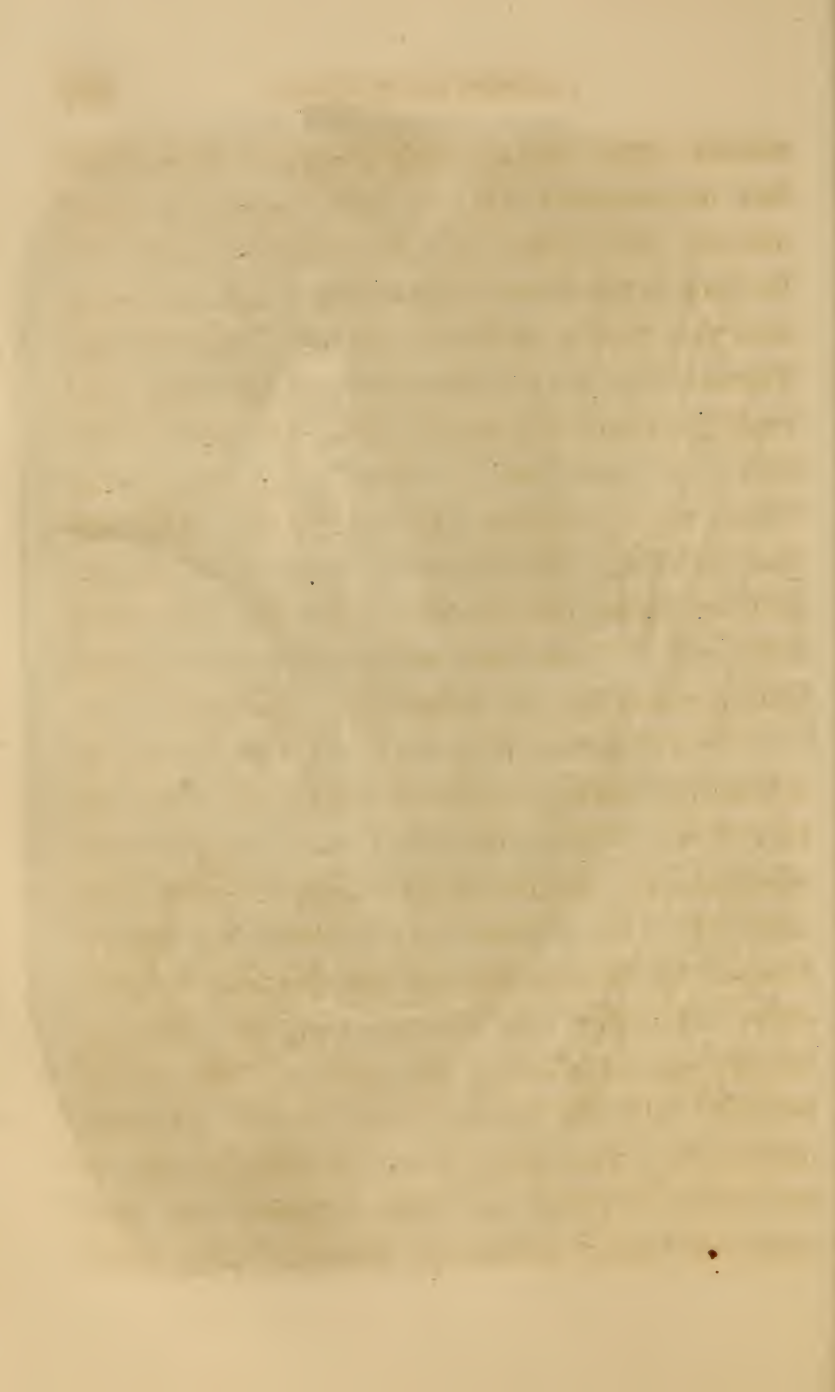
in short bright-colored skirts and head dresses, and children half naked, altogether appear grotesque ;—but it is a picture of want and misery.

About a half mile below London Bridge, is the famous Tower of London. On the wharf of the Tower, are sixty-one cannon handsomely mounted. These are fired on state occasions. A complete history of the Tower, teeming with interest as does the building, would fill volumes. The date of its foundation generally received is 1076, although some suppose it to have been founded by Julius Cæsar. There is still exhibited one tower called Cæsar's Tower. William the Conqueror built many portions of it, if he did not found it. Almost every monarch succeeding, has added either a tower, or some building of antique shape and appearance. The word Tower is associated in the mind with the idea of some single, tall building. In this way I was misled by it, and was very agreeably disappointed by finding, instead of a tall plain looking building, a tremendous pile of buildings, covering nearly thirteen acres. What originally was the Tower, was a square building of brick, seven or eight stories high, and enclosed within four



Woolwich Artillery.





towers. This was formerly a royal residence, but has degenerated into a state prison, a royal arsenal, and a place of safety for the jewelry belonging to the crown. The entrance from the river into the Tower is by means of a drawbridge. There is also a gate placed deep in the water, and reaching above the water. The passage through this gate connected the ditch surrounding the Tower with the river. It was through this gate that prisoners were taken in boats to Westminster for trial. On the west side, there are four entrances. These four are opened with considerable ceremony every morning at daylight.

On the second floor of the White Tower, is a beautiful little chapel dedicated to St. John. In this Tower, King John of France, and several members of English royal families have been confined. In a little room below St. John's Chapel, Sir Walter Raleigh was detained a prisoner. Another one of the four, the Bloody Tower, was the scene of the murder of the infant princes. In the Record Tower, Henry VI. was murdered. Near this Tower, is the Church of St. Peter, in which are buried Queen Ann Boleyn, and Queen Katharine Howard; Lady Jane



Grey, and many others. In the armories are deposited the arms of all ages. Knights in coats of armor and mounted; revolving muskets, carbines, swords, and all other warlike weapons. In the different parts of the armory, there are arms enough to equip one hundred and fifty thousand men. The number of arms was formerly much greater, but a fire destroyed the majority of them in 1841. A small room, before the fire, alone contained arms enough to equip one hundred thousand men. Of twelve thousand muskets in that room, eleven thousand were destroyed. The Jewel House, is now the most attractive portion of the Tower. The finest articles in the collection are, the Crown of Victoria, (about to change ownership); the great Koh-i-noor; and the Prince of Wales' Baptismal Font. The crown is about seven inches in diameter, and six high. The interior cap is of scarlet velvet, bound with ermine; the gold bands which cross the velvet, are thickly set with diamonds, and cost several millions of dollars. The government of Hanover has beautifully played this crown into its hands. The Koh-i-noor, mountain of light, the largest diamond in the world, is, in daylight a dull com-



mon looking affair. In the Crystal Palace, where this was first exhibited, in order to show its brilliancy, it was placed in a small glass house brightly lighted with gas. Thus showing clearly that even the most brilliant and costly diamond could not shine except in certain circumstances. What a good text for a sermon on position in life!

The Prince of Wales' Baptismal Font, consists of a bowl about a foot and a half in diameter, and ten inches deep, with a richly carved lid. This rests upon a shaft, two and a half feet high, and six inches in diameter. The base is octagonal. The entire font is of solid gold, richly ornamented with the rose, shamrock and thistle.

North-west from the Tower, is Trinity House, which from the name and appearance, might be taken for an ecclesiastical establishment. On the contrary, it is the seat of the Trinity Corporation, for the improvement of light-houses on the coasts; for collecting all harbor dues, regulating the sales of ballast, and everything else connected with the shipping of the metropolis.

A short distance lower down the river, are the St. Katharine and London Docks. No ship

can enter the port of London without taking on board at Gravesend, some miles from the city, several custom-house officers who examine the cabins, lockers, stores and baggage. One of these officers, called tide-waiter, is left on board until the cargo is discharged, and the clearances signed. To render less difficult and annoying the various duties of the Custom House, and discharging cargoes, companies have been incorporated. The companies procured suitable situations, dug deep docks, connected with the river by means of locks; built large water-houses and wine vaults, and enclosed the whole with high walls. Officers are stationed at every gate, so that not a single bundle, however small, can escape being examined. Any one can take into the docks whatever he desires, but the same article cannot be brought out again without being examined.

The Dock Companies, immediately a vessel is reported down the Thames, send their "runners," to endeavor to get the vessel to lay up in the docks in which respectively they are interested. Each dock has its signal, so that it is known by the arrangement of the flag on the

vessel, what dock she intends entering, consequently the locks are prepared in time.

St. Katharine's Docks will contain two hundred large ships. The London Docks five hundred. The London Docks are more intimately connected with the government of Great Britain than any other. The wine vaults of the London Docks afford a very singular species of amusement. Very few visitors enter here without having obtained from some liquor merchant a "tasting ticket." This entitles the holder to ramble at will over the vaults attended by a servant of the Company. The servant taps for the "taster" any case of liquor desired, and the "taster" can taste from every case in the vaults, with only one proviso—i. e. if he remains in a state of consciousness whilst tasting from thousands of cases in a dozen vaults.

However pure liquor may be when the vessel arrives at London Dock, it can only leave the wine vaults in a certain state. Brandies, for instance, coming pure from France must be proved, and if pure the Government derives a profit from it by making a large number of barrels out of a small number. The adulterating articles



used by the Government are harmless, consisting principally of water. An injuriously adulterated liquor of any kind is not allowed to leave the Dock. Hence the great demand throughout the world for London Dock Brandy. "All is not gold that glitters," neither is all "London Dock Brandy" the genuine article. The London wholesale merchant buys the liquor from the company—he makes adulteration number two.

The medium dealers who supply the foreign market purchases from the wholesale,—he makes number three. The foreign purchaser by the wholesale, finds it will not stand number four without something additional. In it goes. Every one through whose hands it passes adds a little to it—just like some piece of scandal—until eventually, it is all a new article done up in a new style. But it is London Dock Brandy.

The "furnaces" in the London Dock form another item of John Bullism. Contraband tobacco, American editions of English books, on which the owner does not see proper to pay the heavy duties, are *burned*. Tons of tobacco, taken by the pound and often less (three quarters of a pound the law allows a person to bring in free)



from the sailors, who do not often know anything about the law, are at all times burning in the furnaces. Why not "sold and the money given to the poor," or some of the government expenses paid?

Books often share the same fate as tobacco. I had, when I entered London, a number of books with me the majority of which from appearance had passed through several periods of "hard times." Every one of these was opened at the title page and carefully compared with a published sheet, in order to ascertain whether or not it was an American edition of an English work. Of these there happened to be about ten, the duty on some was "tupence" on others "threpence." They passed through several hands, some compared them with other editions, some recorded the titles, and at length, after detaining books and myself longer than the books were really worth, sentence was pronounced by a grey headed, portly, reverend, old-fashioned-English-inn-keeper looking gentleman. "Has you, ave halready paid the hexpenses hov your baggage hexamination, ve vill hoverlook the triflink duties hon the books."

## CHAPTER XII.

THAMES' TUNNEL. — GREENWICH. — MILL-WALL, AND THE "BIG SHIP."—BLACKWALL, THE EAST AND WEST INDIA DOCKS.—VICTORIA DOCKS.—WOOLWICH. — GRAVESEND, AND THE UNITED STATES' WAR FRIGATES, "NIAGRA," AND "SUSQUEHANNA."

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### DOWN THE THAMES, (CONTINUED.)

THE Thames' Tunnel is the greatest novelty in London. This was designed and commenced many years ago, but the water broke through, filling the place in less than ten minutes, thus destroying the work of many months. In this state it remained until 1828, when I. Brunell Esq., formed a new design for the Tunnel, and simultaneously invented a machine, called the "Shield." This shield was formed of platforms one above

the other, each platform large enough for several men to work on; the whole affair being moveable as fast as the work of digging progressed. There was room enough on the shield for two dozen men to work; thus, as fast as the Tunnel was dug, masons put up the sides and arched ceiling. The work in this manner proceeded at the rate of one foot a day. It was not completed until 1841. It now consists of two shafts, fifty-five feet in diameter, and seventy-five feet deep; placed one on each side of the river, about one hundred feet from the water edge. Over each shaft is built a rotunda thirty feet high, thus making the shaft from the roof, one hundred and five feet deep. The rotundas are painted with landscapes of Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, towers, palaces, and cascades, including a very good painting of Niagara Falls. From the top of the shaft around the wall, is a winding staircase leading to the Tunnel. There are over one hundred steps in the descent. The echo is very great, and music, (of which there is at all times great abundance in the Tunnel,) as the strains echo along the arches and up the shafts, sounds particularly fine, though seldom proceeding from

anything but hand-organs, or wandering-street musicians.

The Tunnel is built of brick paved with stone, and consists of two rows of arches, each row twelve hundred feet long. The arches meet each other in the centre, and there rest upon stone columns thus forming two avenues divided by a tier of columns. From each shaft towards the centre the Tunnel inclines, thus resembling a vast stone suspension bridge under water rather than over. I have heard that the Tunnel has not answered the original purpose; what that purpose was, I do not know. One thing I do know—it is of no use except to foot passengers, and the expenses of gas and attendance are met by charging a toll of one penny on each visitor. One row of arches is divided into a number of apartments, each apartment opening on the other avenue. In these apartments are penny shows, refreshment rooms, and fancy stores. Considerable value is attached to anything bought in the Thames' Tunnel, and almost every article sold there, even the cakes and confectionary, has some picture or sentence concerning the work.

Now was this Tunnel situated in Yankee



dominions, or had a portion of that denomination control of it, it would be put to another use, and be made to pay ten times as well as it does. In the first place, ferry boats are unknown in London. I mean as Americans understand the word. A large steamboat that will hold a dozen wagons, horses and all, besides a crowd of people, and goes ahead *backwards* or any other how. A London ferry boat is large enough to seat two persons comfortably without any baggage or bundles. If a person in the neighborhood of the Tunnel desires crossing the river with articles of merchandize he can walk down one hundred steps along twelve hundred feet under the Thames, and up another hundred steps, feeling delightfully fatigued when he reaches the top. If he owns a horse or donkey team he is obliged to go round nearly ten miles to London Bridge. Now the shafts of the Thames' Tunnel are sufficiently large to admit in addition to the winding stair case, a moveable platform on which could be driven two or three small teams. The avenues are sufficiently large to admit carriage ways in addition to footwalks. There is not a Londoner but would prefer paying some toll, to driving ten

miles over the rough stones of the crooked streets of London. Instead of this long rough drive, he would drive his team on the platform, the operator would give the signal and away he would go, whizzing, to the bottom. Mr. Horse or donkey would trot along the avenue, on to the other platform and go up as comfortably as if in his stall.

Exactly under the middle of the river is a refreshment room, kept by an eccentric old man, who has not been a half mile from the Tunnel since it was completed. Daylight to him is almost unknown. He does not sleep in the Tunnel, but he enters before day in the morning, and does not leave until late at night. This old man on account of his many wonderful stories and jokes, in addition to good cakes and wines, has many visitors.

The sensations experienced as one sits here are very peculiar. A thin brick ceiling overhead, covered with a few feet of mud, and many feet of water, with water trickling from the ceiling and through the walls;—and steamers, ships and barges sailing along far above you!—Many bright eyes of timid beauties, and ominous glances of frightened old men, have I seen

directed to the walls and ceiling as the crowd hurried along.

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### GREENWICH.

“Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich, go,  
And own what raptures from reflection flow.”

“Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave !  
A nation’s grateful tribute to the brave.  
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !  
That oft arrest the wondering stranger’s sail.  
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,  
The battle’s havoc, and the tempest’s rage ;  
Long have ye known reflection’s genial ray  
Gild the calm close of valor’s various day.”

ROGERS’ PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

There is nothing that reflects more to the credit of a nation than an ample provision made for the comfort and happiness of that nation’s sick, disabled and superannuated seamen and soldiers. In this respect England may probably be ahead of the world although it would be hard to draw a very broad line of distinction between her and the United States in any matter of this nature. On arriving at Greenwich pier the first and almost only object of interest is the Hospital —“one of the noblest buildings in the world,

devoted to one of the noblest objects—public gratitude to the humble heroes of the country.” The site of the Hospital was formerly that of a royal residence. Edward VI., died in the Palace that stood here. Charles II., tore the palace down and the often mentioned Sir Christopher Wren designed the Hospital. It consists of four large and magnificent buildings of stone, surmounted with domes, built upon two sides—or rather four corners of a square—thus leaving a broad court between the buildings. Two of the buildings have river fronts; the remaining two front on the court and towards Flamstead House, the Royal Observatory on Greenwich Hill. It is from Flamstead House that the geographical degrees are reckoned. The Hospital buildings are respectively called King Charles’s; Queen Anne’s. King William’s and Queen Mary’s Wards. The attractive spots of the wards, are the Chapel and the Painted Hall. The Chapel is in Queen Mary’s Ward. The entrance hall is large and beautiful. In it there are several niches containing statues of Faith, Hope, Charity and Meekness. The wood and plaster work of the Chapel are carved and ornamented. It will seat



fifteen hundred persons. Over the altar is one of West's finest paintings. It is a representation of St. Paul's escape from shipwreck on the Island of Malta. There are several other paintings by West, in different parts of the Chapel. The Painted Hall opposite the Chapel, in King Charles's Ward is so called from its beautifully painted ceiling, and the great number of paintings hung around the walls. The paintings generally represent sea fights, battles on lands, besieged cities, and portraits of British Admirals and their subordinate officers. There is not a painting in the Painted Hall, or in any other that I have seen, representing, or directly connected with any battle that took place in 1776, between England and her "thirteen colonies in North America." Moreover I have not met with a dozen persons in England who seemed to know much about the American Revolution! This seems singularly, but very conveniently, to have been entirely forgotten. In the Painted Hall there are a great many curiosities and relics, and also Nelson's funeral car.

The Hospital establishment consists of a governor, lieutenant-governor, eight lieutenants,

a large number of petty officers, two thousand seven hundred and thirty pensioners in the four buildings, thirty-two thousand one hundred out-pensioners, and seventy nurses. The in-pensioners receive their food and clothing and regular allowance of spending money suitable to their rank. The out-pensioners receive annually from twenty-three dollars, to one hundred and thirty-five dollars each. I made a number of acquaintances among these crippled and superannuated men of war, and spent several summer evenings very pleasantly seated among them, on the terraces overlooking the river, and listening to their tales of the olden time. In imagination they go through all the scenes of strife in which they have been engaged. They re-climb the walls of besieged cities, and gazing at their scars name each an honor. And each one in his account would seem to have the impression, that if he had not been just where he was in the battle, and had not done just what he did, the fortunes of war would certainly have been against them.

Almost opposite Greenwich Hospital is a floating Hospital for sick and disabled seamen of

all nations. This originated in 1817, on board the hull of an old war ship which in 1831, was exchanged for a much larger one. This was an old one hundred and four gun ship—by name the Dreadnought—a name from its Hospital associations familiar to every seamen of the world whether or not he ever enjoyed its hospitalities. This continued the hospital until 1857, when it was considered unsafe and condemned,—one of similar size and appearance being substituted for it. This is finely fitted up, the rigging all taken out, and the spaces between decks arranged in different wards. In system it is conducted as other hospitals. It has a Superintendant, Surgeons, Assistant Surgeons, Physicians, Visiting Physicians, Apothecary, Chaplain and others. To gain admission to the Dreadnought (by which name the hospital is yet called) it is only necessary for a seaman of any nation to be presented alongside. His appearance in all cases is recommendation enough. If he wants clothing in addition to treatment this also is given him. Every patient is allowed to remain until perfectly well. When thought to be beyond cure, on convalescent, if the patient desires it, con-



veyance home is procured for him, to any part of the world. The annual expenses of the hospital are about fifteen thousand dollars, which amount is received only by *voluntary contributions* of the public. During the last few years about *two thousand* seamen born in the United States, and belonging to American ships, have been patients in the Dreadnought, of which number nearly all have *recovered* under the careful treatment of the Faculty.

On the other side of the river from Greenwich, is Millwall where the great ship is building. The "Great Eastern," rising as it does like an immense wall of iron, high above the surrounding houses, is a sight as novel as it is interesting. She was designed by I. S. Brunell Esq., for the Great Eastern Navigation Company. To the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, the highest point in London, the distance is *four hundred and five feet*. The length of the Great Eastern is *six hundred and eighty feet*. So that could the Great Eastern be raised upon one end she would tower two hundred and seventy-five feet above St. Paul's, and the upper end would be out of sight. She is eighty-three feet broad and sixty high. She is



entirely of iron. Up to the water mark there are two shells, or rather one hull placed in another, leaving between the two a space of three feet. The plates of iron here are an inch in thickness; above this a trifle thinner. There are two objects in view from this double hull. The first is, in case of a collision at sea. Should the outer hull be broken the interior hull will prevent any serious consequences. The second object, is in provision of a larger amount of ballast while at sea. This ballast can be obtained by filling, or partly filling, the intervening space with water, by means of the pumps. The space will contain about *two thousand five hundred tons* of water, which alone is equal to the full tonnage of a first class clipper ship.

The hull is divided into ten water-tight compartments, so that in case of accident any one or more parts can be guided independently of the remainder. The steam power to be employed is wonderful and almost incredible. She will have not only two tremendous paddle wheels, but also the largest screw propelling apparatus in the world. Her steam power consists of ten boilers having five funnels. Each boiler requires ten

furnaces. Thus there are one hundred furnaces. In addition to the steam power there are seven masts, spreading about *six thousand five hundred square yards* of canvas. Mr. Brunell says she will sail eighteen miles an hour in *any weather*. Of course he knows. There are four paddle engines, with oscillating cylinders, each eighteen feet long and six feet two inches in diameter. These have fourteen feet stroke. Each engine is forty-five feet high and one thousand horse power. The diameter of the wheels is fifty-six feet each. The screw is equally wonderful in size and power. It is twenty-four feet in diameter and its connecting shaft one hundred and sixty feet long. The propellor engine is of sixteen hundred horse power. In addition to this steam, there are two small engines by which the pumps are worked, the sails hoisted, cargo taken in and discharged and several other things, done usually by hand. A vast amount of time and expense will thus be saved.

The "big ship" will carry four thousand passengers, independently of a crew and list of officers numbering altogether four hundred. In addition to the passengers she will carry twenty thousand tons of freight. The anchors and other

fixtures are proportionally large. One of her *small* deck boats is a steam boat as large as any sailing on the Thames. The ship is to be lighted entirely with gas, the manufacture of which is to be carried on very extensively on board. The saloons will be indiscribably grand. The wood carvings rich, and the furniture of palatial magnificence.

The progress of the work has been so interrupted by visitors, that an admission fee of sixty cents was deemed necessary. But so great was the public curiosity that the number instead of diminishing daily increased.

The intention of its great length is that it may ride three waves of the Atlantic, thus preventing the disagreeable pitching of the steamers in general. It may succeed in this, but it is so high and narrow that, as is evident to any observer its rocking will be awful. Of the two evils pitching is decidedly the least. To be "rocked on the bosom of the deep" sounds well enough in poetry, but the writer of that like the author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave" has evidently never been to sea in a storm.

“That man may have sailed in a boat,  
In some puddle or on a sound;  
But if he has ever been to sea and wrote  
Such a song, he deserves to be drowned.”

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## BLACKWALL.

Some distance below Millwall on the same side is Blackwall; of which the most attractive part is the extensive terrace high above the river, and from which there is an extended view up and down. This terrace is crowded with pleasure seekers every pleasant afternoon. The best view of river gaieties is also had here. Rowing matches on an extensive scale take place almost daily. The crowds of the friends of the competitors, all anxious for the success of certain ones, their various exclamations of applause or disapproval, ladies waving their handkerchiefs, flags flying, and the terrible noise from the surrounding ship-yards combine to make an exhilarating scene. During the hours of rowing the entire river, as far as the eye can reach, seems perfectly alive with all kinds of boats, loaded to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen. The ladies of London, enjoy and take almost as active







a part in rowing matches as do the gentlemen. This is the case however, in nearly all the out door exercises. The boats used in these trials of skill, by the competitors, are composed of very light wood, They are often twelve feet long, one and a half broad, only a few inches deep, having but one opening in the centre large enough for a single person. They are perfectly sharp at each end and to the central opening are level with the water.

The ship-yards around Blackwall are very celebrated. Here, some of the largest ships in the British Navy have been built. Some of these yards employ between two and three thousand men.

The East and West India Docks, situated at Blackwall, are under laws and companies similar to those of St. Katharine's and London. The East India Docks, are appropriated especially to the merchant-ships of the East India Company. The store houses of this dock are in the city, and at all times are filled with the most costly goods. Victoria Docks, a short distance from Blackwall, are the largest and best docks in London. They are comparatively new, and, although commenced



many years ago, they are not yet completed. Business, however, is carried on. They are rather inconvenient to the city, but nevertheless, will prove in time, vastly injurious to all other docks.

Woolwich, a small town, is large in importance. It is a dirty, unpaved, hilly spot, and resembles some of the lowest suburbs of London. It owes its importance to the Government Dock Yards, Barracks, Arsenal, and Shell Factory. It boasts a Theatre, for the display of the legitimate drama; and to crowded houses nightly, shine forth in all their glory, "Jack Sheppard," "Betsy Baker," extracts from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and many other similarly instructive and entertaining tragedies. Admission to private boxes, threepence, other parts of the house accordingly. The principal, in fact, the only law of the house is, "Boys cotched in the act of throwing horange peal at the gentlemen solgers from the barracks, shall be PUT HOUT." There are several public gardens in Woolwich; all of which are greatly resorted to in the Summer, by the inhabitants of the Metropolis. The Royal Military Academy, forms one of the interesting features of Woolwich. There are here, about two hundred cadets.



These pass monthly examinations, and according to the professor's report, are promoted to vacant commissions. This building was established as an Arsenal in 1719, and was chartered as an Academy in 1741, by George II.

The Barracks are a tremendous pile of buildings, containing chapels, libraries, reading-rooms, mess-rooms, parlors, and a tedious assortment of apartments. The building is of stone, with a front of about fifteen hundred feet. There is ample accommodation in the building for about five thousand men.

There are foundries for cannon, shells, and other weapons of destruction, the details of which would prove of great length. In the Arsenal are all kinds of ancient and modern fire-arms, mail armor, and camp equipage.

The Dock Yard is exceedingly interesting, but to this, no foreigner is admitted. On entering the gate, the police enquire and register the visitor's name, residence, and occupation. Although a *foreigner*, I succeeded in gaining admission, without passing through the required forms. Everything required for the use of a large Navy is at all times in readiness here.

Gravesend, several miles below Woolwich, is a very pretty country town, and the general terminus for the down-river steamboats. It is well laid out, picturesquely built, but looks miserable from the river. It should be turned around. I have frequently walked about the town, but never could see anything worth particular time and attention, save only about a half dozen handsome young ladies.

The chief part of the population consists of tide waiters. These are a kind of an embryo or sub custom-house officers, whose duty it is to attend at all times to the Custom House, and when a ship is reported coming up, a certain number are elected by lottery to go on board. These go with the ship into whatever dock she goes, and remain on board until the cargo is discharged, at the ship's expense.

There has been quite a rush of the Londoners to Gravesend for some time, owing to the fact that two of the United States' Frigates of War are anchored just off the piers. Speculation concerning the why and wherefore of their being here, runs pretty high among a certain class.

They are the Niagara and Susquehanna, which in conjunction with several British steamers, are going to lay (perhaps!) the Atlantic cable, between the United States and Great Britain.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER, OR, THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. — HISTORY. — DESCRIPTION. — THE PRINCES' CHAMBER. — THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—THE THRONE. — PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTES. — ST. STEPHENS' AND WESTMINSTER HALLS. — THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. — THE MEMBERS: — ELECTIVE COMPANIES.

NEAR St. James' Park and Westminster Abbey, stands an immense pile of buildings, which, although commenced many years ago, and now occupied, are not, and will not for a long time be completed. The site of the new Houses of Parliament, historians inform us, has been occupied by some royal residence, since the days of Edward the Confessor. To the first buildings some additions were made by William the Conqueror, and his successor, but were nearly all



destroyed by fire in 1299. Some years before the fire, on New Year's day—it is said that Henry III., feasted six thousand poor persons, and had placed upon the tables, over thirty thousand dishes of meat. The building remaining after the fire of 1299, was again attacked by the devouring element in 1512. This fire left only St. Stephens' Chapel, and a large hall entire. A third fire occurred in 1834. The ruins of the three fires were not repaired, and soon, it was resolved to build a new palace. The fruits of that resolution are the present buildings. The style of architecture adopted, is a degenerated Gothic—"Viewed as a composition, or creation of form, the New Parliament Houses, grandiose in dimensions and gorgeous in decorations, shows not one ray of inventions, not one touch of original conception, not one suggestion of sentiment, or one breathing of life. It resembles a cast-iron stove on a great scale, or a cast-iron railing, in which a common-place form is repeated insipidly without modification." The material employed is, for the greater part, hard magnesian limestone. The buildings are fire-proof, and cover an area of about eight acres. There are four fronts, of which the most

unbroken is the Eastern or River Front, built immediately on the edge of the Thames. This front is about nine hundred and fifty feet long, with large wings on each end, thus leaving in the intervening space, a fine broad and paved terrace, seven hundred feet long, and overlooking the river. All the external spaces between the windows are enriched with sculptures, all having some immediate connection with the country's history up to the present Sovereign. The North and South fronts have the same style of decorations as the river front. The South front terminates to the West, in the Victoria Tower. The West front is broken more than the others, and from its many entrances, arches, turrets, and the clear view of its steep slate roofs, looks exceedingly picturesque. The Victoria Tower, just mentioned, is the largest square tower in the world, being seventy-five feet square at the base, and three hundred and forty-five feet high. Another tower called the Clock Tower, is in course of erection. There is still another tower, called from its position, the Central Tower, differing in form from both of the others. In addition to these three principal towers, there are many small

ones rising up from different points along the walls. On the first floor, besides many small rooms, there are eleven large courts, several of which are incomplete. The Speaker's Court, (being the entrance to the Speaker's official residence.) The Commons Court. The Commons Inner Court. The Peers' Inner Court. Peers' Court, and the Royal Court, through which I passed into the Victoria Tower. Then, I turned to the left, ascended the Royal staircase, and at the top, entered the Norman Porch. In the Porch are a number of pedestals on which is intended to be placed statues of the Norman Kings. On my right, I passed the Royal Robing Room, but of this, I could catch only a passing glimpse, on account of its imperfect condition. The present appearance is quite dazzling, how much more so it will be when finished, I could hardly imagine, as about eight years of hard labor are yet to be bestowed upon it. Hence, passing through a large stone archway, I entered the Royal Gallery. This is a magnificent room, one hundred and ten feet long, forty-five broad, and forty-five high. It is also incomplete. Hence, to the Princes' Chamber. This is merely a vestibule to the

House of Lords. Here, the Queen is received by a deputation appointed, when she enters to attend Parliament. The apartment, similar to all others is highly decorated. All the windows, arches, and doorways are surrounded with stone wreathings of the rose and fleur-de-lis. On the north wall, are curtains of damask, with deep gold fringes, concealing a niche in which is to be placed a statue of Queen Victoria. The windows are of stained glass, each pane containing boquets of the Shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, (the flowers emblematic of Ireland, England, and Scotland,) surmounted by crowns. Between and under the windows, are sunken panels for wood bassi relievi. The ceiling of the Princes' Chamber, is an elaborate piece of workmanship. It is divided into numerous compartments, each of which is richly decorated. The groundwork of the ceiling is dark-blue. The various compartments contain shields, upon which are engraved the arms of England, Ireland, and Scotland. The borders are of fleur-de-lis, and crowns. The fire-places in the chamber attract probably as much attention as any other object. In London, stoves and cellar-heaters are very seldom met



with. The old-fashioned grates are in general use, even in the kitchens. In the fire-places of the Princes' Chamber, the recess for fire, consists of a low arched space, deeply set in the walls, the sides and back covered with red and blue encaustic tiles, having on them the lions of England. The spandrels of the arch are decorated with Tudor roses, gilded, from which flow large entwined branches of shamrock and thistle. Over the arch, in a panel, are three quatrefoils containing shields bearing the arms of England, Ireland and Scotland with their respective mottoes, "Dieu et mon Droit," "Quis Separabit," and "Nemo me Impune Lacessit." Hence, I passed to the chief room of the buildings,—the "House of Lords." The apartment is ninety feet long, forty-five wide, and forty-five high. By some, this is said to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, others, equally able to judge, say not. It is lighted by twelve tremendous windows of stained glass, each window divided into a number of compartments. Six windows contain, stained in the glass, the portraits of the Sovereigns of England; three, those of Scotland, before the two crowns were united;

and the remaining three, those of Great Britain. In all, there are ninety-six life-size portraits. At each end of the house are fresco paintings, similar in size and appearance to the windows. The group over the throne, consists of Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince. The Baptism of St. Ethelbert. And Prince Henry acknowledging the authority of Judge Gascoigne. The group back of the strangers' gallery, consists of the Spirit of Justice; the Spirit of Religion; and the Spirit of Chivalry. The window-sills are about ten feet above the floor. There are panels and niches under and between the windows for statues and bassi relievi. The ceiling of the house is divided into eighteen large squares, and these in turn divided into four. It is painted deep-blue, finely gilded and ornamented. Each point where the beams cross to form the squares, is covered by a lozenge-shaped ornament, containing crowns, falcons, dragons, greyhounds, and other emblems of royalty. The borders of the squares, contain roses, fleur-de-lis, crosses and lions. I, as I suppose all republicans would be, was greatly disappointed in the throne. Compared with my imaginings, and the descrip-

tions I have read of the English throne, it is no throne at all. Instead of being a tremendous chair of gold, set with precious stones, with purple and gold cushions, stuffed with diamond dust, it is only a small chair of gilded brass, neatly carved, cushions of plain velvet and stuffed with rags, saw-dust, wool, or something similar. It is so small that a woman the breadth of Victoria, will be obliged to dispense with modern fashions, when she occupies it. The chair rests upon four couchant lions. The back is gabled, containing a quatrefoil ornament, having in its centre V. R. entwined with a cord. The cushions of the back are embroidered with silk. Around these is a narrow border composed of rock crystal and enameled lions alternately. The chair resembles in form the ornamental walnut chairs, now so fashionable in American parlors. On each side of the throne are chairs similarly formed, for the Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales.

In the House of Lords, like some other legislative halls I have seen and heard of, many singular scenes have taken place; and it is not a little strange that historians record very minutely such scenes when very many important things are



unnoted. The Parliamentary History is replete with such scenes. For instance "when Lord George Gordon presented the monster petition from the Protestant association to the House of Commons, an infuriated protestant mob had taken possession of the Palace Yard and the surrounding streets; Lord Mansfield's carriage was attacked, and his windows were broken; Lords Hillborough, Townshend, and Stourmount were in danger of their lives; the Duke of Northumberland was forced out of his carriage, robbed, and his clothes torn to pieces. The Lords who had met to consider, curiously enough, the Duke of Richmond's scheme for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, were in a terrible state of perturbation. At first they resolved to play the part of Roman Senators, and to be massacred at their posts. But fear triumphed; Lord Montfort, looking ghastly, and covered all over with mud and hair-powder, burst into the assembly, and began to vociferate: the Duke of Richmond appealed to the woolsack for protection; Lord Mansfield tried to restore order, but Lord Montfort insisted on being heard in "an affair of life and death; for Lord Boston, coming to his duty



as a peer of parliament had been dragged out of his carriage by the mob, who would certainly murder him if he were not immediately rescued from their violence." "At this instant" says the Parliamentary History "it is hardly possible to conceive a more grotesque appearance than the house exhibited. Some of their lordships with their hair about their shoulders; others smothered with dirt; most of them as pale as the ghost in Hamlet; and all of them standing up in their several places, and speaking at the same instant. One lord proposed to send for the guards, another for the justices or civil magistrates, another for the coroner, and many crying out "adjourn, adjourn," while the skies resounded with the huzzas, shoutings, hootings, and hissings in Palace Yard. This scene of unprecedented alarm continued for about half an hour."

Decidedly the most interesting, and to Americans, the most touching scene recorded is the well known last day of Chatham. The occasion was the recognition of American Independence. Chatham had been very sick and the rapidly increasing infirmities of age had made the strong man weak. Pale and emaciated he

went to the house wrapt up in flannel, and supported by friends. "Within his large wig, little more was to be seen than his aquiline nose and penetrating eye. He looked like a dying man, yet never was seen a picture of more dignity. He rose slowly from his seat, leaning on his crutches and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raising it, cast his eyes towards Heaven, and said, "I thank God, that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty, and speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm; I have more than one foot in the grave; I am risen from my bed, to stand up in the cause of my country; perhaps, never again to speak in this house." The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the house were most affecting. If any one had dropped his handkerchief, it would have been heard. At first, he spoke in a low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; once more the old flame burnt brightly, and the feeble, tottering cripple was again the mighty orator of his manhood's prime. As Chatham was sitting down, his brother-in-law, Lord

Temple, said to him, "You forgot to mention what we talked of; shall I get up?" Chatham said, "No, no, I will; I will do it by and by." This, by and by never came. After the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham again attempted to rise, but his shattered frame, was unequal to the feelings of the dying orator. He fell back in a swoon. The whole house was agitated; political friends and political foes, were alike alarmed. The scene was impressive. It needed not art to commemorate the great man, struck down in the scene of his ancient greatness. Art cannot heighten the interest of that reality. From the Chamber of Peers to Hayes, from Hayes to Westminster Abbey, to mingle his ashes with those of others of England's illustrious sons, were steps thence easily taken—steps the immortal Chatham speedily took. A few days, and England mourned,—her greatest statesman dead."

Scenes like this are unprecedented. Scenes arising from abusive words and ridicule are of more frequent occurrence, although the House of Lords is creditably exempt from these. An excitement of this kind, said to be the greatest that ever occurred among the lords, originated from



certain explanations made by some lords concerning the position of ministers relative to the Ireland Coercion Bill. The Duke of Buckingham concluded a government attack by saying:—"The noble and learned lord on the woolsack, (Lord Brougham) and his colleagues think they have buried the noble earl in his political sepulchre, and that he will never more disturb them; but they will find themselves mistaken; the spirit of the noble earl will burst its cerements, and will haunt them in their festivities, and disturb the noble and learned lord on the woolsack, in the midst of his potations pottle deep." Of course a tremendous uproar followed. Several arose to speak, but the floor was yielded to the "noble and learned lord on the woolsack," Lord Brougham, who said, "As to the concluding observations of the noble Duke, all I shall say is, that I do not frequent the same cabaret, or ale-house, as he does, (deafening cries of order,) at all events, (continued Lord Brougham, with increased energy.) I do not recollect having met the noble Marquis (Londonderry,) at the noble duke's ale-house potations;—my lords, I have not a slang dictionary at hand. "Here," says



the History, "A whole host of noble lords rose, amidst deafening uproar, to address the house. Lord Brougham remained sometime on his legs as if desirous of proceeding; but the confusion and noise in all parts of the house, were so great as to render any effort to obtain a hearing altogether hopeless. The shout of 'order,' was absolutely deafening, and Lord Brougham at last resumed his seat without uttering another word."

From the House of Lords, I went to the Peers' Lobby. The Lobby in richness of design and decorations, is next to the house. Over the doorways in the east and west end, are six arches, within which are painted the arms of the six lines of Sovereigns who have reigned in England—Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanover. Under the South arch, are two gates of solid brass, weighing over one and a half tons each, and of splendid design. They resemble somewhat, but are inferior to those previously described, in the Chapel of Henry VII., Westminster Abbey. The floor, as is the case with that of every hall, entry, and lobby in the building, is of the finest colored marbles richly inlaid with brass. In the walls around the lobby, are many gate-

ways leading to the dining, tea and *refreshment* rooms and kitchens ; all of which are conveniently arranged and nobly sustained for the advantage and interior comfort of the members during sessions.

Passing through several fine apartments, including a large Central Hall, and a magnificent but incomplete suite of rooms designed for the Peers' Libraries, I started for the House of Commons, by way of St. Stephen's and Westminster Halls. There has been since the reign of King Stephen, a hall dedicated to St. Stephen, occupying the site of the present hall. After being several times destroyed, Edward II. built a magnificent affair in 1330. This, the fire of 1834 did not entirely destroy, so that the present St. Stephen's, may be said to be only the old one repaired in its antique style. The windows are filled with costly stained glass, representing scenes in the life of St. Stephen. The ceiling is entirely of stone, and on this is sculptured the martyrdoms of St. Stephen,—St. Paul,—St. John and others. Around the sides of the doorways in the east and west ends are full length statues of Richard I., Berengaria, John, Matilda, Henry,

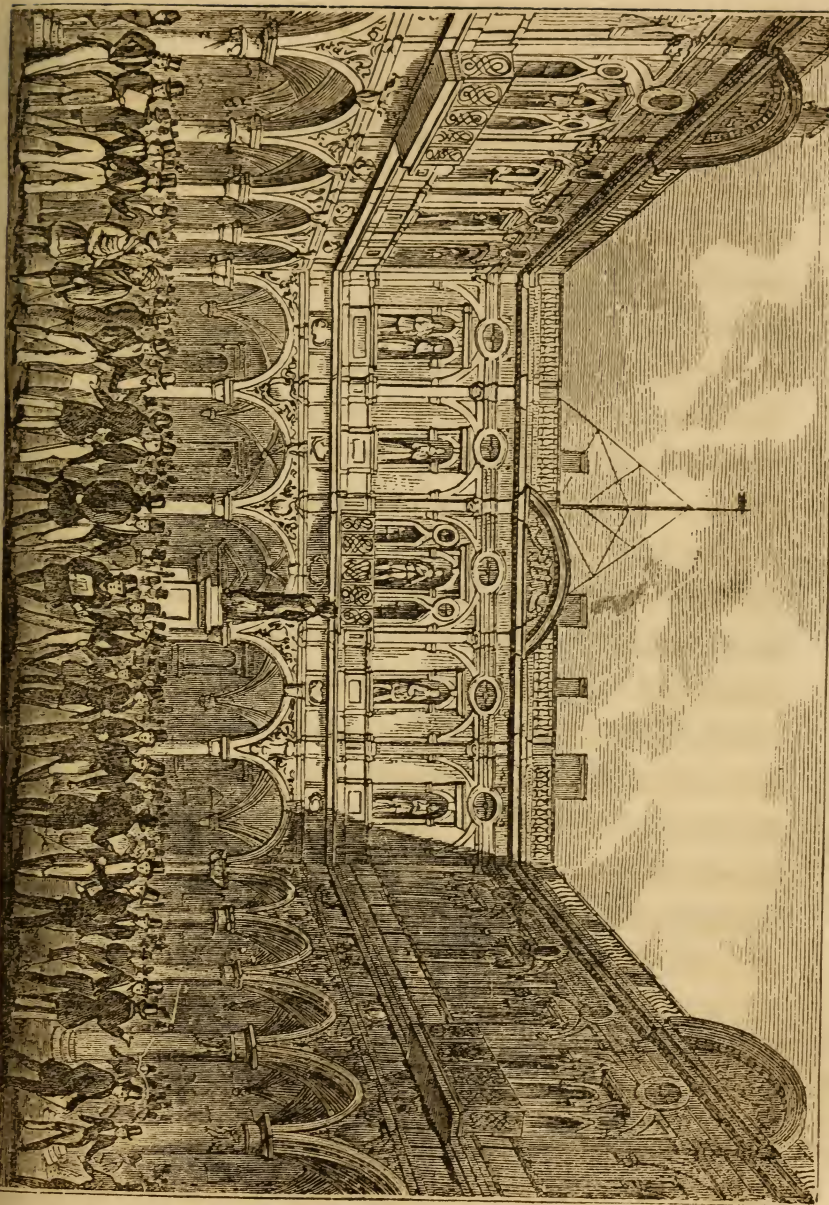
Eleanor, William the Conqueror, two other Matildas, William II., Henry I., and Stephen. Around the walls on large pedestals, are colossal statues of many of England's greatest men. Seldon, Lord Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Grattan.

Westminster Hall was built originally in 1097. Since then, on account of time's desolating hand, it has several times been almost rebuilt. With Westminster, there is connected much that is interesting. Here, for over seven of England's most interesting centuries, assembled Kings, Queens, Earls, Barons, Lords and Ladies, at merry banquets, gorgeous ceremonies, and many exciting State trials. Now, at every step, the hall shows the encroachments made upon the ancient building by modern reformists. If the ghost of some "Old English gentleman," should pay a visit to the hall, where once in the flesh he spent many jovial hours, his ghostship would hardly recognize the spot.

The Lobby of the House of Commons is similar in appearance, but much smaller than that of the House of Lords. The style of architecture in the House of Commons is designated

an original composition. Its originality is rather questionable; a composition it certainly is, and a disproportional one at that. The apartment is seventy-five feet long, forty-five wide, and forty-one high. The members' seats are arranged around the wall, each tier rising about one foot above the next tier below. The arrangement is the same as the House of Lords, with the exceptions of there being in the Commons no cross seats, and a table occupying the place of the woolsack. On the table lies the mace which Oliver Cromwell used, or rather, from its appearance, abused. The Speaker's chair is at the north-end. On the right of this is the ministerial bench, while directly opposite is the bench for the opposition leaders. There are several galleries for ladies, strangers, and peers who desire to attend the debates in the Commons. The decorations are very inferior to those of the upper house. The members also have their libraries, dining, tea and refreshment rooms. There is a large *smoking-room* for all the members. The style of this is very appropriate, decidedly "gay but not gaudy." The floor is of colored encaustic tiles; the walls to the height of six feet, are lined





Royal Exchange.



with china slabs; and the ceiling is of hard cement, supported by stone columns. The furniture and everything in the room is non-smoke-absorbing. Along on one side are broad doorways, leading to a wide-covered terrace overlooking the river. In the summer, the members use the terrace as a smoking retreat.

Scenes in the House of Commons are of very frequent occurrence, and partake of all characters from boxing matches to simple absurdities. Of the former named, quite a large number are recorded, of the latter, the two instances following are excellent specimens. “One morning as usual the house met, but the speaker was not there. The house was much alarmed, and very probably *went to prayers*. A message was then received from the speaker, ‘That he was extremely pained in his stomach, insomuch, that he could not go into the air without great peril, but that he trusted in God to attend them next day.’ All the members being very sorry for Mr. Speaker’s illness, rested well satisfied, and so the house did rise, and every man departed away.”

“A young member by the name of Shephard—we know nothing more of the man—in a



speech for a bill for the better observance of the Sabbath-day, says:—‘Every one knoweth that *Dies Sabbati* is Saturday, so that you would forbid dancing on Saturday; but to forbid dancing on Sunday, is in the face of the King’s Book of Sports, and King David said, “Let us praise God in a dance.” This being a point of Divinity, let us leave it to divines; and since King David and King James did both bid us dance, let us not make a statute against dancing. He that preferred this bill is a disturber of the peace, and a puritan.’ Sir Edward Coke delivers a severe reply. The house becomes indignant, and poor Shephard on his knees hears, “That the house doth remove him from the service of this house, as being unworthy to be a member thereof.”

From the present appearances, externally and internally, of the new Houses of Parliament, it is a matter of but little difficulty to imagine what degree of grandeur will pervade the whole when it is finished. *Ten* or *fifteen* years will pass before that time comes. Many statues and frescoes; many square feet of painting, gilding and carving, and many yards of paving will have to



be added before the architects can say, "it is finished."

The present list of members of the House of Peers, numbers four hundred and fifty-one; of whom there are sixteen called Representative Peers, for Scotland. These are elected every parliament. There are also twenty-eight representative Peers for Ireland, elected for life. The officers of the House of Peers number about seventy.

In the House of Commons, there are nearly seven hundred members, and sixty officers. The Members of the House of Peers hold their seats on account of their titles, and like their titles they are hereditary. The members of the House of Commons, are called the representatives of the people; but are elected in the different districts in which they reside, by a stated number of persons of every trade and profession. These persons form companies—called elective companies. Of these there are ninety-one. About sixty of which possess large public halls, in which their meetings are held. Thus the members of the House of Commons, may be more appropriately termed the representatives of a class.

## CHAPTER XIV.

HOTELS. — COFFEE AND CHOP HOUSES. —  
GIN PALACES. — BOARDING HOUSES. — MISERIES  
OF BOARDING.

THE American definition of hotel is a building covering several acres of ground, in height, any number of stories above six. The interior of which is arranged and conducted with every consideration for the comfort and convenience of guests. Magnificent rooms for reading and writing, containing books and papers from every part of the world. Bar-rooms, with marble floors and counters, stained glass windows and costly furniture. Dining and supper rooms, in which a thousand persons can sit; the tables covered with as many dishes as ever appeared at a coronation dinner. If in the North an awkward, stepping-on-your-toes, officious Irish waiter behind every

chair; if in the South a pleasant looking, fat, merry, bowing and scraping used-to-the-business darkey, occupying the same position. Bed-rooms perfect; sheets immaculate; a place in which to retire perfectly assured that you will not be awakened by an invisible bed-fellow asserting priority of possession, and that in a manner so *sharp* as not to be disregarded. Everything all over the house in perfect order; not a particle of dust, a broom, or a bucket to be seen, so that the only wonder is, when is the work done; who does it! and how!

The English definition is as contrary to this as it is possible to imagine. The building is not higher than three stories, and not over twenty or thirty feet broad by seventy-five deep. Go to the house at or after dark and it is as hard to gain admission as it is to the pyramids of Egypt. Go in the daytime, knock at the door; an impudent English youth in knee breeches, powdered hair and white cravat opens it, and shows you to the proprietor's room, allowing you to carry your baggage until he is certain that you are about to become an inmate of the house for a time; he is then as servilely polite as before he

was impudent. Bar-rooms, reading rooms, dining rooms and supper rooms are all combined in one designated the "parlor." Established in the parlor you find English papers in abundance. If it is meal time order whatever you desire, you can have it, provided it happens to be in the house. They seem always to be "just out" of everything called for, and a breakfast or supper generally includes only "heggs hand bacon," very good bread and butter, and generally miserable coffee. Pay for your meals as you get them—even if you board in the house a month. At bed time, shown to a wretchedly uncomfortable room; board partitions all around, cracks in them wide enough to allow one, without his assistance or desire, to see all the mysteries of his male or female neighbor's dressing apparatus, and to hear all secrets. Get into bed, sheets been used by unknown visitors for at least a week before your arrival, and presently discover the soul-harrowing presence of "legions"—not of angels but—of tormenting imps. Enter the parlor at nine o'clock in the morning it is all shut up, not a paper brought in, nor yet swept, and if it should be in the winter time not a fire made. Of hotels



making some pretensions to elegance there are about fifteen. But of these, the best, in comparison with the American hotels is insignificant. Lower class hotels—taverns—beer shops—and gin palaces are numberless. Their names form a curious item. There are seventy bearing the “grapes”—sixty-five “ships”—eighty “crowns” two hundred and fifty “white horses,” “white swans,” “white lions,” and other white animals—in addition to these “king’s arms,” “queen’s arms,” “feathers,” “fountains” “anchors” and “bells” flourish in great variety. Wealthy gentlemen residing any length of time in London, if unaccompanied by ladies and possessing an influential friend, can find a comfortable alternative by joining a club and making their abode at the club house. These club houses are quite celebrated and some of them comparatively grand.\*

Those not remaining long, or not being fortunate enough to become a member of a club can find without difficulty a very comfortable coffee

\* Clubs originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth. At the old “Mermaid Tavern” Shakspeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, Beaumont and Fletcher with others held a club meeting. There are now 40 clubs with 25,000 members.

and chop house of which in every five minutes walk can be seen a dozen. To strangers and travellers these are certainly the most convenient stopping places in London. The prices are all about the same, although the better the appearance of the house the better is found the quality of the edibles. A good London chop house is a fine school for the study of John Bull nature. Here in one stall sits a wayworn traveller, in the next a poor poet, in another a statesman, in another a soldier, in another a tradesman, all intent on two things, eating a steak or chop and reading the paper. A paper is of as much importance to an English meal as knife and fork.

So much has been written and said concerning English beef and mutton that these have become celebrated in poetry, music, and prose. I believe their only superiority consists in the English manner of cooking. Certain it is that the English meats I have eaten in America were inferior to those of the American markets and this inferiority originated in the different modes of cooking. Nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of Americans cooks will take a roast of beef or joint of mutton—put it in a pan—

cover it up with water, salt, pepper, sage, and numberless other things, place it altogether in a hot oven, allow it to bake all the juice and natural taste away, place it upon the table and call it *roast* beef or *roast* mutton. Now an English cook would take the same piece of meat, hang it on the hook of a jack suspended from the mantle in front of the grate, and there it turns and turns until the whole is cooked and all sides alike. The dripping is caught in a dish placed under the meat. Perfectly respectable looking it makes its appearance on the table. Those at the table eat it in peace and goodwill to all mankind, especially the cook and butler, and beyond this feel profound respect for the remains of the murdered animal. A noble institution is good cooking. If those who have all their lives been eating meat cooked in the American fashion will just introduce grates and become converts to the English mode, England's beef and mutton reputation will soon die away.

The liquor business is carried on in London, certainly to a greater extent than is any other. There is a well known London boast, that "No one drinks water." This is literally true. The

rich, with meat and vegetables, drink the best ale and stout; and wines, brandies and cordials, with dessert. No beggar so poor but that he can afford to spend threepence for his pint of "af-naf," or stout.

At wedding parties, baptisms, social gatherings, *funerals*, everywhere, every body drinks. Men drink, women drink, and children drink. A sideboard, with well-filled decanters and plenty of glasses, is considered of almost as much necessity in housekeeping, as is a table, bed, or chairs. Respectable ladies drink to an incredible extent. I have seen respectable *looking* women, occupying the most expensive seats in the theatre, produce from their pockets between the acts, a small pocket bottle and glass, and pass them around among their companions. It might have been water; but "no one drinks water." The hired mourners at funerals (mentioned in another chapter,) I have seen standing or attempting to stand on the door steps, beastly drunk. A table with decanters and glasses is frequently placed in the entry near the door for their use.

In the gin palaces, bars are put up always for *ladies'* use. The common girls of the city are



by no means admitted to the ladies' bar; they must stand at the common bar among crowds of men. The arrangement of London bars is very different from the American mode. On a stout shelf supported by columns of iron or wood, and going entirely around the room, is placed a number of ornamental casks, containing each from sixty to two hundred gallons. From these to the bar, are pipes placed out of sight, and when a liquor is called for, instead of handing down a decanter and allowing each customer to help himself, the "tapster," ascertains whether "thre-pence, fawpence, or sixpence 'orth," is desired, and proceeds to measure it out of the cask accordingly.

At a large establishment, I once enquired the number of sales averaged at the ladies' bar. I accidentally spoke to the proprietor; he handed me a written account which he had been keeping for his own instruction and amusement. This was an account of sales from two casks. From one of the casks were drawn only the drinks; from the other, all liquor that was to be carried away from the store by *respectable* women. From the retail cask, or the ladies' drink cask, the small

drinks had averaged for twenty-four days, sixty-three gallons—the contents of the cask—every four days. From the other cask, in pints and quarts, had been drawn on an average for the same length of time, thirty gallons a day. This was all gin—that being the general drink of the “ladies.” The casks are filled by means of pumps, as soon as emptied from the cellar—each cask having a gauge, so that the amount of liquor in each is always known. In this state of affairs no one can wonder at the following quotation from a by-no-means old English paper. “At Dervises, in a case of slightly stabbing with a knife, during a drunken affray after a fair, Lord Campbell said, ‘a little recreation was quite proper, and perhaps a slight elevation was not to be found fault with; but persons *should* not have recourse to the knife.’ The prisoner was sentenced to three months imprisonment.” This kind of “recreation,” and “elevation,” is very common in London. Frequently in broad daylight, and sometimes in the most fashionable streets in the city, are the *mirth* loving people, entertained with a general street fight, among as many as a half dozen women. Things in the shape and similitude of men, I have

seen standing by, sometimes holding the bonnets or shawls of the *fair* combatants, and encouraging them with slang terms of endearment learned at Billingsgate. The show generally continued until the police could collect in a sufficiently-formidable-looking-body, to frighten away the aspirants to Jem Ward fame. The police system, and force of London are probably the best in the world, but as such scenes are considered by the learned judges as only "little recreations," and the result of "slight elevations," the police are not particular about interfering, unless in a large body.

Next to gin, the people drink ale and stout. The breweries being exceedingly numerous, give employment to a large number of men, and renders the prices unimaginably low. English ale and stout are very fattening, and considered quite healthy; so much so, indeed, that physicians, especially in America, recommend invalids to drink it. When one knows of what this is made he cannot wonder at its fattening qualities. The water of the Thames river, is said to be the best water in the world. Mariners have said that the water taken from immediately around the wharves



of London, will keep better than any other. This has been known to have settled and become bad in one month, and afterwards to recover its purity, and keep fresh and good for over thirty years. All the filth from the streets and houses of London, is carried by the sewers into the Thames. All the water of the docks, which is always more or less poisonous, from the coppered vessels, and things thrown into it, empties into the Thames. Consequently, the river is the dirtiest and filthiest stream imaginable. The best ale and stout, as far as the water is concerned, are made from the *unstrained* water of the Thames !

Boarding-houses are very numerous. These exist in every style, and are conducted on every system. Very few men, except among the wealthy classes, rent an entire house for their own family. Every room, except those intended for the family is "hired out." "Spare rooms," for visitors, form no part of the consideration of a house-holder. The arrival of visitors, always brings with it, a bustling time of making up beds on the floor, or on the parlor sofas. In these boarding-houses, one can board himself in his



own room, board with the family, or procure his meals at the chop-houses. There is in this variety, the advantage of trying whichever plan one desires. All of them are attended with an indescribable degree of misery. I had the good fortune, through the introduction of a friend, to take up my residence in a very good looking house, in a pleasant street, and among a family of a quiet, strict Church of England folks. The house was very well furnished. The table was as well provided for as could be expected. Everything went along fine for a few weeks. I became intimately acquainted with the family. This was my first attempt at boarding in a foreign land, or I would have known that getting acquainted with the family was the worst thing I could have done. Boarders in a city, should only know one member of the family from another; should desire to know nothing more; pay their bills regularly, and let the family know nothing of them except their names; allowing the family the privilege of thinking whatever it pleases. Anything beyond this is productive of evil. I know this is a very difficult course for boarders to pursue, especially young gentleman boarders. Should there be one

or two good-looking feminine members in the family, such calculations are annihilated. The greatest portion of mankind, or rather of woman-kind, finds out some how or other more of a boarder's business, than the boarder himself knows.

After the first week or two, I was fully considered a member of the family; and as a member of the family *of course*, I could put up with little things a stranger could not. So thought the family, so thought not I. The fare continued good; but at first, as is always the case, irregularities in my room, introduced themselves. Having introduced themselves, they became very familiar. Three mornings in seven, I would finish washing and then discover no towels in the room. Combs, brushes, handkerchiefs, would mysteriously disappear. The very book that I happened to be reading would "follow suit," and when enquired for, found sometimes that "it was so interesting, Mr. and Mrs., or Miss next door had borrowed it." This coolness made the matter considerably worse. Now, these in themselves are comparatively small things; but a mountain is composed of grains of sand. You, that

never boarded, try the experiment for three or six months. I endured this misery for some time, and until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then resolved on changing quarters. A resolution I speedily executed.

Number two was considerably better, but here, a new difficulty arose. My peace of mind was almost destroyed by a lovely woman; or rather by the lovely woman's husband. She was one of the finest looking, best educated, and gentlest of women I ever met. But her husband was a sour, churlish old man. He would commence grumbling before breakfast, and keep it up until bed time, everywhere, about everything, and before everybody. His wife received about nine-tenths of the stock. I am certain she looked two shades paler every day. As "self-preservation is the first law of nature," she should have cut his throat.

There was another pair in the house just the reverse. The male portion was a weak, pusilanimous man; and the female portion, a strong bodied, strong minded woman. The woman was evidently the "better man." At least, everybody said so, and with considerable truth.



There was still a third pair. This consisted of two single individuals. The first was, what is called a pretty young man; pretty face, pretty features, and about twenty-one years old. The second was a love-sick, romantic, and rather good looking girl of about eighteen. This pair belonged to an extensive class denominated lovers. Now, love is a very good thing at a proper time, and in a proper place. This pair smothered each other with sweetness before breakfast, and, like the grumbler, kept it up until bed time; and often, how much longer, Omniscience only knows. As the inmates here, all seemed paired, or going to be, I concluded that two, four, six, or eight might be company, but in spite of "Rory O'Moore," there was no "Luck in odd numbers."

Number three was in a manner perfect. But who that could "go to house-keeping," would put up with the miseries of that purgatorial state of existence called "boarding!" What a degree of bliss unimaginable must exist in the mind of a man who, possessing a latch-key, can say that that unlocks the door of his undivided tenement. Where is no bustling landlady and noisy boarders to disturb the peaceful flow of life; but where everything looks, feels, and is comfortable.



## CHAPTER XV.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM. — HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION.—ROOM OF THE GODS.—THE LIBRARY.—MADAM TUSSAND'S EXHIBITION.—THE MADAM AND GENERAL WASHINGTON. — THE ROYAL FAMILY. — THE HALL OF KINGS. — THE SHRINE OF NAPOLEON, OR THE GOLDEN CHAMBER.—CLOTHING AND EQUIPAGE OF NAPOLEON. — CHAMBER OF HORRORS. — GUILLOTINE. — INTERESTING PREDICAMENT.—THE BASTILE.

THE British Museum, the greatest exhibition of nature and ancient art in the world, originated in 1753, with the will of Sir Hans Sloane, who left to the city of London a large collection of books, manuscripts, articles of natural history, and of ancient art. These remained, and were exhibited in a house in Great Russell Street, near the present Museum until 1828, when the present buildings were completed. The style of

architecture used, is called Grecian Ionic, but this is so mixed with the modern English style, that the true style may appropriately be termed an original composition.

The building is of stone, perfectly fire-proof, and having walls four feet thick. It consists of a broad, deep main building with large wings on each side: faced with stone Ionic columns finely fluted: having a magnificent portico; and is supposed, like all literary institutions, to bear a striking resemblance to the Parthenon. It stands in the centre of a large square, having a splendid green in front, divided in two parts by a broad stone walk, and is surrounded by a low stone wall on which is a costly iron railing about ten feet high. The front is about four hundred feet long. The Ionic columns are forty-five feet high each, and five feet in diameter at the base. The height of the building from the ground is seventy feet. The chief entrance is reached by a flight of stairs of stone, one hundred and twenty-five feet broad. The portion of the portico between the capital of the columns and the roof is enriched with sculpture in marble representing the "Progress of Civilization." This is rather allegorical, and has

been explained by Sir Richard Westmacott as follows. "Commencing at the western angle of the pediment, Man is represented emerging from a rude savage state through the influence of Religion. He is next personified as a hunter and a tiller of the earth, and laboring for his subsistence. Patriarchal simplicity then becomes invaded, and the worship of the true God defiled. Paganism prevails and becomes diffused by means of the arts. The worship of the heavenly bodies and their supposed influence led the Egyptians, Chaldeans and other nations to study astronomy, typified by the centre statues, the keystone of the composition. Civilization is now presumed to have made considerable progress. Descending towards the eastern angle of the pediment is mathematics, in allusion to science being pursued on known sound principles. The Drama, Poetry, and Music balance the group of the Fine Arts on the western side, the whole composition terminating with natural history, in which such objects or specimens only are represented as could be made most effective in sculpture."

Under the sculpture is the principal entrance

to the museum. This consists of a large door of finely carved oak, hung in a frame of stone about twenty-five feet high and ten wide. The entrance hall is a magnificent apartment sixty-two feet long, fifty broad, and thirty high. The order is Grecian Doric. The ceiling is enriched with Greek frets and ornaments in many colors, all painted in encaustic. All the statues and frescoes are beautifully designed and executed. On the east of the Hall, are the MMS. departments. On the west are the grand stairs, and a gallery which forms the entrance to the “curiosity shops.” The suite of rooms appropriated to specimens of natural history, commences at the top of the staircase. This collection is contained in three galleries. In cases around the walls of the galleries are the specimens of beasts, birds, fish, and reptiles; while the shells, corals, eggs and insects are classified in table cases along the middle of the galleries. Among the specimens are several of each sex of every kind of animal, bird, fish, and insect ever heard of, seen or imagined from mice to the leviathan, from humming birds to ostriches, from sprats to whales, and from wortleberry jiggers, and invisible fleas to South



American centipedes. Making altogether a collection of several millions. Along the walls of the eastern gallery are arranged one hundred and twenty portraits. Many of them are old and grotesque, but nevertheless very interesting. They are mostly the portraits of England's Kings, Queens, Lords and Ladies, from the earliest times to the present, including some which must have been painted centuries after the original's death. More fanciful and ridiculous pictures could not have been imagined. Some of them bear date 1300. Leaving these galleries I entered what is termed the Northern Zoological Gallery. The wall cases here contain the nests of all kinds of birds and insects, exhibiting the different stages of construction. The table cases contain plaster casts of the interior of shells; also specimens of diseased and deformed shell fish. In the second room the wall cases contain reptiles and the table cases sea eggs, sea stars, and encrinites. The second room owing to the great variety of the species it contains is the largest of the department of natural history. Throughout the entire collection every species has its separate room. The third room is entirely devoted to

the British collection, consisting of flies, mice, rats, cats, dogs, squirrels, horses, cows, sheep, hogs, and everything else animated, found in Great Britain, including a few snakes from Ireland, brought hither before the entire race was perpetually banished by the good St. Patrick. The fourth and fifth rooms contain whales, sharks, other large "sea birds" and sponges. The collection rooms throughout the entire suite are not remarkable for beauty of design or workmanship; presenting but little beyond plain pine floors, white walls, and ceilings without ornaments.

In the north wing of the building, there are six large rooms devoted to minerals. There are in this collection many meteorites, which fell from nobody knows exactly where, some weighing three hundred, and some four hundred pounds. The United States is well represented in the mineral department, there being specimens from nearly every State in the Union. The ground floor of the building is devoted to the department of antiquities. The different rooms of this department are built in the order of architecture prevailing in the country whence their contents were brought. They consist of Greek, Roman

Egyptian, Chinese, and other styles, all of which have been minutely mentioned in the "Courts of the Crystal Palace." The contents consist of specimens of ancient temples, temple furniture and statuary. One of these rooms, next to the Libraries, claims the greatest share of public attention. This is the room devoted entirely to the gods and goddesses of mythological creation. The affected modesty of the American public would rule this room into a state of annihilation. European modesty, on the contrary being real, the European ladies can look at a statue or painting of a man or woman, although perfectly nude, and entertain no feeling of disgust for the innocent object. They will also converse with gentlemen concerning the object, its representation, its author, and its merits, in a free, rational, and perfectly modest manner. And this unaffected modesty they carry with them into every position in life. If a lady is engaged in needlework, for instance, and is asked even by a gentleman whom she had never before met, on what she is intent, if she is making or embroidering a petticoat or chemise, she says so. There is no blushing, and stammering, and calling "things"



by singular names, in the case. I am alluding to ladies in every sense of the word. Of course, there are extremes. The ladies of the Courts of many of England's Kings and Queens drank, smoked, gambled, and swore, equal to any male courtier. This is one extreme. The ladies of America, blush at the mere mention of any article of female apparel; would not be seen at an exhibition of the finest works of art in the world, because the objects are not draped: and prefer wearing into rottenness and rags a costly silk dress and fine petticoats, rather than expose a few inches of ankle while wading through city mud and dust several inches deep. This is the other extreme. A genuine English lady of the present day, is a fine example of a proper medium. Probably one great reason of this difference is, that the American ladies are considered to possess better education and more *manufactured* accomplishments than do the English ladies, and as their education and accomplishments increase, so do *their ideas* of refinement. If this is so, for the sake of all that is pleasant in society, let us have a little less education, fewer accomplishments and a great deal more reality.



In this apartment, from which I have strayed, the collection embraces all the gods and goddesses of which there is any record, and in every character ascribed to them. Passing by many saloons containing bassi relievi, models, portions of the mausoleum, and the remains of ancient temples, excavated and sent hither by A. H. Layard Esq., from Kouyunjik, Ninevah, and Nimroud, all of which are mentioned in a preceding chapter, I arrived at the Library. The entrance to the Library is through a large doorway, having a pair of massive oak doors. These, not being opened to the public, are the very doors, the public think that ought to be opened. In the first place, it is difficult to procure a ticket of admission. This is the labor of weeks and sometimes of months. Having eventually procured a ticket, the second difficulty to be encountered is, to get the doors opened. After tearing the skin off of one's knuckles, and kicking the toes or heels off one's boots, the sooner the attempt is made to kick a panel through the better. The last species of knocking will result finally in admission. Having personally experienced all the pleasure there is in such a course, I can safely say that the

view presented when one enters, is not by any means sufficiently fine to repay the preceding trouble. It is true, there are a great many interesting things to be seen and heard here. Here are buried the manuscripts of all ages; here are copies of every book, pamphlet, paper and tract published in Great Britain; and here are the "Headquarters of the British Standing Army of civilization," as some writer terms books. Books from all other countries are also here in abundance. All British authors are members of the Library Company. Consequently, writers, however poor, at all times have an excellent library at their disposal. At these writers, I spent some time in looking. One hurriedly thumps, pushes, and kicks simultaneously at the door, and as the applicant evidently understands the *modus*, the door is opened immediately. In he rushes—convulsively seizes a large volume from an ancient looking pile—finds the place he wanted—runs to a table—makes an extract—violently closes the book, leaving it for the porter to put away—and off he goes. Number two comes humbly—is allowed to knock delicately for half an hour—is then admitted because somebody

happens to be going out—very politely asks a porter where such a book, manuscript, or paper can be found—porter impudently says he doesn't know nor care—writer looks for several hours around the room, and finally departs disappointed. Number three, neither knocks violently or delicately, but in stentorian voice calls out to interior to open the door. Interior says, it is after the hours, no one can come in. Number three swears he will come in. The door opens suddenly, and he does come in. He is a regular roaring, fat, and fashionable John Bull. Administers a kick to unfortunate interior, for not opening the door, and proceeds to tumble down shelf after shelf of books in search of one that he imagines *ought* to have been written, although no one has ever been able to write on that particular subject.

The variety and extent of the rooms in the British Museum are really surprising. Rooms for brass ware; rooms for the coins of all ages and countries; rooms for the temple and household furniture of ancient times; galleries for paintings, statuary and marble remains; besides many other rooms, galleries and saloons, entirely

fill up a building four hundred feet long, three hundred deep, and seventy high.

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### MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

After spending a day at the British Museum, I do not know of a better evening entertainment in the metropolis, than Madam Tussaud's. This is an exhibition of wax statues, in addition to relics of history, including many articles that belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte. The exhibition originated in Paris, in 1772, and was removed to London in 1802. The beauty and fine work of the building and its decorations in which the exhibition rooms are situated, contrasts strongly with the majority of the public buildings in London. Madam Tussaud, the originator, died only a few years ago, and the establishment is now managed by several of her sons. My attention was first directed to a small room, serving as a vestibule to the principal hall. The ceiling was of plaster, richly ornamented, the walls covered with large mirrors and velvet drapery, and the



floor of tessellated marble. To the left of this, was an entrance to a beautiful room, appropriated to the Duke of Wellington.

The representation is that of the Duke lying in repose, under a splendid canopy of purple velvet and gold cloth, on a tented couch, and covered with the mantle of the Order of the Garter. Around this, are many of the emblems of the Duke, and rewards which he gained by his bravery. There are several fine paintings in the room, the best of which is "Wellington visiting the relics of Napoleon." Entering the principal hall, the first statue that I saw was that of General George Washington. He was dressed in black velvet knee breeches, very long waistcoat, and single breasted dress coat, with straight collar, silk stockings, buckled shoes, and carried a "Gentleman's sword."

Madam Tussaud, who was a French woman, and a great republican, often boasted that she was fortunate enough to have seen and conversed with General Washington. She had his statue placed in the most conspicuous position in the room, and there it still stands.

Along the walls are beautifully arranged

statues of the good, great, bad and indifferent of all countries, including in the motley group, Kings, Queens, Statesmen, Poets, and Heroes, Paul Pry, Jenny Lind, Tom Thumb, but no Barnum.

In this style of exhibition, there is certainly something superior to mere painting, or mere sculpture in marble. The effect produced is of course more natural. The objects represented appear as they do in life; the same size, the same appearance, and the same manner of dressing. The collection of statesmen, wants a Henry Clay, and a Daniel Webster, to render it complete. The centre of the room is occupied by the Royal Family, life size, and quite natural, including among the rest, the latest edition from the royal press. This group presents rather a singular view. The older members of the family were finished sometime ago. Since they were finished the princes and princesses have been added, as they arrived on the stage of existence. The result is, that the Queen looks as she did years ago, at the time she was married, although now surrounded by a host of juvenile prattlers. The statue of the Queen when made, was said to be a

perfect representation. The Queen Victoria of 1857, can be as well represented by a "snow man," as by the statue here exhibited. This is so beautiful, it is very likely that no later statue of Her Majesty will be added. By her side stands Prince Albert, while the family is arranged in the most naturally-domestic order imaginable. The group is surrounded by a body of the officers of the British Army, of different dates. The collection in this room numbers one hundred and sixteen life-size figures.

The hall of Kings, so called from the portraits of the European monarchs which it contains, exhibits in its architecture, a fine specimen of modern English art. The Hall contains about fifty life-size portraits in magnificent frames. In my route, the "Shrine of Napoleon," or the "Golden Chamber," came next. This I looked upon as possessing peculiar interest, for here, imitations were thrown aside, and everything to be seen was real; the original material, the original work; everything pertaining to the articles original, and in exactly the same state as when used by Napoleon. These articles were procured by the Tussaud family,



assisted by the British Government, from the relatives of Napoleon, to whom they belonged. Here is the very camp bedstead on which Napoleon was accustomed to repose during seven years of his exile at St. Helena, with the mattress and pillow on which he died. On this, a model of Napoleon in repose has been placed, covered with the cloak he wore at Marengo. In a case, on the right of this, is the Coronation Robe of Napoleon, and also that of Josephine. There is also a large collection of mantel ornaments; small clocks, looking glasses, the flags of Elba, statuary and portraits, all of which belonged to Napoleon. One of the most interesting relics was the table of the Marshalls. This is composed of a single slab of porcelain, slightly over ten feet in circumference, resting upon a branching pedestal. The second apartment of the Golden Chamber, contains the military carriage in which Napoleon made the campaign of Russia. This was captured on the evening of the battle of Waterloo, and sent to the Prince Regent, from whom it was purchased by the authority of the British Government. The carriage is a cumbrous affair, and contains many apartments for dressing cases,



clothing and arms. Altogether, it is a very comfortable moveable dwelling for the cold winters of Russia. There was another carriage of Napoleon's, which was used by him while on St. Helena. This room contains in small cases, arms, clothing, dressing cases, camp equipage, all of which he used during his life.

Who could repress a sigh at Napoleon's fate, when he looks upon the clothes he wore; the arms with which he often had fought for France; the articles which he used in every-day life; the carriages in which he rode; and the very bed and pillow on which was drawn the last breath of the mighty tragedian! Standing beside the coronation robe of Josephine, we meditate on Napoleon's hours of glory, of happiness, and of love, but beside the arms and campaign carriages, there arises thoughts of his years of sorrow and untold solitude. We think of the mighty thrones and brilliant crowns that like toys were only trampled in the dust. We find monuments of his labors erected in the smallest countries in Europe. And see him eventually doomed to spend his last days in solitude on the ocean-bounded St. Helena. "The splendid works

of Napoleon's genius will live when even his fame like a phantom, shall be seen through the telescope of time."

With very different feelings, I passed hence to the Chamber of Horrors. This is, very appropriately a cool, damp room; the walls covered with darkly painted rough boards, the ceiling of tiles painted red, and the floor of heavy planks. The room was dimly lighted with gas, the burners in imitation of wax candles, and placed in irregular niches. Around are wax statues of all the notorious murderers, robbers, conspirators and highwaymen ever heard of; real human skulls, original infernal machines, and all kinds of clubs, swords, knives, guns and pistols used by different murderers, together with the models of the rooms and houses where the murders were committed. The most murderous-respectable-looking weapon, is the triangular knife and lunette of the Guillotine. The very article that decapitated Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, Louis XVI., and many others, good and bad, of French revolutionary times. There is here a model of the Guillotine, the same size as the original, and in working order. This consists of

a heavy plank about seven feet long, placed in a horizontal position, raised about two and a half feet above the floor, and of sufficient breadth to allow a man to lie in as comfortable a position as one could lie when conscious that the next second the descending knife would cut off his head. There are on the plank a number of straps by which the victim was bound to it. At one extremity of the plank are two uprights fifteen feet high, leaving between the two a space of one foot. Each upright has a smooth metallic groove facing the other, and running the full length. Up and down these grooves the knife slides, similar to the saw of a saw-mill. Almost under the knife, and on a level with the horizontal plank are two boards having a semicircle cut in each; one of these is stationary, the other moveable, so that when closed the two semicircles meet; and in the circle thus formed rests the neck of the prisoner to be decapitated. The knife in shape is a right-angled triangle. The apex and base being the parts that set in the grooves; the side being the back of the knife and the hypotenuse forming the edge. To render the descent of the knife more rapid and forcible, it is backed heavily with



iron. When a prisoner was to be decapitated, the knife was drawn to the top of the uprights, he was adjusted properly on the plank, a spring was touched, the knife with lightning speed descended, the inclining edge of the knife sliced off the head which fell into a basket, and the body rolled off into a long trough prepared for it. Two seconds is time sufficient for the entire operation.

A gentleman was recently placed in a very awkward situation by the model guillotine. Entering the Chamber of Horrors, he thought he would experience somewhat the feelings of a condemned prisoner, and consequently placed himself in proper order on the plank, his head through the neck-board, and while looking up at the knife he discovered it slowly sliding down. The rope being tangled caused the knife to move very slowly, but he perceived that the weight of the knife was slowly dragging the rope out of the loose knot in which it had been tied. The rope was used to draw the knife to the top, and consequently moved with the knife. In adjusting himself properly on the plank, he had accidentally caught hold of the rope which moved also the spring. Of course, as soon as he discovered the



descending knife he endeavored to rise, but the rope had caught in the neck-board so that it could not be moved. Utter a very articulate sound he could not, owing to the pressure of the board. From this unpleasant dilemma he was miraculously rescued by a person connected with the establishment, who fortunately happened to enter at that moment. He was not clear of the plank when the weight of the knife broke the cord, and down it came with a harmless crash. The gentleman stated that he had given himself up for lost, had said all the prayers he could recollect, and consoled himself with the idea of "Following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors," Marie Antoinette and Robespierre.

Behind the guillotine, is a large model of the condemned cell of the Bastile. This occupies the same position and proximity to the guillotine as did the original. Through the grated door can be seen a wax representation of one of the condemned. This, by clock work is made moveable. He is pouring over a book of masses, counting his beads, and occasionally stealing a glance at an hour glass of which the sand has almost run out. On the table on which he leans is a dish of

food by him untouched, but upon which two mice are voraciously feeding, unheeded by the prisoner, who is intent only on the book and beads. The attitude, countenance, and dress of the poor fellow show perfectly what humanity is in misery. There are several other models in the room of the Bastille externally and internally.

At Madam Tussaud's, the ear as well as the eye is gratified. One of the best bands in London performs every evening, so that viewed as an exhibition of amusement and instruction for every person of every class, age, or sex, there is no better evening entertainment afforded by any exhibition in the metropolis.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A HETEROGENEOUS MASS.

RAILROAD TRAVELLING.—CITY FUNERALS.  
— THE BANK OF ENGLAND. — THE ROYAL EX-  
CHANGE. — PETTICOAT LANE. — TRAFALGAR  
SQUARE. — THE TEMPLE.

### RAILROAD TRAVELLING.

IF speed is the motto of all American railroads, safety is that of all English railroads. Seldom does an accident of any kind occur on them, and still more seldom, are more than one or two persons killed. Should three persons lose their lives, the whole country would be thrown into a state of perfect excitement. Englishmen also, always show a great deal of feeling for Americans, when they hear of an accident on any American road. Many "terrible railroad acci-

dents in America," are manufactured in the London papers, and thence spread over Great Britain. The difference between the two countries in respect to railroads is as great as it is in every other, but this time decidedly in England's favor.

Throughout the country, no public or private road can cross a track. The carriage or foot-path must be either built above the track or tunnelled under. A track passing through a small town or village is walled up on each side, having gates placed at convenient distances, and a resident watchman at each gate. In passing through a city, the track must be laid upon heavy stone or brick arches twenty-five feet high; each arch built exactly over the street, so that no thoroughfare will be obstructed. From London these tiers of arches branch out in all directions. Riding in a car, one is level with the upper windows of the houses in the city, and up among chimnies and coal smoke in the suburbs. All the roads are finished with double tracks, thus collisions of opposite trains are avoided. At every station the track is above the ticket office. Persons must procure tickets in advance; a man is stationed at every door leading from the ticket office, he ex-



amines the ticket, its color and date, if all right, he punches a hole in it. The ticket holder then ascends to the cars and takes a seat. Instead of finding himself in a car with seats arranged up and down a long aisle, among several hundred persons, a comfortable stove if it should be winter, and a finely-furnished apartment altogether, he finds himself only in a large carriage made to hold six persons, three of which carriages being built together on a platform constitutes the car, the doors all open on the sides, often, not a single person to be seen, but remarkably comfortable with all. The pleasure of travelling is greatly enhanced by seeing a few human beings engaged in the same pursuit, and consequently in this particular the American fashion is much the best. One or two hundred persons who had never met before and probably never would again, all talking, laughing, and joking together, make a long journey seem short. Of course, this would be contrary to John Bull's notions of propriety; and sooner than sacrifice a little opinion, he would ride alone a thousand miles, staring at vacancy, or half asleep.

Having arrived at a desired station, as the

traveller gets out a conductor is visible for the first time. An English conductor or guard attends only to the starting and stopping of the trains and the baggage. Tickets are given up as the traveller goes down the stairs from the station.

The locomotives are coal-burning entirely. From each station there are telegraph wires connecting each other station, and the general office. The semaphore system so generally used in Great Britain, is an exceedingly simple yet useful operation. It consists of posts placed five hundred yards from each station. At the top of the post are red, white, and green arms. When one train is at a station, the red arm signifying danger, is raised by means of a stout wire running along the ground from the station. The guard of any following train, seeing the red arm stops at once. For five minutes after a train departs, the green arm signifying caution, is raised half-way up. When the track is clear, nothing but the white arm is seen. At night, red, green, and white glass slides are raised before a bright light. In very foggy weather when the semaphore signals are not visible, percussion signals are used. These

are placed on the track, so that the first wheel of the engine sets them off, and the engineer proceeds according to the signal. With these rules fully carried out, railroad accidents in England are almost unheard of.

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### LONDON FUNERALS.

Of all cold, formal, uncharitable, and unchristian-like sights to be seen in London, a funeral is certainly the greatest, combining as it does all of these characters, in addition to several others for which no expressive name can be found.

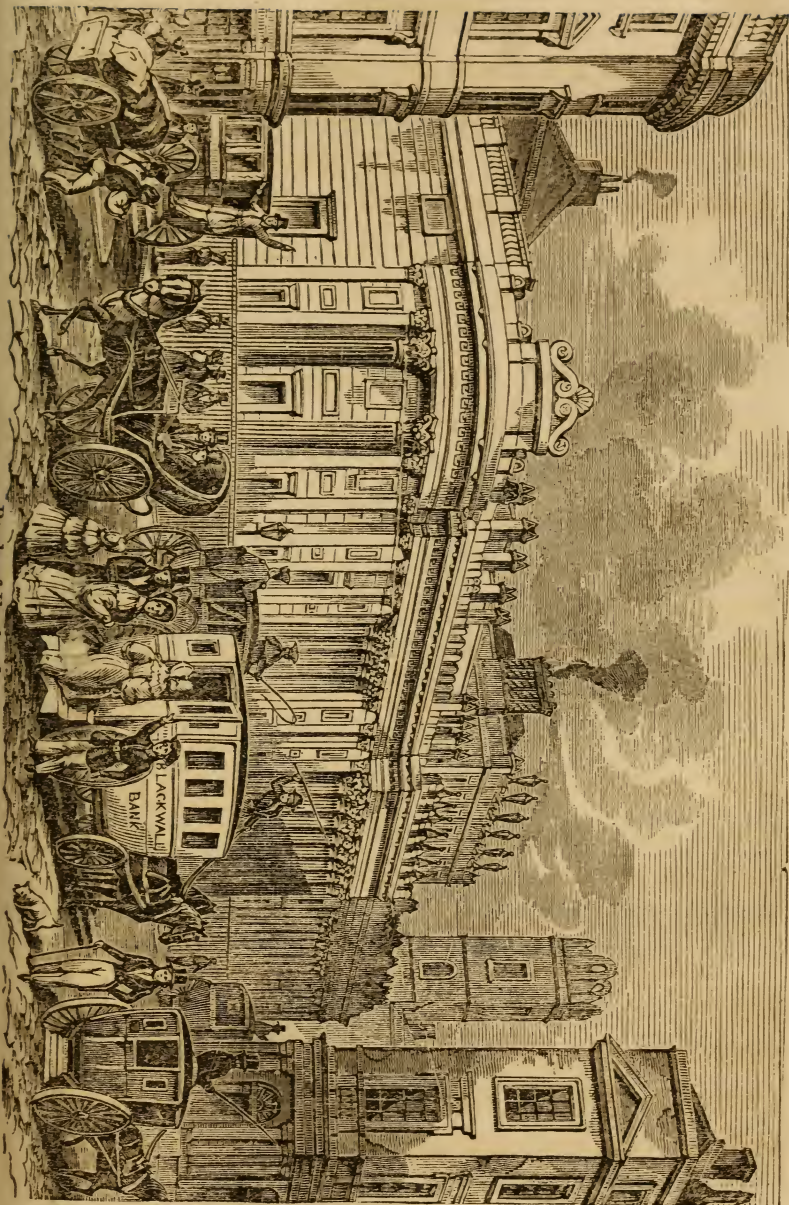
Among the aristocracy when a person dies, unless he is some great general or other public character, no one attends the funeral except the immediate family of the deceased. Friends of the family send only their *empty carriages*. I have frequently seen a magnificent hearse, attended by many hired mourners and one carriage containing the immediate family of the deceased following the hearse, then a long train of empty

carriages of all kinds and descriptions. Among the lower classes funerals consist of a hearse and one carriage, but always attended by hired mourners. These mourners are composed of the very lowest of the low; they are generally as drinking, gambling, and murderous a set of men, or devils, as ever abode within the walls of a jail. They dress in black with a long alpacca gown trimmed with velvet thrown around them. From their hats to their feet flow two long ends of a bow of white Irish linen. Their duty consists in standing at the door of the dwelling wherein lies the deceased, for some hours before the time of the funeral; in drinking all the liquor they can in the meantime, and in walking beside the hearse at the funeral. Each one of them carries in his hand a staff over the top of which is folded a piece of linen similar to that worn on the hat. Their chief duty is to mourn the fate of the departed.

Every undertaker thinks it incumbent on himself to outdo every other undertaker in ridiculing the dead. The shops exhibit from the ground to the roof all kinds, sizes, and shapes of coffins; *beautiful* epitaphs for the tomb of the



Bank of England.





dead; neat positions for "laying out;" and pictures of funerals underwritten thus:— "funerals got up in this style for £10.," or plainer funerals, for less money.

In every manner possible or imaginable, are the dead made a mockery and a mere mercenary affair. It is easy enough to talk of a person's being insensible to everything done to his body when his pulse shall have ceased forever to beat, but I am led to doubt very much whether the best christian of modern days would die in London as easy as he would out of it. Custom is a great deal, and Londoners must have got accustomed to this manner of treating their dead.

If this, however, is the manner in which London funerals are conducted, it is not so with funerals in the country. In a small village many miles from the noise and dust of the city, I attended once a funeral. It was in the summer. The departed was quite young, and well known in the town. I was told by an acquaintance of the person that during L——'s sickness the entire village seemed like a sick room. Everything was still and solemn. All amusements were suspended, and special prayer meetings were



held in private houses. Every one was interested, and every one did all possible to add a mite to L——'s comfort and pleasure. But L—— grew rapidly worse and at last, surrounded by many friends, died. I entered the village the day of the funeral and seeing the places of business and the houses closed, and people in their best walking about, I concluded that either they or I had mistaken the day. I ascertained the cause at the inn and resolved to attend the funeral at five o'clock as appointed. Every one in and around the village that could attend was there, and the church yard was crowded. No hearse carried the body to the grave yard, but it was borne by friends. Mourners were there in crowds, but they were not hired. The evening was the finest I ever saw in England, and as the voice of all that could joined in a hymn, and filled the air with solemn melody, I contrasted the scene with a London funeral. This was the first death that had occurred in the village for years. Every one knew of it. The bell tolled, and its solemn echo rang along the valley and over the hill; the departed has left a vacant place which will not be filled. In the morning L——, will



be missed in the accustomed walks; at noon will not be seen, nor at night;—yet will be remembered. In London one dies and is buried. His companions hear of it, say, “Poor fellow,” and go to a ball or the theatre.

How much it is to be regretted that in our American cities, funerals are becoming daily more formal.

It is said that at the present time in London, it is more difficult to find room for the dead than it is for the living. The city graveyards have been dug out over and over again. They now build vast catacombs near the city, and to these hundreds are daily carried. “The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment.”

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

The first National Bank in England, was incorporated by an act of Parliament in 1694. At its inception it was properly characterized as a "Whig Institution"—and the strong Tories loved to keep up the odious distinction for a hundred years—at present it cannot be designated as belonging to any political party—it is literally the financial sun of the commercial world.

The style of architecture of the present buildings is of no particular order; for having been erected at different periods, by persons of different tastes, no one of the architects saw proper to consult with his predecessor. The Corinthian slightly predominates. The buildings cover an area of eight acres. The exterior appears an ornamented high wall, with but one entrance, and not a single window. Within the walls, there are nine large open courts upon which the windows all open. No American or *other* foreigner is admitted to view the Bank without an order from the American or other resident minister. Having complied with the law, I entered, and having shown my ticket was placed in

the hands of a guide, who immediately commenced business by informing me who he was, where he was born, how long he had been in the bank, when he expected to leave, and many other things equally important. Accompanied by this loquacious specimen, I visited first the book-room. Here, every size and kind of book used in the establishment, and by the depositors is made. A large number of persons mostly girls, were employed in binding and assorting. In the printing office, all the notes are printed. The paper used is made expressly for the bank, and consists of small oblongs about seven inches long and four broad. In each, is manufactured the water mark which in a five pound note is the word "Five," in a ten pound note "Ten," no note being issued of less denomination than five pounds. After the note is printed, it is taken into a private room where the date and president or governor's signature are affixed, also by press. The day that a bill is issued, its date and number are written upon a large card, so that when a note is presented, if it does not correspond as far as date and number are concerned, something is immediately known to be wrong. No bill is issued the

second time. When a bill returns to the bank, it is placed in a drawer where it remains a certain length of time; the signature is then torn off; the note is sent into the vaults where it is safely deposited in a case with all notes bearing the same date, and at the expiration of ten years it is burned. While I was in the vaults, they were preparing for an extensive conflagration. Bills that were once worth millions, were piled up to the very ceilings, now good for nothing.

One object in this course is, that if a bill is out of bank an unaccountably long time (one year is considered a long time) and is then presented at the counter, it is compared with the bills in the case of that date in the vaults. To avoid counterfeits, another precaution is taken by the merchants. No merchant receives from another a bill unless it bears on the back the signature of the person from whom he receives it; and at the bank no bill will be cashed unless it bears the signature of some responsible person or unless the one presenting the bill is well known.

As a result of all these precautions, gold,



silver, and copper form the general currency of the country.

In addition to the book and printing rooms, there are many public and private offices, libraries, an armory, governor's residence, and porter's lodges within the walls. Viewed as a whole, it seems like a small town. The direction of its affairs is vested in a Governor, Deputy Governor, and twenty-four directors, thirteen of whom with the Governor constitute a quorum. The clerks employed number twelve hundred, in addition to guides, messengers, and porters.

In the City of London there are about one hundred banking institutions. The majority being private concerns.

The gold coins of England consist of sovereigns and half sovereigns. The guinea has passed away. A sovereign—or one pound—is about the size of the American five dollar coin—is somewhat thinner, and its American value is about four dollars and eighty cents. There are six silver coins. The crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar—is in English money worth five shillings, or one dollar and twenty cents. Then there are half-crowns, shilling, sixpence, four-

pence, and threepence pieces. The penny is a cumbrous copper coin—as large as an American silver dollar—and weighs one ounce. The other copper coins consist only of half-pence and farthings.

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### THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

South-east from the Bank of England stands one of the finest public buildings in London—the Royal Exchange. The original establishment was founded during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and opened in 1567. She called the building, the “Royal Exchange,” and though several times destroyed and rebuilt—it is still known throughout the world by that name.

The present building was opened in 1844. It is a Grecian edifice, of granite and built upon the four sides of a square, leaving in the centre a magnificent open court, paved with valuable stone from Turkey. Around the court is a fine broad terrace connected by archways with the court, and by heavy iron gates with the streets. This

terrace is greatly resorted to during the day as affording a fine promenade. Comfortable seats line the sides, the ceiling is beautifully decorated, and many statues ornament the walls. In the centre of the court stands a colossal statue of Britannia. The lower rooms of the building are occupied entirely as stores, while all the merchant business is carried on in large and appropriate rooms above. From one of these rooms issues daily a little paper which is well known in all parts of the world, “Lloyd’s List.” The paper is devoted entirely to shipping. Every ship that arrives in and sails from Great Britain is accurately noticed. Every accident or unusual event occurring to ships throughout the world, that is heard of at all, is here fully described. West of the Exchange there is another monument, erected to the memory of the Duke of Wellington. This is an equestrian statue of the Duke, cast from the guns taken at Waterloo. The pedestal is of granite. The cost of the monument was about forty-five thousand dollars. Fortunes seem to have been expended by the government to keep before the people the mementoes of the “Iron Duke.”

## PETTICOAT LANE.

The picture of low-life presented by Petticoat Lane, or, as it is often called, the Houndsditch Exchange is unsurpassed by any in London. This is the grand rendezvous of Jews. Here assemble lame, blind, sick, sore, and well Jews. French Jews, German Jews, Irish Jews, Dutch Jews, English Jews, Scotch Jews, American Jews, African Jews, Jew Jews from Jewry or Jerusalem, and every other kind of Jews. They meet here to buy, sell and steal. They buy hareskins, bones, rags, broken glass, bottles, books, furniture, jewelry and even houses and lands. They sell everything they buy, and sometimes a great deal more. They steal everything they can get their hands on. In addition to these wandering Jews there are permanent stalls for the mending of umbrellas, for the sale of old clothes, boots, and bonnets, and for the temporary hiding of stolen goods. The greatest degree of bustle and anxiety is always manifested on Sunday morning before eleven o'clock, from which time until one, according to law, every store and species of business in



London must be suspended. One Sunday morning having received all necessary warnings and advice concerning the motley assemblage, I stowed away gloves, papers, and handkerchief into inside pockets ; buttoned my coat up to the neck, and proceeded to reconnoitre the premises. The "lane" properly is only one short alley, but the business extends through four or five small streets, meeting each other at different angles. Immediately I entered the lane I was surrounded by Jews of all countries and saluted in a half dozen different languages. Some wanted to buy the clothes I had on, others desired me to see if I had any clothes at home to dispose of, others wanted me to purchase pictures, books and every imaginable article, and it was not until I had several times walked through the entire establishment and demonstrated by my irreproachable conduct that I was not a Jew, and did not intend to break the fourth commandment, that I was left in peace. Finally I found a seat commanding an extensive view of the exchange. From this spot I could see without being seen, all that was going on in different portions of the lane. In one spot among an immense pile of crockery-ware was

a being dressed in such a manner that it was extremely difficult to tell to what sex it belonged. Long boots, a man's hat, a man's coat with skirts torn off, and short skirts that looked like woman's apparel. The features were masculine but from the skirts of calico, and voice, I eventually concluded it was a woman. Satisfied with this conclusion I watched the noisy crowd around her. Some of the crowd desired to purchase, while the majority were very anxious to call her attention to some damaged piece of crockery which they had for sale. In another spot was a wandering boot maker or mender. He carried his bench with him, and every one that employed him sat down on one end of the bench, took off his boots or shoes, and waited until the heeler and mender of soles had accomplished his task.

Although there are many evils resulting from a place like Petticoat Lane, yet there is one thing about it of great use to a large class of persons. The poorer class of persons can here purchase good clothing, good furniture, and good books, for a mere nothing. These things in many cases have been but little used, they are often bought by the Jews for trifling sums, and still oftener stolen.

There is one department devoted to silk goods, always made up. Here I saw many costly and beautiful silk dresses sold for an incredibly small sum. These had evidently, if worn at all, been worn only on one or two occasions. The "ladies" that live on the smiles of the public are good customers here. The venders of the silk goods consist generally of the best looking Jewesses, and I could not resist the temptation of indulging in a little harmless conversation with the dark-skinned, black-eyed Hebrew maidens.

The business carried on in the exchange is one of the most profitable in London; and many rich fashionable Jews, residing in pomp in the finest part of London, resort to the lane, and in disguise sell and buy old clothes, bones and rags.

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### TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

One of the finest ornamental spots in London is Trafalgar Square. This is *not* an enclosed piece of ground with trees and flowers growing in it, and gravel walks, as Americans understand the



word "square," but is paved entirely with tessellated marble, has raised terraces for promenading, splendid fountains always playing, and great numbers of costly statues and monuments. On one side of the square is a fine building of stone used as the National Gallery of Paintings. The collection embraces the finest works of the best painters, for several centuries past. These are contained in a number of large galleries comfortably furnished and well lighted. The collection is daily increased by the paintings sent to it from gentlemen employed in travelling over Europe to procure all the finest ancient and modern works. The present collection is valued at about six-hundred thousand dollars. It would be impossible to describe the many paintings exhibited here; those representing scenes in the life of Christ, scenes from the plays of Shakspeare, and certain historical pictures are decidedly the best. Among the latter the "Abduction of Sabine Women" ranks highest.

The Church of *St. Martin's in the Fields* with its celebrated colonnade, faces the square. In front of the church is a fine equestrian statue of George IV. Not far from this is a similar statue



of George III. In the middle of the south front stands a beautiful column, considerably over a hundred feet high, erected to the memory of Nelson. The column is surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson, and the pedestal is ornamented with bronze bas reliefs. Facing the column is another equestrian statue. This is of Charles I., in bronze. From this monument the Heralds of the court proclaim the accession of a new sovereign.

Trafalgar Square is the second centre of London, the city being elliptical, and the Mansion House, the first centre. Consequently the neighborhood is a scene of life, noise and confusion, in this respect but little dissimilar to every part of the great metropolis.

## THE TEMPLE.

The Temple consists of a large number of buildings, courts, and gardens, devoted entirely to the use of lawyers and law students. Here they can eat, drink, sleep, study and practice without leaving the building in which their apartments are situated. The establishment is divided into the Inner and Middle Temples. Each occupied and regulated by a different society. The gardens overlook the Thames. They are beautifully laid out and always in perfect order. They are surrounded by the dwellings of the barristers. In one of these dwellings, formerly resided Oliver Goldsmith. In addition to the dwellings are two large halls, two libraries, and a magnificent church. The "Church," is very ancient, having been founded by the Knights' Templars. It is built on the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. This is said to be the best specimen of fine Gothic architecture in existence, although very small. Service is regularly performed here, the pews being engaged entirely

by lawyers and their families, and the public admitted only by tickets, signed by a member of the Temple. The service is that of the Church of England, but owing to the amount of ceremony everywhere introduced, this fact would hardly be detected. The officiating clergyman chaunts all the prayers, the choir chaunting the *Amens*. The responses are all chaunted, as is also the creed, and even the sermon is preached in a kind of sing-song manner, resembling somewhat a school-boy reading poetry.

The wood-work of the church is of oak finely carved, and constructed in the Gothic style. The windows are filled with costly stained glass. The floor is of finely inlaid marbles and brass. The ceiling is of stone, so constructed that one stone removed, the whole ceiling and roof falls. The borders of the ceiling and roof are supported by tier upon tier of Gothic rounded and pointed arches. The sculptures, although executed many years ago, are as fresh looking as if done but yesterday, and the whole arrangement of desks, pulpits, communion tables, and font is as convenient as possibly could be. This is the very

oldest building of any kind in the metropolis—and this fact alone renders it a matter of deep interest.



## CHAPTER XVII.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE. — HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION. — ROYAL RELICS. — THE CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL. — WOLSEY'S HALL. — THE PALACE GARDENS. — CARDINAL WOLSEY. — HIS PRIVATE LIFE. — HIS DESERTION AND DEATH.

“Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,  
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.  
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom,  
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home.  
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.”

As far back as the days of the *Doomsday Book*, can be traced Hampton Manor. After being mentioned in that book, it passed through several hands until Cardinal Wolsey, at the summit of his power, desirous of building the most regal residence in Europe, and at the same time

wishing to enjoy a long life of health, by the advice of learned doctors of Padua, purchased the manor. This step taken, one after another, rose the towers and walls of Hampton Court Palace. It at present consists of three large courts. The Western Court is one hundred and sixty-seven feet long, and one hundred and sixty-two feet wide. This is divided into several apartments, and is private, owing to several families having their residences in it. The Clock Court is perfectly square, being one hundred and thirty-four feet each way. The buildings are entirely of brick, having marble window-sills and door-frames. They form three sides of a square; the interior having several open courts, and the fourth side enclosed by a high wall. In this wall is a splendid gateway leading to the interior departments. Over the gates are the arms and private motto of Cardinal Wolsey. The towers on each side of the gateway are ornamented with terra cotta busts of Roman Emperors: on the east tower are Titus, Otho, Galba, and Julius: on the west Vitellius and Augustus. Within the gateway are busts of Trajan and Adrian. At a

small gate are Tiberius and Nero, which were sent from Rome by Pope Leo X., to the Cardinal.

I entered the Palace through the South gate, passing through a magnificent colonnade of Ionic columns, into a small hall from which ascended the "King's grand stairs." The staircase was painted by *Verrio*. All the representations are in the brightest colors, and the positions given of the various objects are exceedingly graceful. On one side are the Muses, who, assisted by Apollo, are engaged in a musical festival. Under them is Pan playing upon reeds, and under Pan is Ceres carrying a wheat-sheaf, and pointing to several loaves of bread. Near Ceres are Thame, Isis, Pomona, and Flora, at a table covered with rich plate, fruit, flowers, and wine. The scene on the ceiling represents Jupiter and Juno seated at a table supported by lions. Ganymede on an eagle, handing a cup to Jupiter. In front of the table is the peacock of Juno. Near Jupiter is one of the Fates in attendance. At another part of the table are seated Time and Cybele. The corners of the ceiling are filled with flowers. The other sides of the staircase are covered with Cupids, Venus, Mars, and other deities. From the

staircase I entered the Guard Chamber. This is a splendid room about sixty feet long, about forty wide, and thirty high. The walls of the room are covered with dark panels, consisting of an upper and lower row. The upper row is ornamented with muskets, swords, pistols, daggers, and coats of mail, all in perfect order, and arranged in many curious ways. There are enough arms in the chamber to equip about twelve hundred men. The lower panels contain in all twenty portraits of naval heroes, a painting of the Colosseum at Rome, and several battles. The ceiling is finely decorated with roses and fleur-de-lis. Leaving the Guard Chamber, I passed successively through the King's Presence Chamber,—Second Presence Chamber,—Audience Chamber,—King's Drawing Room,—King William III.'s Bed Room,—King's Dressing Room,—King's Writing Closet,—Queen Mary's Closet,—Her Majesty's Gallery,—Queen's Bed Room,—Queen's Drawing Room,—Queen's Audience Chamber,—Prince of Wales' Bed Room, and about twenty other large State apartments, the names of which I did not note, as they were all the rooms of different Kings and Queens at various periods. On



the walls in these rooms are hung *one thousand and ninety-three* large paintings. An idea of the vast extent and magnificence of the original palace may be obtained from the fact that Wolsey had two hundred and eighty costly silk beds in the building for the accommodation of his visitors, and exclusive of his own household, which always numbered several hundreds. The ceilings in all of the rooms are finely painted, representing scenes in the history of England, and the allegories of mythology. None of the furniture of Wolsey's establishment is in the Palace. In the Audience Chamber, is the canopy of rich damask silk embroidered with gold, under which the Pope's nuncio was received by James II. In King William III.'s Bed Room is the State Bed of Queen Charlotte. The bed furniture consists of beautiful specimens of needlework, richly embroidered; made by the pupils of an Asylum founded by Queen Charlotte, for the orphan daughters of clergymen. At the head of the bed is an ancient clock, which goes twelve months without winding. In the Queen's Bed Room is the state bed of Queen Anne. The bed furniture and curtains are of worked velvet; there are also

a number of chairs and stools covered with velvet to correspond. In the Queen's Audience Chamber, is the State Canopy of Queen Mary. This is of rich damask silk. The Public Dining Room contains the State Canopy prepared for the lying-in-state of the Duke of Wellington, at Chelsea Hospital in 1852. The Canopy is very large, surmounted by black plumes and flags, richly decorated with silver, and lined entirely with silver tissue. In front of this are the Duke's arms and motto, "*Virtutis fortuna comes.*" All the hangings are of black velvet, also lined with silver, and bordered with silver fringes and tassels. On each side of the canopy are columns formed by binding a number of spears in black velvet. On these are shields, arms, and mottoes. The funeral car is under the canopy.

A gallery in another part of the Palace contains the celebrated cartoons of Raphael. These have attracted the attention of artists for many years. They were designed about 1520—by Raphael, according to orders received from Pope Leo X. The scenes are taken from the life of Christ, and the apostles. They are called car-

toons from being finely painted on large sheets of paper. Their history has been but little beyond a scene of constant changing of places and owners.

The Great Hall is the finest built and largest apartment in the Palace. It was designed by Cardinal Wolsey, and was finished by Henry VIII., after Wolsey's fall from royal favor, and when Anne Boleyn reigned monarch of the king's heart. The Hall is one hundred and six feet long, forty wide and sixty high. The roof of the Hall is exceedingly grand, its proportions perfect, and its ornaments appropriate. It is said that James I., as well as Elizabeth, had a theatre in the Hall, and that here Shakspeare's plays were acted for the first time. The lower parts of the walls are hung with tapestry in eight portions, in each of which is a scene in the history of Abraham.

The first—God appearing to Abraham and blessing him.

The second—The birth of Isaac, his circumcision, and the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael.

The third—Abraham sending his servant to seek a wife for Isaac.



The fourth—The Egyptians sending away Abraham and Sarah with gifts.

The fifth—Abraham giving entertainment to three angels.

The sixth—Abraham purchasing, for a burial place, the cave of Machpelah.

The seventh—Abraham and Lot parting.

The eighth—Abraham offering up Isaac.

There are other tapestries at the entrance. The largest one of which represents the pleading of Justice and Mercy. There is a latin inscription under it. "Lewdness or wickedness, before it acquires a character from habit, merits the interference of justice or mercy. By Justice guilt is menaced with punishment, but by mercy it is made intercession. When blessed fortitude appears in the field, sin always is vanquished. Sin is everlastingly punished in torment by the virtues, and it never dies. Sin was the enemy of the first man, it became deadly and unpardonable. The seven deadly sins, as they are licentiously produced in the world are here allegorically portrayed."

Between every window are stags' heads carved in wood, and to which are joined gen-



uine antlers. Above the heads are banners having embroidered on them the emblems and arms of Wolsey. Over the entrance there is a pile of swords, spears, and mail armor. The windows of the Hall are of fine stained glass containing portraits in full length, arms, mottoes, and battle representations. Adjoining the Hall is a small "withdrawing room." It is finely decorated, and in one window is a full length portrait of Wolsey.

The gardens around the Palace cover an extent of three miles, splendidly laid out in terraces, lakes, ornamental walks, and containing many statues, fountains and rural buildings.

These are the grounds and this the Palace purchased, designed, and built by the ambitious cardinal, to surpass every regal residence in England and be a fit present from him to England's king. How striking the story of the cardinal's life! How great and numerous its vicissitudes! A child, the son of a poor butcher. A youth, attracting the attention of a prince by his appearance and intellect. A man of few years, rising into eminence at court. The middle aged man, neglecting his duties as a bishop; planting,

silently and effectually, discord between a weak minded king and loving wife ; sentencing to death every one that dares disagree with his opinions ; and putting forth every energy to secure to himself the papal throne. Then the presenting to his king such an unheard of palace as Hampton Court. The opening eventually of the king's eyes ; the Cardinal's fall, sudden and humiliating ; his finally appreciating the fact that if he had only " served God as faithfully as he had served his king, he would not have given him over in his grey hairs," all teach a solemn and true lesson of the mutability of every earthly position, however low, however high, and however grand !

Tracing Wolsey's life from his birth, we find him at the summit of power, though not of his ambition when Anne Boleyn was received into the full favor of Henry VIII., he having in order to accomplish this divorced from Queen Catharine at the suggestions of the Cardinal. The Cardinal was in turn disliked by Anne Boleyn, who thus becoming Queen, incensed the King against him. The height of Wolsey's ambition was to fill the papal throne. This gained he would have felt himself secure against all enemies. Before

this was gained the "cloud no larger than a man's hand" arose. This momentarily increased. He fell. Shakspeare in King Henry VIII., lays the plan of Wolsey's fall in his having presented to the king some state papers for perusal, by accident he included among them.

"The account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together,  
For mine own ends; indeed to gain the popedom,  
And fee my friends in Rome. Oh negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by."

He also included a letter which he had written to the Pope. The papers having been returned to Wolsey by the king with a frown, Wolsey examined them, and ascertained the cause of the frown.

"What's this—To THE POPE?

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!  
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more."

While the Cardinal was in favor he lived in a state of splendor far surpassing the king. He retained in his suite eight hundred persons,



among these were numbered the sons of the nobility, many of whom thought it a distinguished favor to be servants of so mighty a man. His dress was of velvet and gold, and all the trappings of his horses were highly ornamented with gold. "In his hall he maintained three boards, with three several officers; a steward, who was a priest; a treasurer who was a knight; and a controller who was an esquire; also a confessor, a doctor, three marshals, three ushers of the halls, and two almoners and grooms. In the hall kitchen were two clerks, a clerk controller, and surveyor of the dresser, a clerk of the spicery, also two cooks with assistant laborers and children turnspits—twelve persons; four men of the scullery, two yeomen of the pastry, and two paste layers under them. In his own kitchen was a master cook, who was attired daily in velvet or satin, and wore a gold chain, under whom were two cooks, and six assistants." In addition to all these, he had several yeomen in the larder; several in the scullery; several in the buttery; more in the cellar, in the ewry, in the laundry thirteen pages; in the bake house, wood-yards, barns, boats, stables, every place was crowded with



servants. In attendance on him at all times he had twelve doctors and chaplains, four lawyers, a long list of secretaries, a musical society, heralds, messengers, gentlemen-waiters and every other kind of attendant imaginable. Many of his attendants kept four horses, with trappings as rich as those of the cardinal's favorite.

It was at this point in his greatness he discovered,

“How wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors.

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women have.”

Hence his descent was rapid. He was ordered to retire to a small country seat, from which could be distinctly seen the place where he spent the days of splendor. The world, even the best friends he had, who paid him such servile court during his bright career now deserted him. This though not natural was perfectly human. He was soon notified that he was out of all protection of the king or law; his vast estates were confiscated; and on foot, unattended, he started for Leicester Abbey; but growing sick and faint he

was finally taken charge by Sir William Kingston. He was shortly afterwards placed upon a mule, and escorted by a few persons, started for Leicester Abbey the second time. Here he arrived;—the gate was opened, and the heart-broken Wolsey exclaimed,

“Oh! Father Abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye,  
Give him a little earth for charity.”

The Abbot received him kindly, and attended him until his death. Kingston also remained with him. The last scene of his life was thus recorded by the Abbot.

“Nov. 28.—At last Wolsey died, ‘Master Kingston, farewell, I can no more; but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast, I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead ye shall peradventure remember my words much better.’ And even with these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail, his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him.” \* \* \* \* “The clock struck eight at

which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this life." \* \* \* \* "Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of such men, exalted by fortune to honors and high dignity; for I assure you, in the time of his authority and glory, he was then the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honor of his person, than he had to his spiritual profession—wherein should be all meekness, humility, and charity; the process of which I leave to them, that be learned and seen in divine laws."

How truly could Wolsey say the words ascribed to him by Shakspeare.

"I have ventured  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers on a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth; my high blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me."

THE END.

23 Jan 1860

















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